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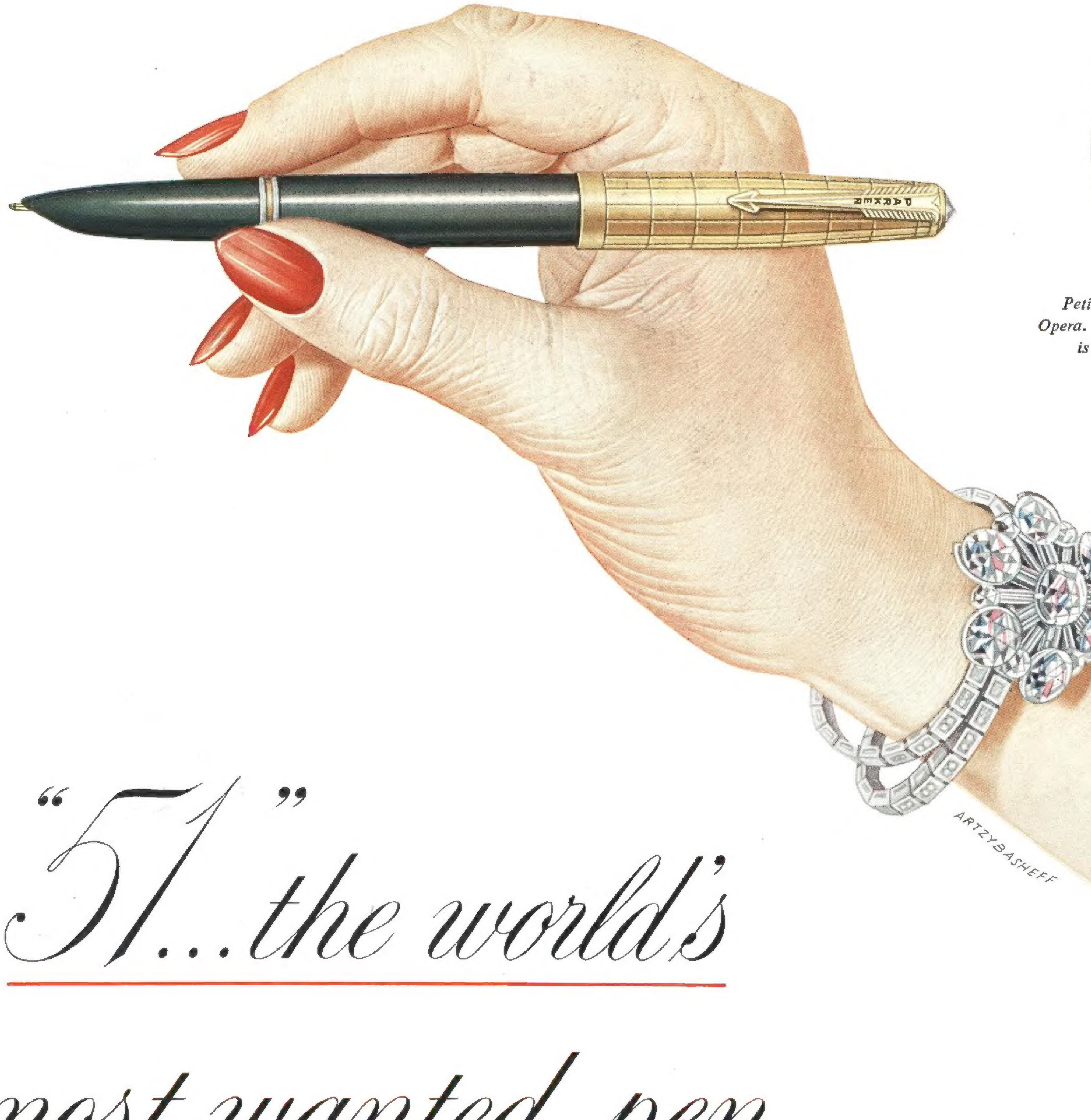

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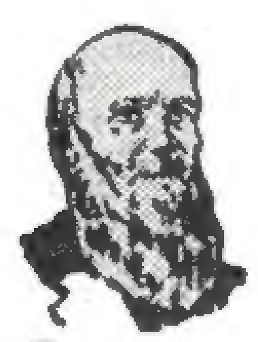
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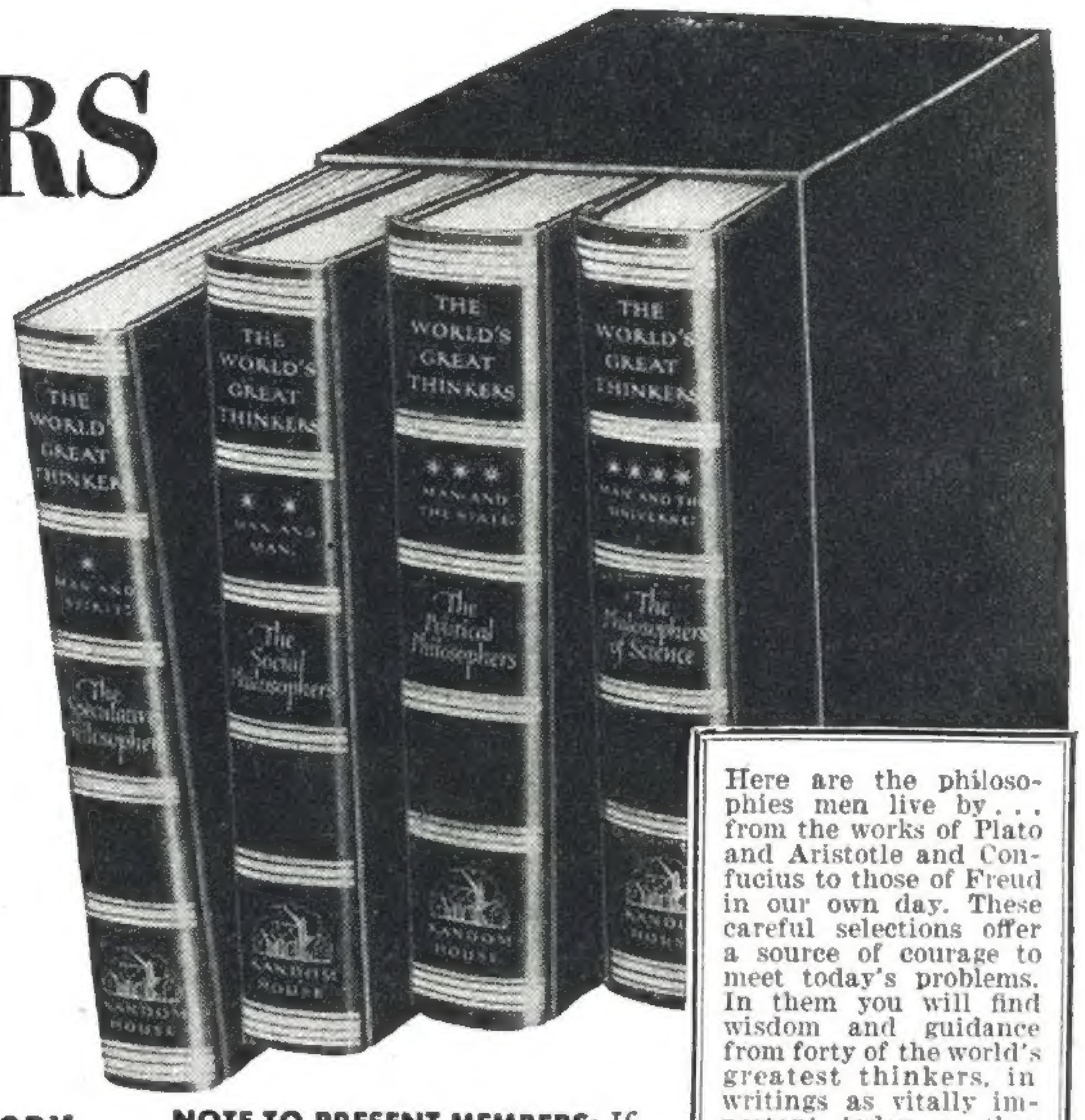
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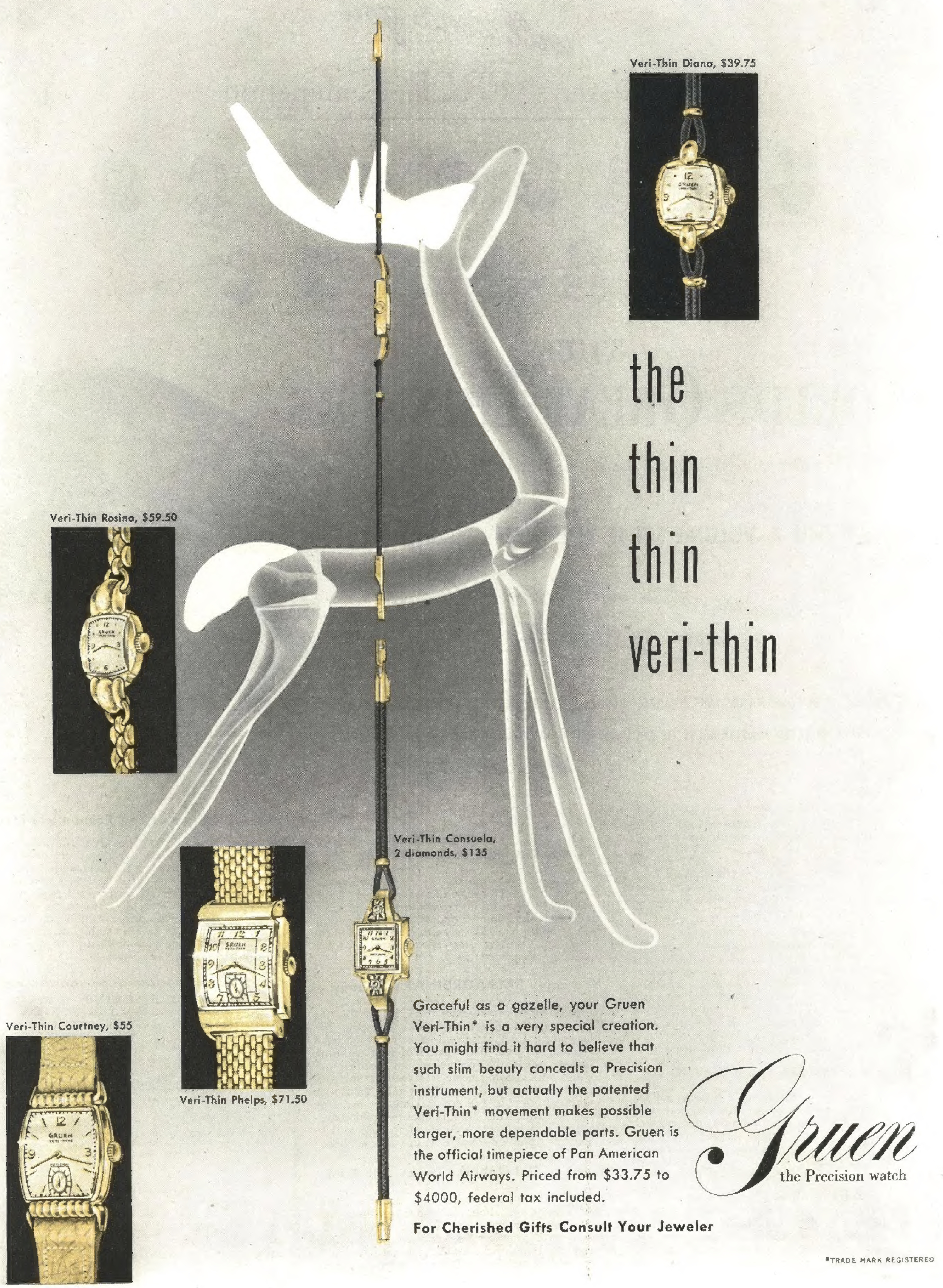

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Lewis Gannett, who writes *Books and Things* for the New York *Herald Tribune*, recently told about a character—a Pfc from Mason City, Iowa, well caked in the dirt of combat—that you wouldn't want to miss meeting. We quote:

> "This character, in three years overseas, had been billeted in Ireland, Wales, England and France. He said he didn't know about the French, because he couldn't talk to them. Of all the people he'd seen abroad, he liked the Irish best. He'd really got to know them.
>
> " 'Just how does a soldier get to know anybody anywhere?' I asked.
>
> " 'Well,' he said, 'I really did in Ireland. I've got a girl in Mason City, and someday after the war I'm going to bring her over to meet those folks in Ireland.'
>
> " 'But just how did you get to know them?' I persisted.
>
> " 'Oh,' he said, looking embarrassed, 'I did what I used to do in Mason City.' It almost looked as if he were blushing, but I couldn't tell for the dirt. 'I taught Sunday School,' he said."

And now in the steps of the modest G.I. with the dirt on his face, we find our civilian readers of Esquire carrying the same good will to Eire. Last month we commented on the mountainous response by our readers to appeals from overseas for used copies of Esquire. But this letter from a hospital in Dublin says all that need be said:

> "In your March copy you published a letter of mine appealing for books and magazines, and I would like to thank you for your kindness which has brought me many new friends, and many hours of pleasurable reading.
>
> "From thirty-six states, from Canada, Portugal, the Philippines, France and England have come letters and books and other gifts to pay tribute to the universality of Esquire and the kindness of its readers. I have endeavored to reply to all but if I have neglected any, please let them take this as an appreciation of their generosity. Due to straitened circumstances I could not reply to them by Air Mail, but I know they will understand and be indulgent.
>
> "To all my friends and to Esquire, my thanks."
>
> JAMES J. LALLY
> Pigeon House Hospital
> Dublin, Eire

If you'd like to know the names of a few others who would appreciate your Esquire, just let us know.

D.A.S.

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Esquire

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T.M.REG.

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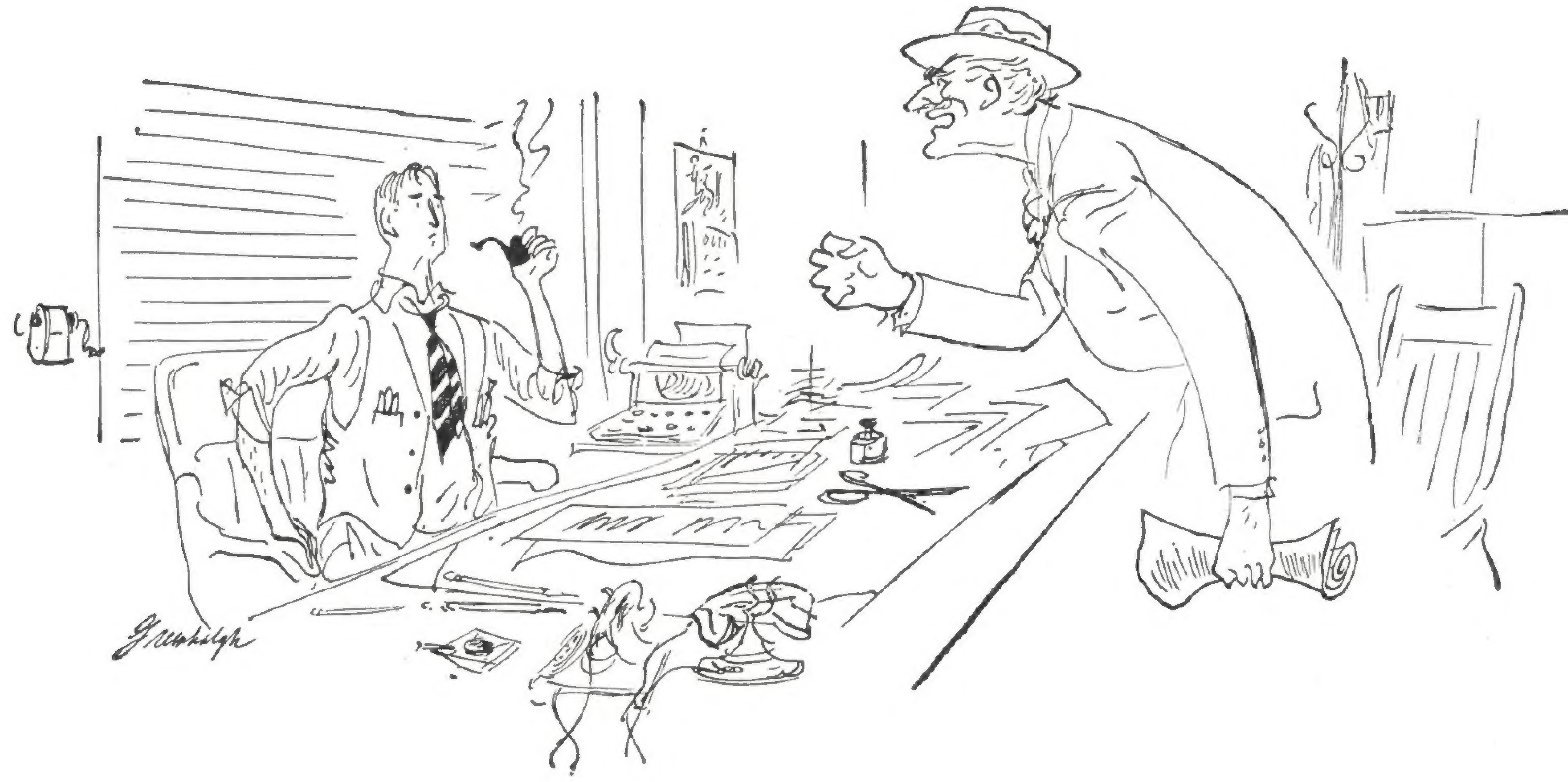
Editorial: Better than Runyon



One day last century, when Horace Greeley was editor of *The New Yorker* (no relation to the current magazine), a young writer strolled into the office and put the finger on Horace for a $5.00 loan.

The writer, whose name was Edgar Allan Poe, never gave Greeley back his five, as any West Point tavernkeeper could have predicted.

Even then, it seems, the editor-author relationship was an unknown and variable quantity.

At any rate, it illuminates the curious communication which often occurs before a manuscript can essay the journey from the author's typewriter to the publisher's typesetter. And since Esquire has so many visitors to these offices to see how the magazine is put together, and because (everyone is a potential author, after all) the questions invariably turn to that editor-author relationship, we've been thinking about confessing to our side of the struggle.

We understand just how it feels, because every editor on Esquire has, from another day, his private collection of rejection slips as well as cashed checks to temper what he scribbles on the comment slip.

We sometimes have lively and personal interludes, in rejection. There was the lady poet who calmly took off her clothes in our office, as we chastely scanned her sonnets through our bifocals. Actually, the lines were fairly good and not at all in need of The Great Sacrifice by way of sales promotion, but it seemed best to decline both offers in a firm but gentlemanly manner.

Another author regularly offers to improve our taste by batting our ears back. His telephone orations, as a matter of fact, are far more wearisome than would be a couple of rounds with bare knuckles, but presumably it makes him feel better, because the manuscripts keep coming in. At this writing, the threat of mayhem hangs over us, with two pieces waiting to be read. But, true to our profession, we'll do a few push-ups and then get at them—with a complete lack of prejudice, we trust.

Even acceptances sometimes have their dynamics. One of our best authors paid us a grim call just the other day and splintered the glass-topped desk with a brawny fist. "*Better* than Runyon," he thundered, as we fingered his manuscript. We cheerfully observed that we'd be happy if it turned out to be within shouting distance of the great Damon. He frowned as he left. "BETTER!" was his parting shot. We love him, though, and what's more, we print him.

We love, too, the wife of another writer who is always threatening to write for other magazines. She likes to read Esquire, and as long as he wants her admiration, he's got to keep 'em coming here. That is a happy union we are fostering.

But mostly we love the long-suffering guy, good or not so good, who wants his stuff in Esquire and nowhere else. It's fun to work with him. One has sent his weary manuscript across the Atlantic ten times, encrusted with brine and finger marks, but always changed after each rejection. We can't hold him down with any guiding suggestions either. He's a Thomas Wolfe on revision: the Wolfe who once took a manuscript back from his publisher for "cutting" and then obediently "cut" it to a few thousand words *longer*. Our man has a new story each trip. We hope you'll read his next.

As we say, this is our side of it, but our sympathies are always with the writer. Take Frank Laskier, as an example, author of *A Nice Cup of Tea*, which appears on page 198 of this issue. When we first saw the story it was a straight war yarn, with the ship's cargo divided between tea and bombs. Now, we're not among those deep thinkers who want to forget the war and its effects as soon as possible. But, we did believe that the essential conflict in the story was timeless, so we suggested a few changes to the author. He was agreeable and, in fact, by the time we had hashed it all out, Laskier had changed the ending of his story very slightly, but with telling effect. It was pleasant but delicate work, since this was to be the author's first magazine story, although he is about to publish a book. (*Unseen Harbor*, J. B. Lippincott Co.)

So *A Cup* was accepted and purchased. But each accepted manuscript faces a long and terrible ordeal of perfectionism before publication. In New York await lean and learned researchers, bristling with knowledge and questions, who pounce on every piece for factual inaccuracies. Mr. Laskier fared better than most in this catch-as-catch-can struggle, since he served on a freighter in the British Merchant Marine during the war, and he knows first hand what happens to men when something goes wrong at sea. There was one lone change; "Columbo," the port in Ceylon, was corrected to "Colombo."

Then to the style editors. Those idealist-cynics, armed with blue pencil and multiple college degrees, who never believe an author meant to write it the way they see it. Only an eloquent managing editor (who may have thought it read pretty well to begin with) can stand in the way of metamorphosis. Mr. Laskier, we are delighted to report, underwent no sea change.

Lurking friends of the style editors, merciless characters in the production department, rush into the breach at this point, gleefully caroling the news that the manuscript must be cut down by so and so many lines in order to fit into the issue. As the author instinctively shudders in his sleep, the editors once more battle for freedom of speech in a mechanical world. Mr. Laskier's manuscript also ran this gantlet with comparatively few scars, and emerged triumphant with just a couple of flesh wounds—the ghouls in the production department insisting on the forfeit of only a few lines in order to make the story fit, rather than having to pin the extra verbiage on the cover of the magazine. So now you, and even the author, may read the finished story.

We just thought you'd like to know what our good friends, the contributors, have to put up with.

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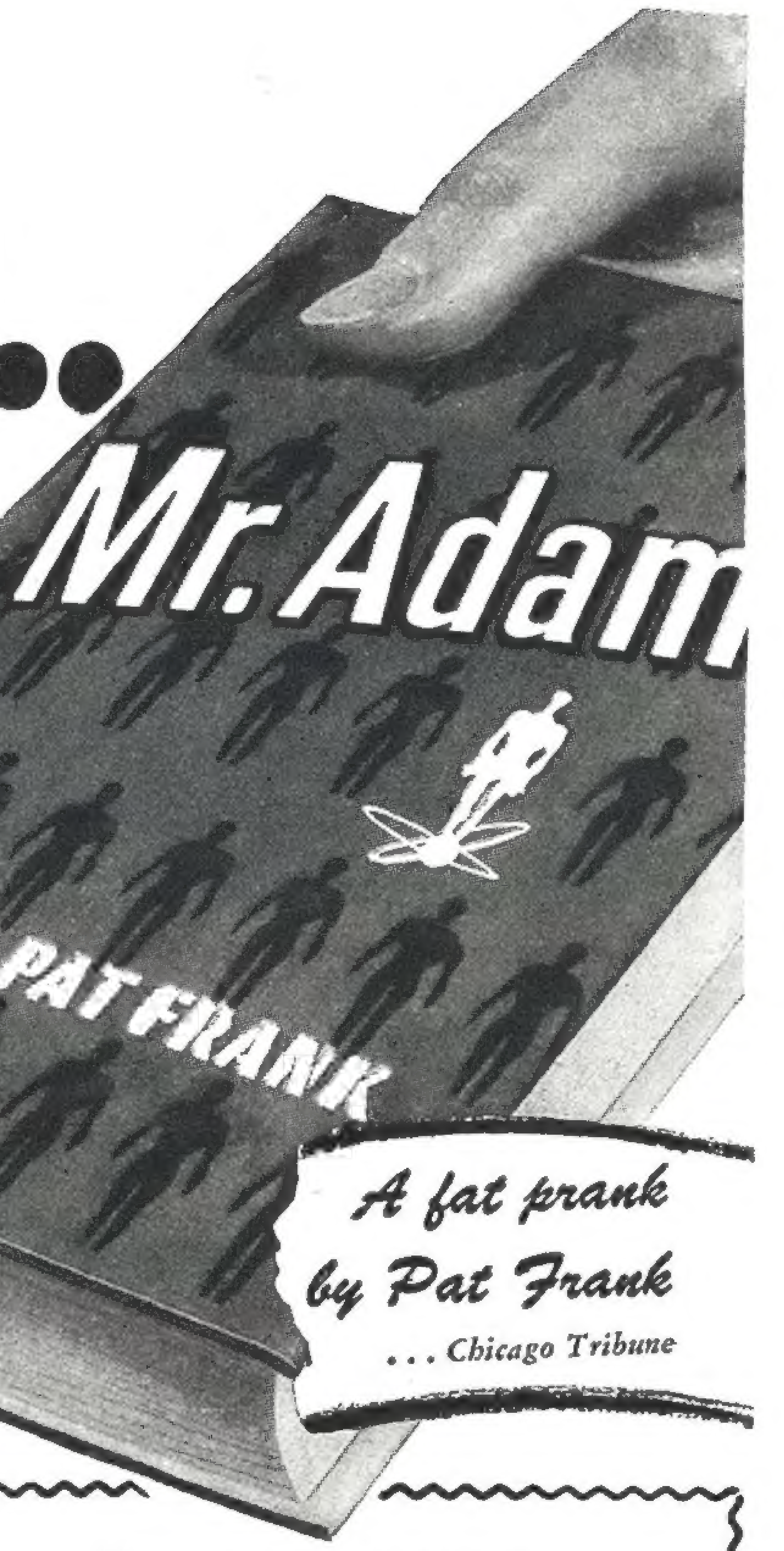
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... *Chicago Tribune*

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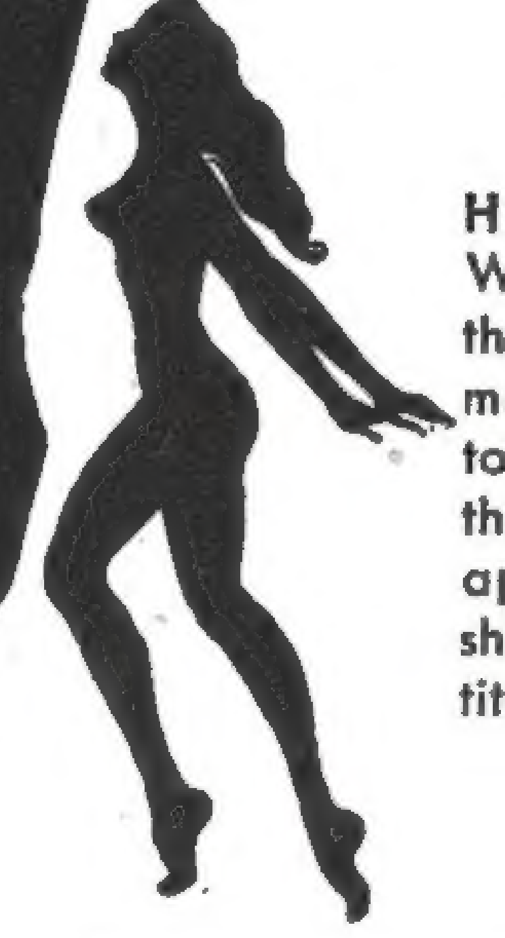
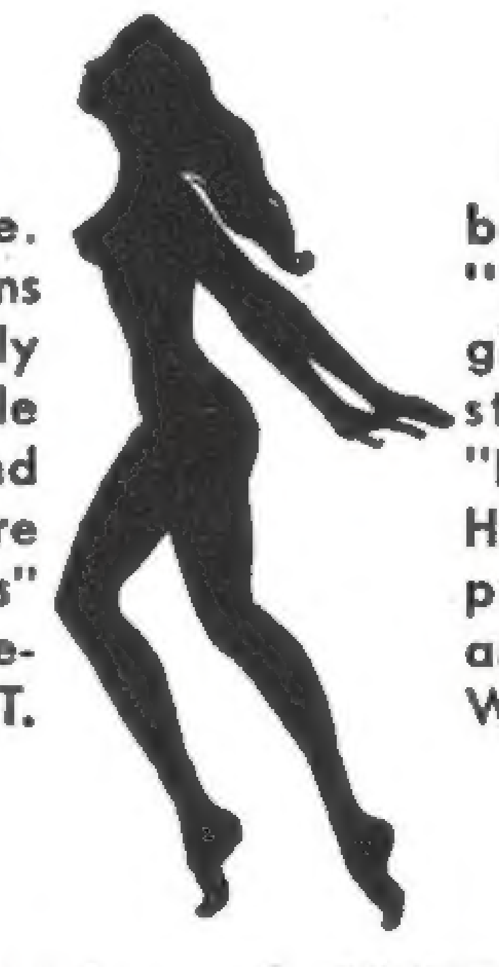


Mary Ellen
Homer's wife. When she learns that he's the only man on earth able to be a father and that "finders are apt to be keepers" she turns into a petite bundle of TNT.



Kathy Riddell
better known as "The Frame"—glamorous movie star. Her bold "kidnapping" of Homer Adam surprises Hollywood and shocks staid Washington.

Fay Knott
fabulous woman Senator—beautiful, brainy, and rich. But how completely honorable are this Honorable Senator's plans for Homer—and what does he think?

WHO gets MR. ADAM and HOW . . . that's the $64 question . . . that will keep you pinned to your chair until the very last page. And MR. ADAM is yours FREE as a new member of The Fiction Book Club!

Suppose You Saw This Headline Tomorrow:

"NO MORE BABIES to be born—ever—anywhere in the world." That's the shocking news discovered nine months after the state of Mississippi is blasted right off the face of the earth by an atomic explosion. Deadly rays which somehow did not affect women caused the sterilization of every man on earth—except Homer Adam, who was completely protected at the lowest level of a mile-deep lead mine.

Meet the Man of the Moment in the Situation of the Century!

Before the explosion, Homer, and his pretty wife, Mary Ellen were just a happy young couple. But after—well, things really start popping! The President declares a state of National Emergency . . . Congress acts quickly . . . the Army and the F.B.I. take over. Then the women start action of their own! Congresswomen . . . Cinema Queens . . . Wacs and Waves and a whole army of would-be mothers beg for priority!

Which Lucky Eve wins MR. ADAM?

. . . and how she does it—makes a roguish, uproarious novel you'll never forget! No wonder this novel is causing a riot of fun! And MR. ADAM is yours FREE to introduce you to the savings and convenience of Fiction Book Club membership. But hurry please! Introductory offer is limited. Read the money-saving club plan below—then mail this coupon NOW!

From Coast to Coast

The Critics Really HOWLED!

"I didn't stop laughing . . . gloriously funny." —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"A dilly . . . a howl."—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

"Surprise! Surprise! A plot that is new . . . fresh and startling comedy. Headed for a whooping success."—*Chicago News.*

"Proves once again that a laugh is worth 10,000 words."—*New York Times.*

"Extremely funny . . . sharply barbed . . ."—*Newsweek.*

"What a lot of fun!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"It's an easy prediction," *says the Chicago Sun,* "that readers the country over are going to be laughing about MR. ADAM for months to come."

★

Just read the first few pages and you'll readily see why thousands of delighted readers have gladly paid $2.50 for MR. ADAM in the publisher's edition. Join the fun—mail coupon NOW—and follow the amazing adventures of MR. ADAM! It's yours FREE when you join The Fiction Book Club. Send for your *gift* copy *today!*

Membership is FREE in The FICTION BOOK CLUB . . .

and you get all these conveniences and Money-Saving advantages too!

You will be sent immediately FREE your copy of the best-seller "MR. ADAM" when you mail the coupon. You'll also become a member of The Fiction Book Club with your choice of the club's monthly best-seller selections and you'll get these four big advantages, too:

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Fiction Book Club contracts for big special editions—prints from original plates and in return for mass distribution, authors accept lower royalties. These savings are passed right on to you. You save up to $1.61 on every book you get. And you get the best-seller, "MR. ADAM" FREE as an introductory gift!

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For twenty days and nights the great snow falls. It imprisons in one house Ruston Cobb, his love-starved wife, his voluptuous devil-may-care sister-in-law, and her artist-lover. When nature-in-the-raw breaks loose—it's a fight for life and love! Hidden emotions burst forth . . . conventional morals break down . . . almost anything can happen . . . and does! "Terrific zip" says Clifton Fadiman. "It kept me up far beyond a sensible bedtime."—Chicago Tribune.

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It's Terrific! It's T. N. T.! And You'll Love It!

The FICTION BOOK CLUB, (Dept. 122)
31 West 57th St., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

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ES-10

The Sound and the Fury

on Britain's beam

Along with quite a few others apparently in this country, I am renewing my acquaintance, after the lapse of years owing to the war, to Esquire and I am trying to compare the current issues with those of prewar years to see if the old boy has changed much. I don't think so in the main. I particularly like those panels of more or less public persons. The Shermund girls look just about as dumb, and I am glad to see Webb is still with you and Grandpa. Few of your writers are known to us, with the exception of Paul Gallico who is not only well known over here, but well liked into the bargain. My chief reason for writing however is to say how much I appreciate the article on our country by Richard Joseph in the July issue. It reads just right, neither fulsome flattery or vulgar abuse, and how sick we are of the letters from some American scribes. We may do all the wrong things, that is spell differently, call things by different names, and even drive on the wrong side of the road, but even all these things together hardly make us a land of nitwits as some would have you believe.

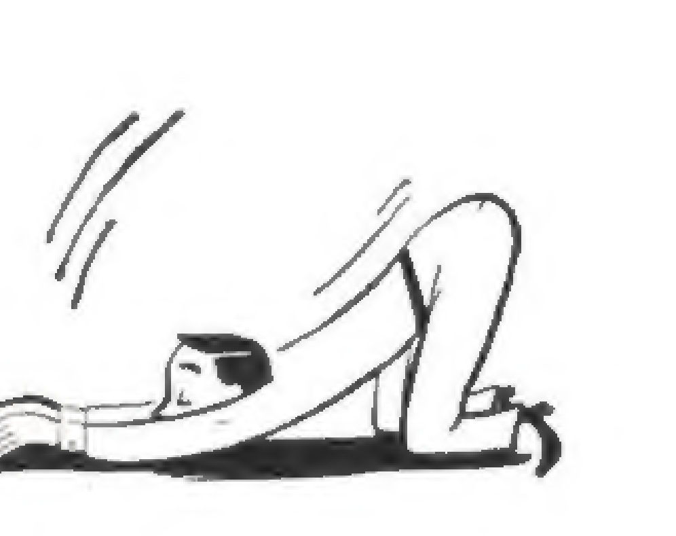
Anyway the whole article was a pleasant change and I for one would like to thank the author.

Albert Stallan
London, England

handyman

When the flood of mail and bickering from Barbara Heggie's *Our Own Handymen* is over Esky will have to admit that he loves things of a controversial nature. I am not joining the millions of males who will take issue with every statement she made just because she has challenged the male sex. But does she think the male invented the washing machine just to get out of packing the clothes to the laundress? And—supposing the truth, at least as she sees it, in all that she writes—it is definitely an admission of weakness on her part that she could not train her male friends or spouses better than that. I do not know a man of my acquaintance who would be up to slamming "his hat on his head and stalking out of the house" if the little woman should so much as hint that she would like so and so done. After four years of war and two more of shortages and high labor costs, most men I know can and do repair everything around the home from (and including) leaky faucets to replacing the joists the termites have hollowed out.

T. C. Messervé
Los Angeles, Cal.



Lewisohn viva voce

I am not accustomed to write letters to editors, but I have just finished reading *The Endless Test*, by Ludwig Lewisohn in your June issue, and I wanted you to know how much I enjoyed it. The characterization done by the author in this story is one of the best I have ever read, and I was particularly interested because I have just finished reading his new book *The Case of Mr. Crump*. It is my opinion that Mr. Lewisohn is one of America's outstanding authors, and I hope you will have more of his stories soon.

Herschel M. Wolk
Minneapolis, Minn.

P.S.—As per your overseas letter I'll be glad to send you some copies of Esquire if you'll send me an address and mailing instructions.

deerslayer's advocate

You recently published an attack on the sportsmanship of deer hunters of North Carolina. As a chronic on-the-other-hander, I would describe the dilemma in Indiana, where law-givers hearkened to the masses, and revamped a law whereby wild deer were given the right to graze wherever they fancied the pasture greenest. Under this law, any deer, regardless of age, sex, or I.Q. could hop over fences and trample down the corn, partake of parsnip tops or petunias with no fear of reprisal. No man could legally shoot them, nor deprive them of their law-given freedom by corralling them in a barn.

This was manifestly unfair to countless law-abiding swine and kine reared in an atmosphere of nose rings, ropes, and halters, to say nothing of the insidious electric fence.

Consequently the legislature acted. Under the new law, you may shoot deer from a distance of 50 feet, using shot no heavier than No. 5. The idea is to pepper the deer's hide just enough to drive him to some other farm, where there may be a shortage of guns or No. 5 shot. In case the "peppering" should be fatal (God forbid), the shooter must report to the nearest conservation officer.

Harris Cox
Indianapolis, Ind.

blow for blow

Soliloquy in a London Telephone Booth was plain balderdash. We "conceal" these booths by painting them a livid red, and to allow for lack of perspicacity in such visitors as Byron Bonnheim, the door possesses a handle, easily seen. It is a natural tendency to hold the receiver with the left hand and place it to the left ear; of course Bonnheim would take hold with the right, place to the left ear and obscure his vision with the right forearm.

The sixpence and shilling slots serve the same purpose as your dime and quarter slots, e.g. either long distance or telegrams. No red-painted phone booth has the door opening inwards; perhaps Bonnheim wears reversing spectacles?

Seeking a public phone in New York I scoured the streets until a polite gent, perceiving my harassed look, gave me the lowdown: two square inches of enamel plate showing a bell, placed on the bottom of a shop front at calf level. In my subsequent searches for this identifying plate my gaze was misconstrued by many a lovely girl.

F. C. Heath
London, England

lagniappe

Just a note pointing out a curious point of disagreement in your August issue:

On page 73 your monthly feature shows the proper way to mix a mint julep. "Muddle 6 mint sprigs." We shall; we shall; if the occasion should ever arise.

On page 146, a continuation of *Bourbon: An American Gift to the Spirits* we find the following directions on the mixing of a mint julep: "½ to 1 teaspoon of simple syrup is placed in the bottom of a 14-ounce silver julep cup and five or seven leaves of mint (*not* crushed) are added . . ." We shall; we shall; if the occasion should ever arise.

When I was stationed near New Orleans during the war I ordered a mint julep at a famous bar. The bartender went through various contortions in crushing the mint leaves. He would "muddle" the leaves in a little gadget he had, then hide it underneath the bar while he put fresh, uncrushed leaves in the glass. I asked him the reason for the subterfuge. His reply was, "A mint julep is jest a drink. They want sumthin' special; I give 'em sumthin' special. They want ceremony; I give 'em ceremony. A real mint julep as I see it calls for real mint. They want it; they get it. But I do mash a few clover leaves with a few motions to make 'em think they're gettin' sumthin'."

Robert F. Scott
Alameda, Cal.

father's night

I have just taken out a renewal for another year at $5 to celebrate what you call "Father's Day." My dear sir, that's a complete misnomer, at least at my home on the day Esquire arrives. I'm thinking of applying to our magistrate to let me have a week's solitary confinement, so that I can do a spot of quiet reading and gazing at your mouth-watering ads.

It's a man's magazine—but not in my house. My wife wants it, my elder daughter wants it, and my small daughter demands it to cut out the illustrations before Father has a day to read it. "Father's Day" forsooth!!

Still I do submit that from 10 p.m. onward I am permitted to spend the remainder of my waking hours at peace with the world—and with Esquire.

Dr. W. F. Coutts
Germiston, South Africa

errant plug

In your May issue you publish an otherwise excellent story, *And the Cup Ran Over*, professedly by an ex-Navy man, yet you allow the rookies "howler" by saying ". . . he put the plug in the sea boat and then lowered it." Horror of horrors—on what sea-going ship would the plug ever be allowed to be taken *out* of a sea-boat, unless it be to drain it, after which it is *immediately* put back. No, sirs, not in any Navy in the world would that be allowed to occur. Too many men's lives may depend upon it.

W. E. Cave (H. M. Navy)
Liverpool, England

long live the King

As you will see from the address I own a small country hotel in the Lake District and I would like to add my own view to that of Richard Joseph who wrote *Britain's Ready—If You Are!* There are some points on the credit side which I think he missed.

He was right in emphasizing the lack of variety of food, but we have our own poultry and our salmon rivers. So apart from the eggs you mention we can still find turkeys, geese, ducks, and salmon for the table. And, of course, all our vegetables are local grown.

Admittedly our furnishings are getting shabby, but they were built to last so really they are not too bad. How right you were to mention towels and soap. They are very hard to get and it does make life easier if visitors bring them, but if they don't we do all we can. Finally, we will be damn pleased to see you. I worked with the American Marines and Army for eighteen months during the war and I see no reason why the spirit that obtained then should not continue. I can assure every American that if he goes to the small country hotel anywhere in England he will be really welcome.

Brian H. Smith
Edenhall Hotel
Edenhall, Penrith
Cumberland, England

P.S.—We still have some Scotch.

Gestapo baffled

Reading *My All-Time Favorite Puzzles* by David Shulman reminded me of something that happened a few months before D-Day, in Carrouges, Normandy. Twenty students had fled from Paris to avoid being sent by force into Germany. One evening, one of us presented a problem similar to Shulman's HOCUS+POCUS=PRESTO:

```
  S E N D
  M O R E
---------
M O N E Y
```

A dozen of us solved the problem, after using a great deal of notepaper. Next day, the Gestapo raided our house and arrested everyone they found.

The Germans were persuaded that "Send More Money" was a message we had been ciphering to be sent to England. Among those arrested only one knew that it was a brain teaser, all the other prisoners having been out the evening before. Nobody could offer the Germans any explanation, except the one who had solved the problem, and who was the last to be interrogated, three days after arrest.

Of course the Germans did not find it funny. By the way, the answer is:

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  9 5 6 7
  1 0 8 5
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1 0 6 5 2
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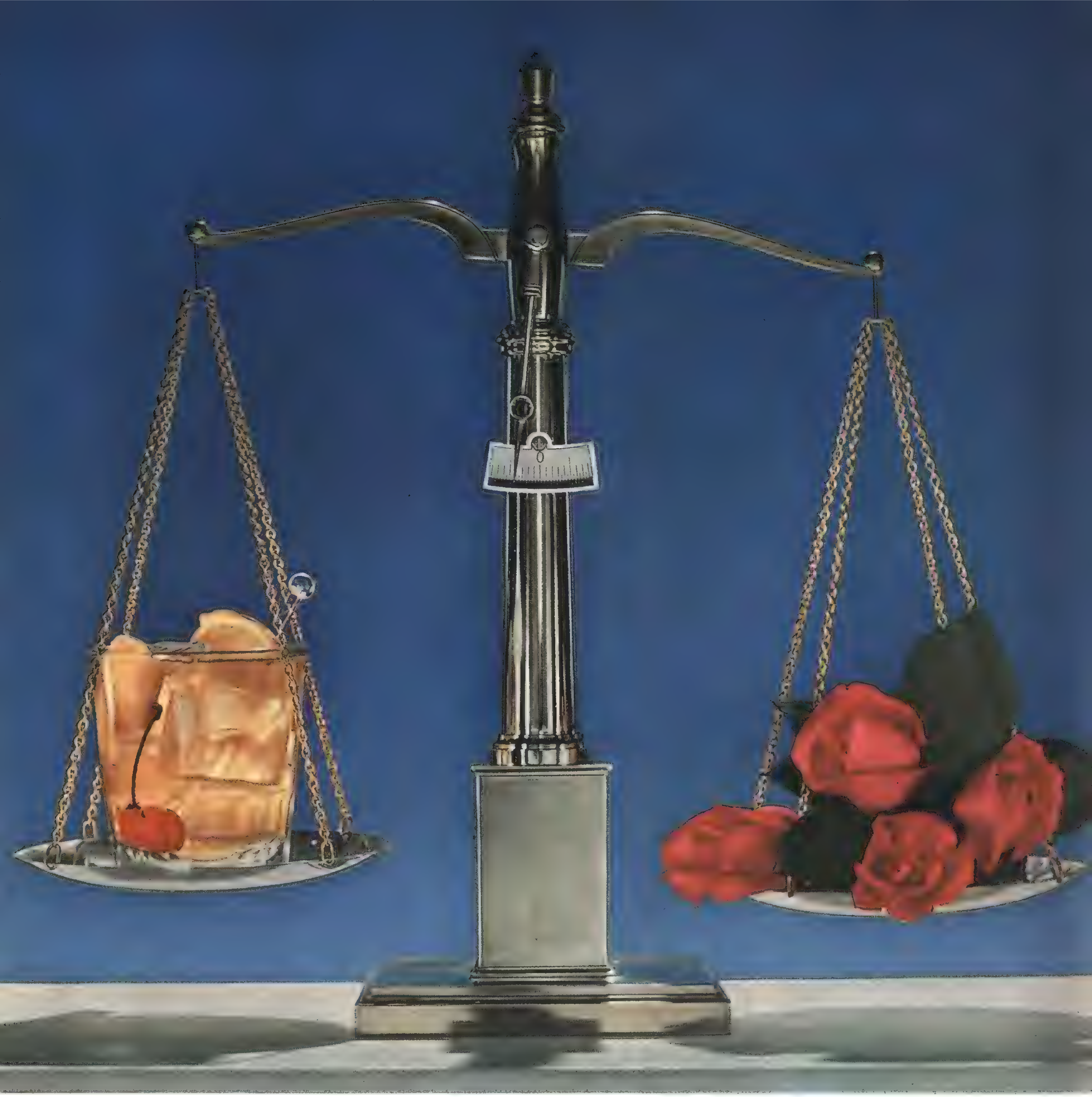
Pierre Baule
Viroflay, France

Continued on page 187



Tipped in your favor

When you make drinks at home with Four Roses...

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You can be sure the scales are tipped in your favor. For Four Roses lends to *any* drink a touch of extra magnificence you're bound to appreciate.

That's because Four Roses is quite different from other whiskies.

Perhaps the two qualities that most appeal to those who consider it America's very finest whiskey are these: a special mellowness and a *distinctive* flavor that no other whiskey, however fine, possesses.

Try Four Roses today—won't you?

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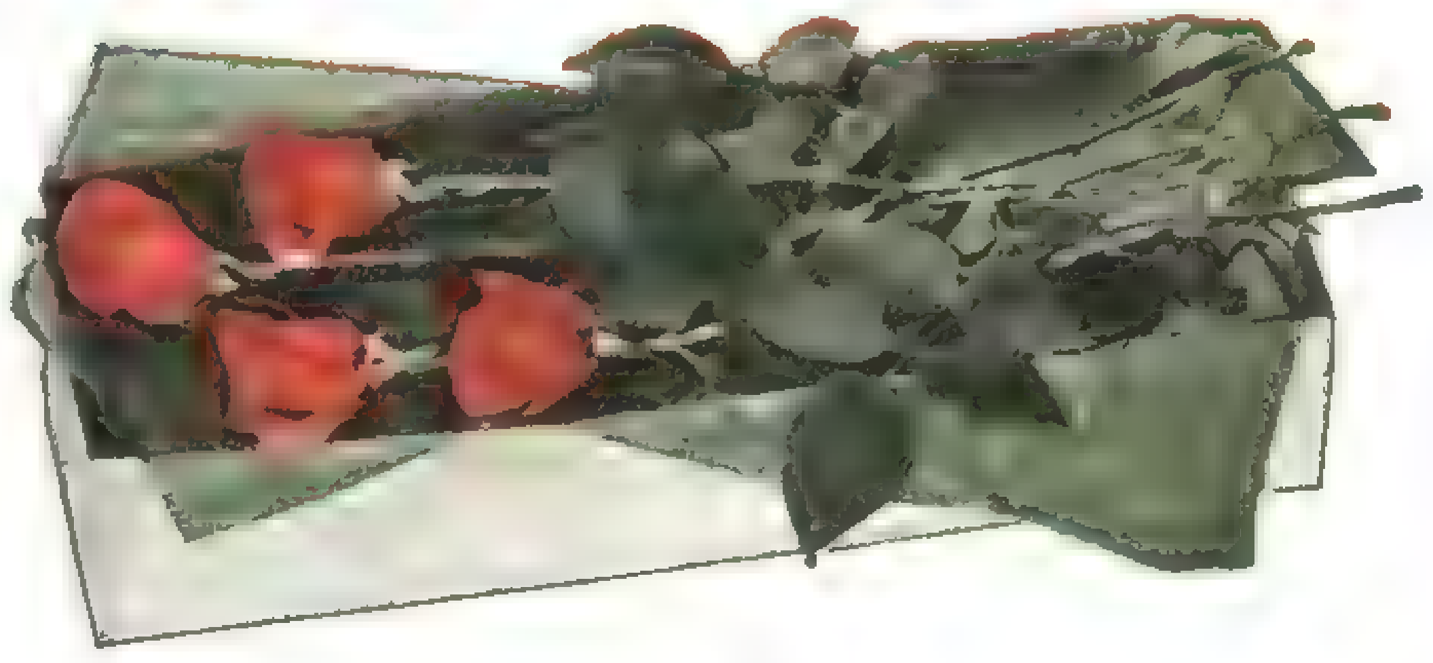
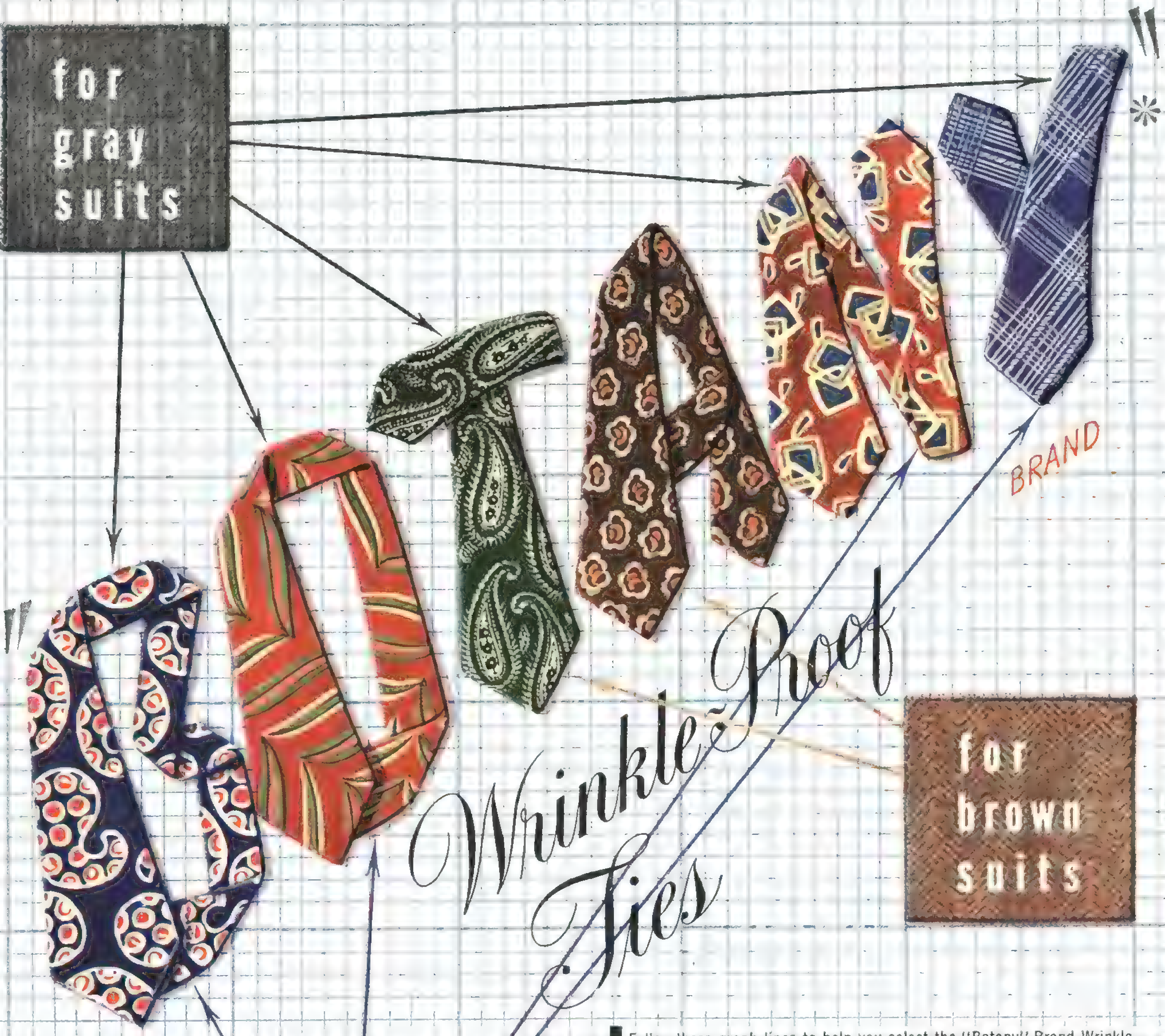
Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY



for blue suits

Follow these graph lines to help you select the "Botany" Brand Wrinkle-Proof Ties to go with the suit which you wear...these specially planned patterns are designed to blend with your clothing...just hang up your "Botany" Brand Ties at night and the wrinkles will disappear like magic...and you'll find that there is never any slipping at the knot..."Botany" Brand Wrinkle-Proof Ties $1.00..."Botany" Brand Regence Ties $1.50...at leading dealers.

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in planned patterns to go with what you wear!

$1.50 "Botany" Brand "Regence"

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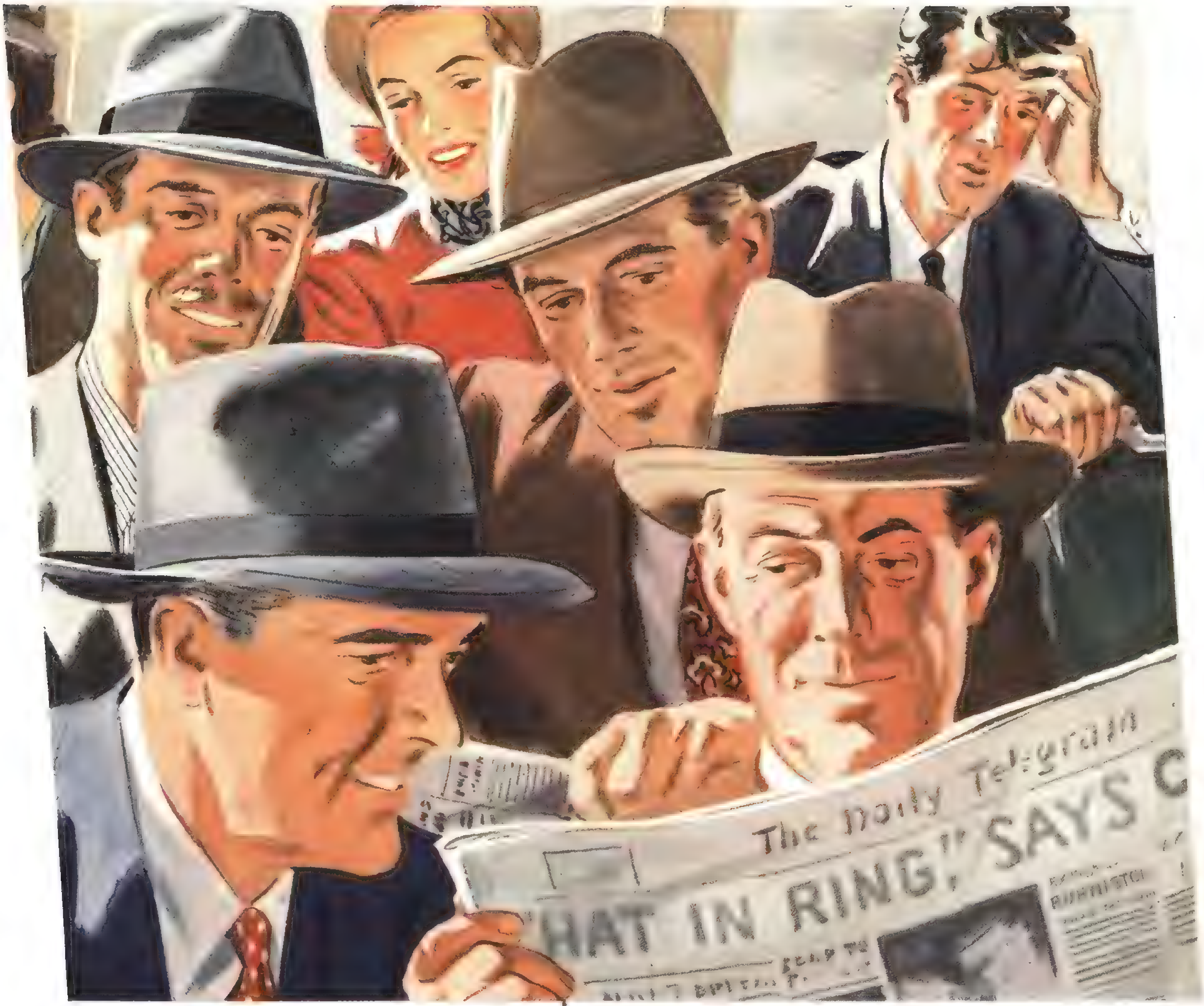
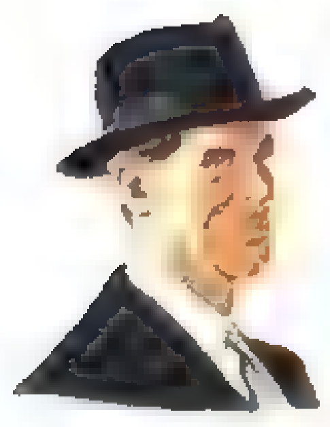
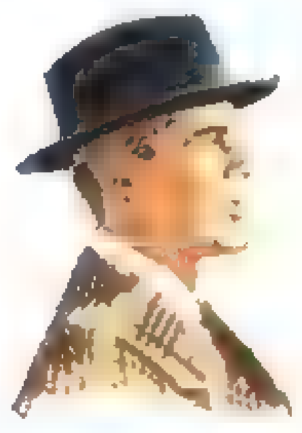
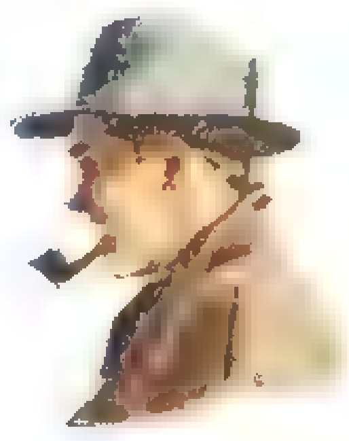
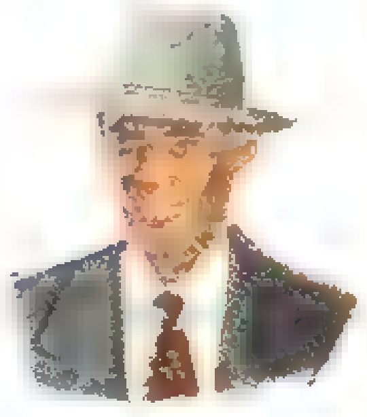


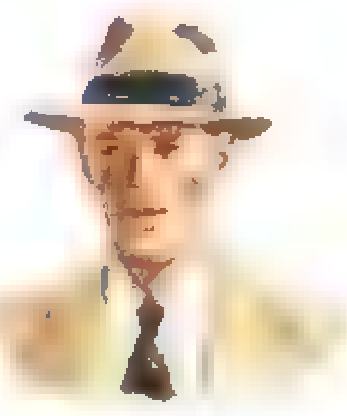
don't take a back seat...
wear a hat...

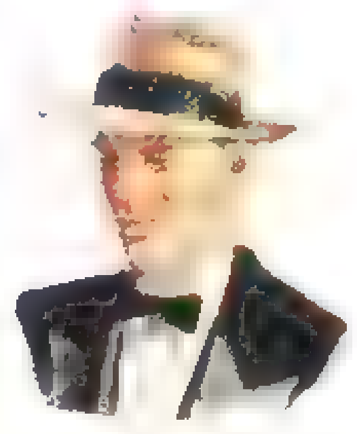

right
Off-the-face Homburg adds the right touch with dark overcoat.


wrong
Homburg is out of place, looks wrong with a loud plaid topcoat.


right
Tyrolean hat tops off the casual, style-right effect of a tweed overcoat.


wrong
Uneven, mis-matched look results when you wear a Tyrolean hat with dark overcoat.


right
Stylish light tan hat with black band is perfect with a camel's hair coat.


wrong
Never wear a light tan hat, with black band, when you wear a tuxedo.

Why take a back seat?

A hat helps you to headline your appearance. It's the top note of tasteful appearance . . . and it tells the world you're a noteworthy personality!

Especially when your hat is right—right in shape for your type of face, right in shade for the color scheme of your clothes and your complexion, right in style for your way of living, dressing and expressing your character and personality!

So here's good news that'll help you make smart headlines: to look like the right guy, get the right hat! Step into a Recognized Hatter's, wherever you see the plaque shown below. Plenty of the latest editions are waiting for you now.

RECOGNIZED
Hat Research Foundation
1946-47
HATTER

This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

"Somebodies" wear hats . . . "nobodies" don't!

"Say, who's quizzing who?"

HE: You know, I'm supposed to be asking the questions here . . .

SHE: But you look as though you know the answers, too!

HE: Ah . . . the subtle approach . . .

SHE: . . . and all I want to ask is who made that new suit?

HE: Timely Clothes, lady — and it's not new. Must be three or four seasons old.

SHE: Are you kidding?

HE: Nope . . . it has Balanced Tailoring.

SHE: Balanced Tailoring . . . ?

HE: That's what it said in the booklet . . . "lots of fine hand needle work for softness and machine sewing for strength". Seems to work, too.

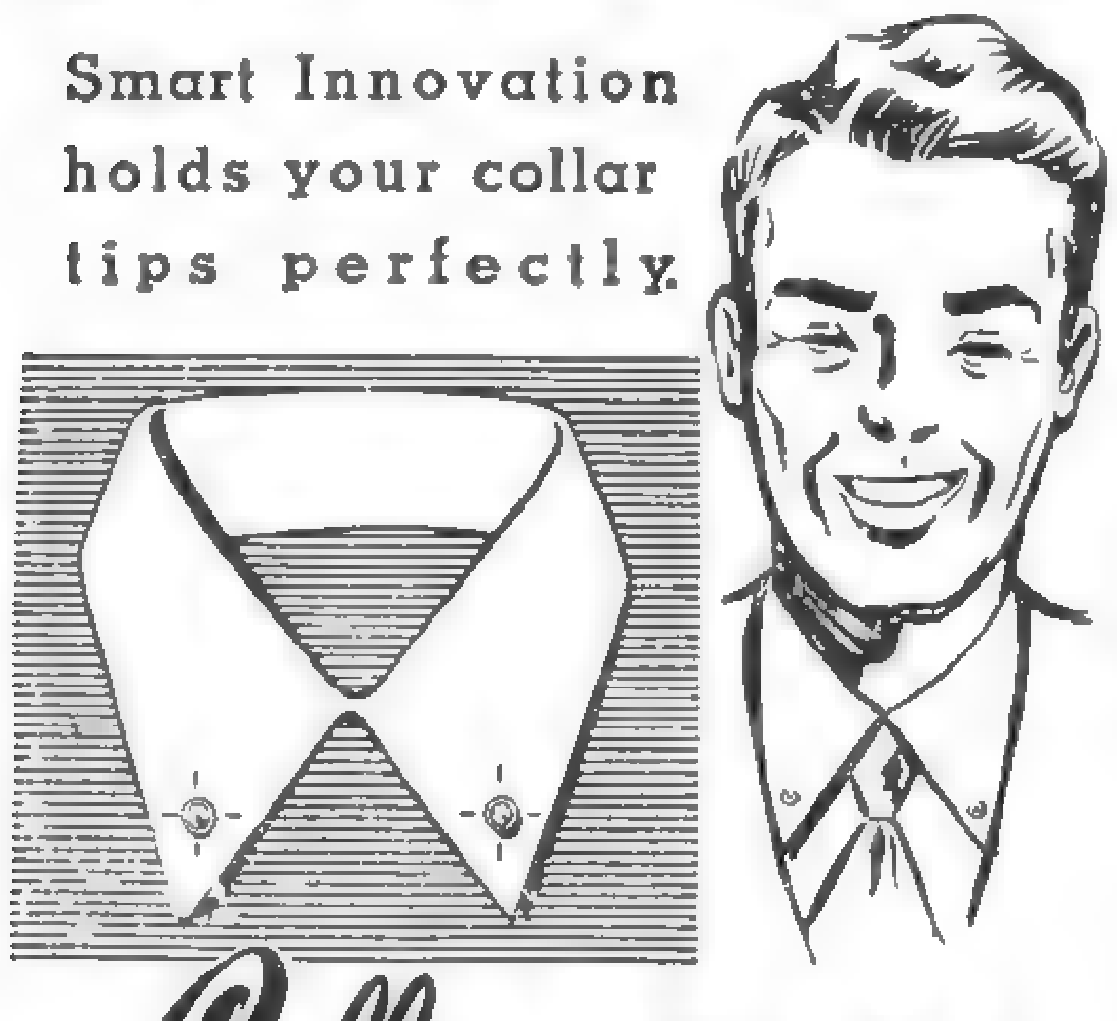
SHE: Well—wait 'til John hears what I learned from quizzing the quiz master!

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer

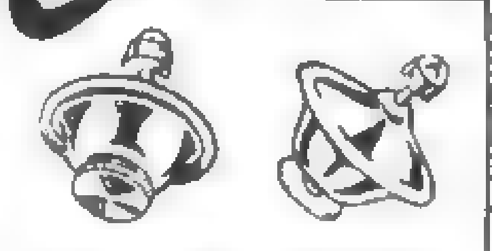
TIMELY CLOTHES ARE MODERATELY PRICED, TOO . . . AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE TIMELY CLOTHES, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

All-time COLLAR SMARTNESS

Smart Innovation holds your collar tips perfectly.



Collar-BOBS



The only device that holds collar points down—open or shut. Just pin-pierce ornamental Bob thru collar and shirt. Snap clutch on from inside. Can't slip off. Snaps on and off quickly.

Color chest: 7-pairs in assorted jewel-brite colors

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24" Steel tape rule

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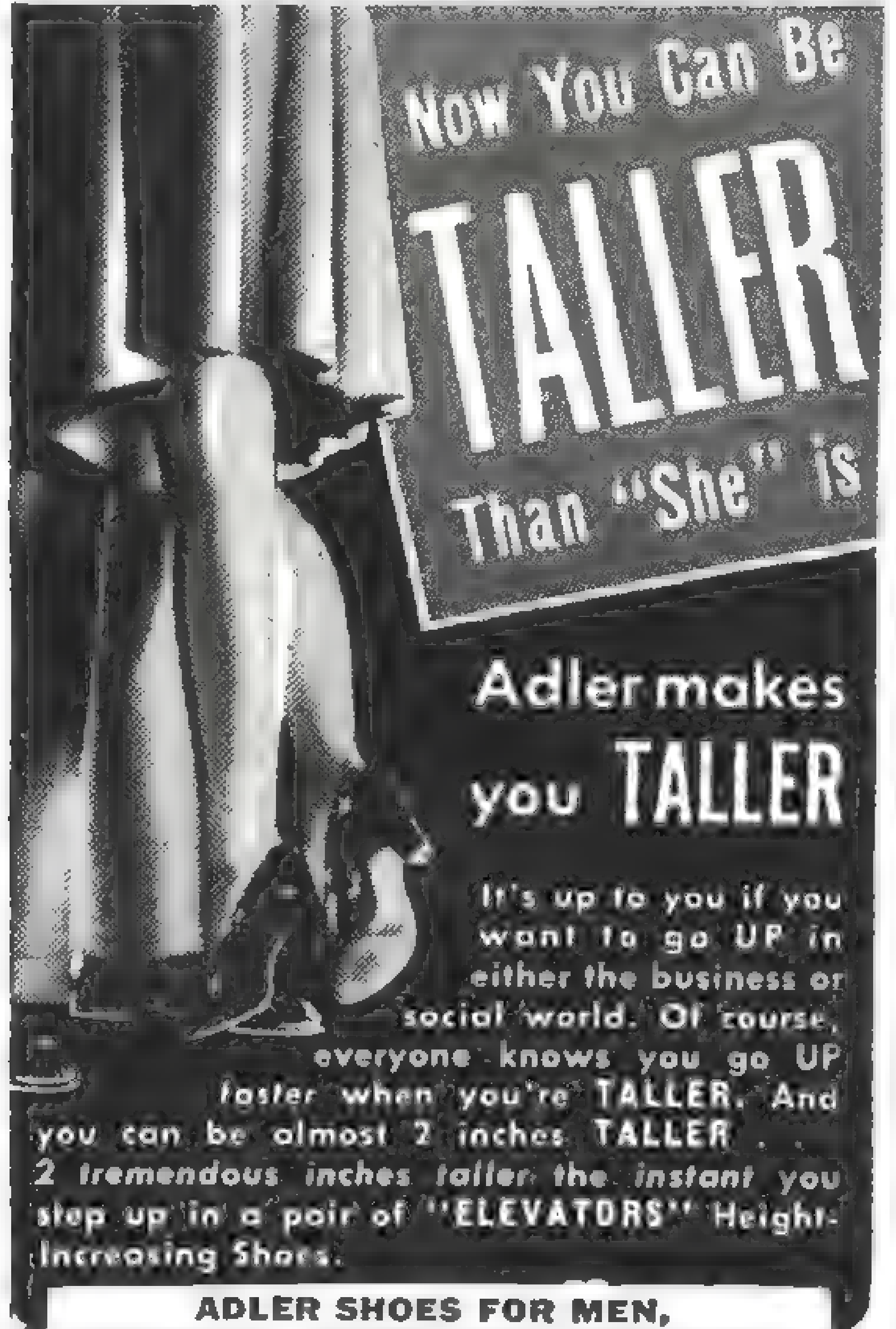
$2

(In California add 5c tax)

SPCRTS SALES CO., Dept. E-4, 652 2nd Ave., San Diego, Calif.



Now You Can Be TALLER Than "She" is

Adler makes you TALLER

It's up to you if you want to go UP in either the business or social world. Of course, everyone knows you go UP faster when you're TALLER. And you can be almost 2 inches TALLER . 2 tremendous inches taller the instant you step up in a pair of "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing Shoes.

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AMERICA'S LARGEST DISTRIBUTORS OF

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Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER. Send your Booklet in full color.
Name..........
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Talking Shop with Esquire

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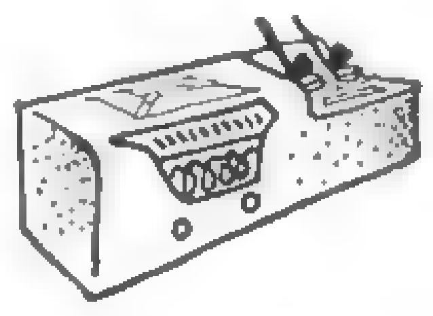
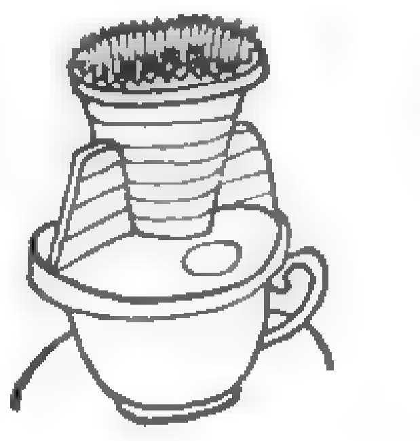
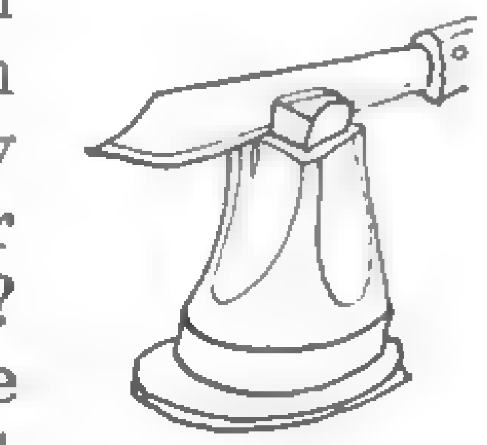


FOR SOLITARY DRINKERS . . . *coffee* drinkers, that is. Lonely souls who quaff their morning or evening cup of coffee in solitary confinement, will welcome a coffee pot that makes a single cup at a time. This gleaming aluminum and plastic maker fits right over your coffee cup. Just mete out your favorite brand, pour it into the paper filter, add boiling water, and flash filtration brews a cupful right at the table . . . in about two minutes.



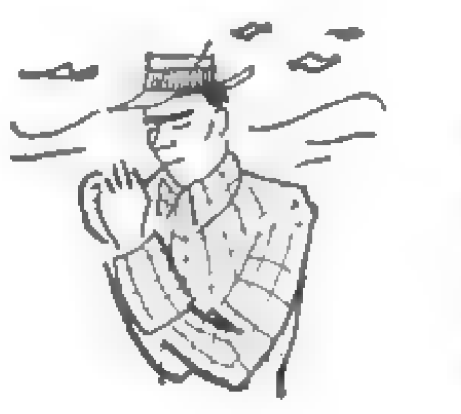
HOLLOW GRIND SHARPENER. Have you ever seen those abrasive stone knife sharpeners with a rubber suction cup base which will clamp on any work table or smooth surface? Due to the shape and arrangement of the grinding stones, a hollow grinding action is obtained; stones are freely mounted to receive any knife blade thickness.



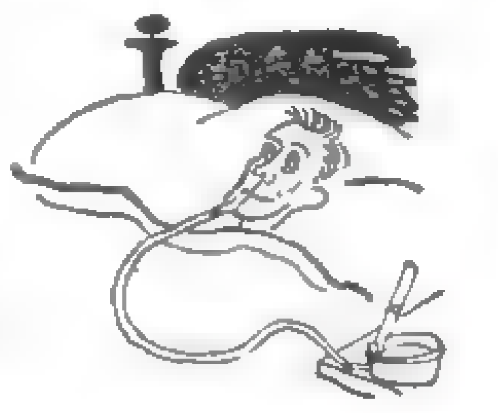
SMART KIBITZER. You won't have to listen to the advice of the poker Kibitzer if you provide yourself with a pocket sized card called the "game coach". Experts say, that in order to win consistently at games of chance, you have to know percentages. The coach is a combination slide rule and calculator, which gives your mathematical chance of catching after your first "up card". In just one movement the coach shows instantly your probable odds, helps you judge when to draw, bet, raise or "fold".

"FATHER AND BABY DOING WELL." If you're an expectant papa, or already a veteran parent, you'll get a boot out of book of cartoons called "Poppin' a Button". The book illustrates the joy and suspense of coming parenthood, tracing a series of funny events that take so much out of a chap.

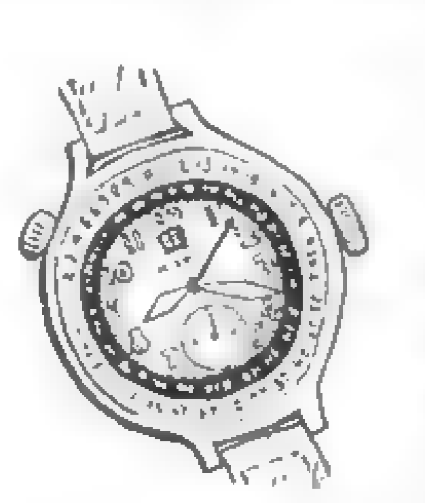
NORTHWINDS DO BLOW and the sportsman lights up his windproof pipe. There's a smooth sliding metal cover which is designed to give sure fire protection against hot ashes and loose tobacco. The pipe is easy to operate, a flick of the thumb slides the special cover over the bowl, protects the smoker and his surroundings. Reverse the motion and the cover glides back out of the way, for easy cleaning and filling.



LOOK, FELLOWS, NO HANDS! Picture yourself lolling in a bathtub performing ablutions and smoking a cigarette through a long tube at the same time! Such is the harem pipe, a robot designed for those of you who like to read and smoke in bed. Simply place your cigarette in the metal ejector which is hitched to a metal ashtray. Place mouthpiece between your teeth, light cigarette, and there you are, both hands free. The robot collects ash automatically, no danger of sparks or burning of bedclothes.



"THE TIME, THE PLACE . . . and the girl." A boon to the absent-minded-professor-type is one of those wristwatches which not only tells the accurate time at a glance, but also the month, date, day, hour and minute. In addition to the regular hands, there's a "date" hand which points to the day of the week. "Friday the 13th" it says or whatever. Watch has an all jewel movement in a stainless steel case, and incorporates such features as anti-magnetic, moisture, shock and dust resistance.



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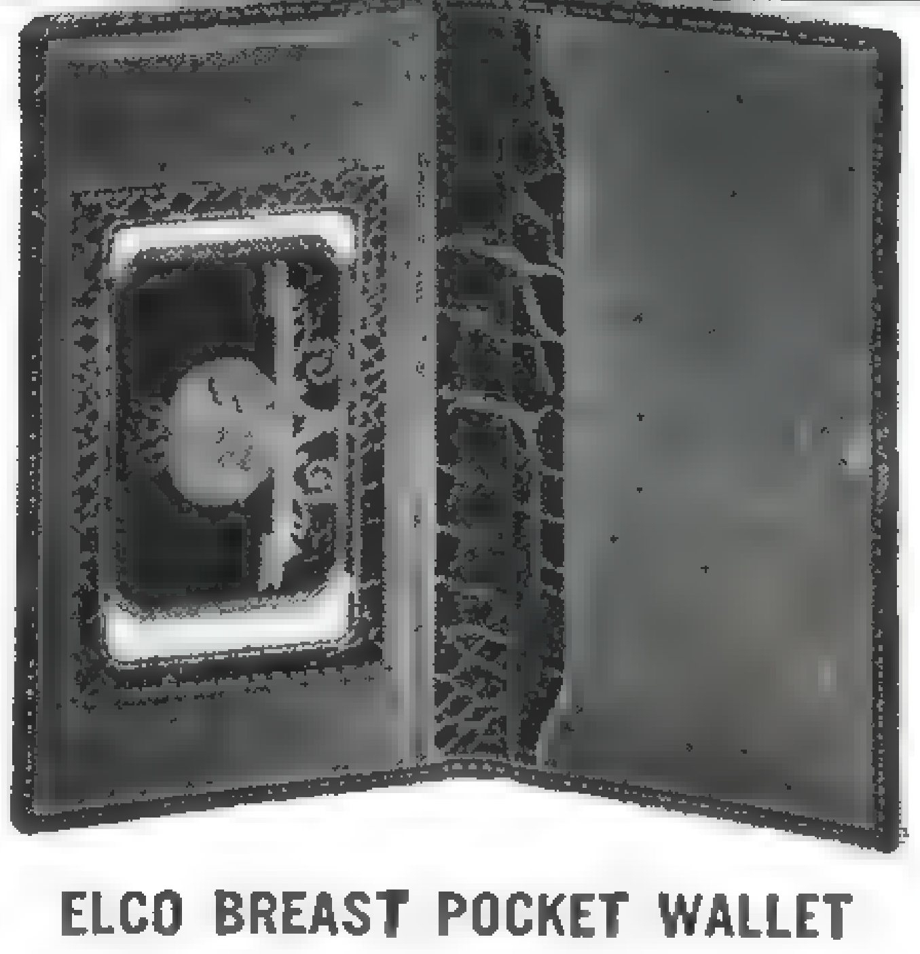

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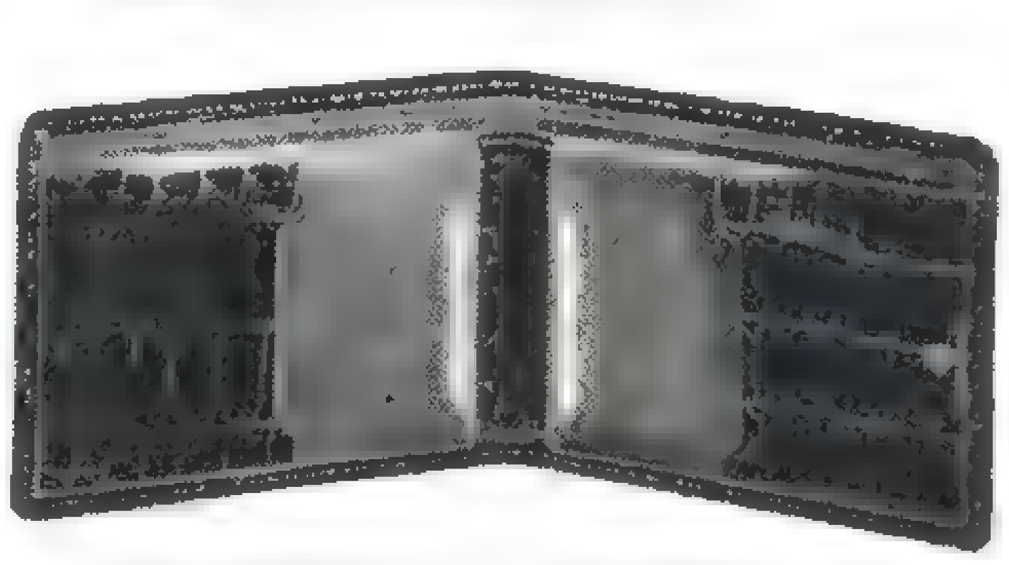

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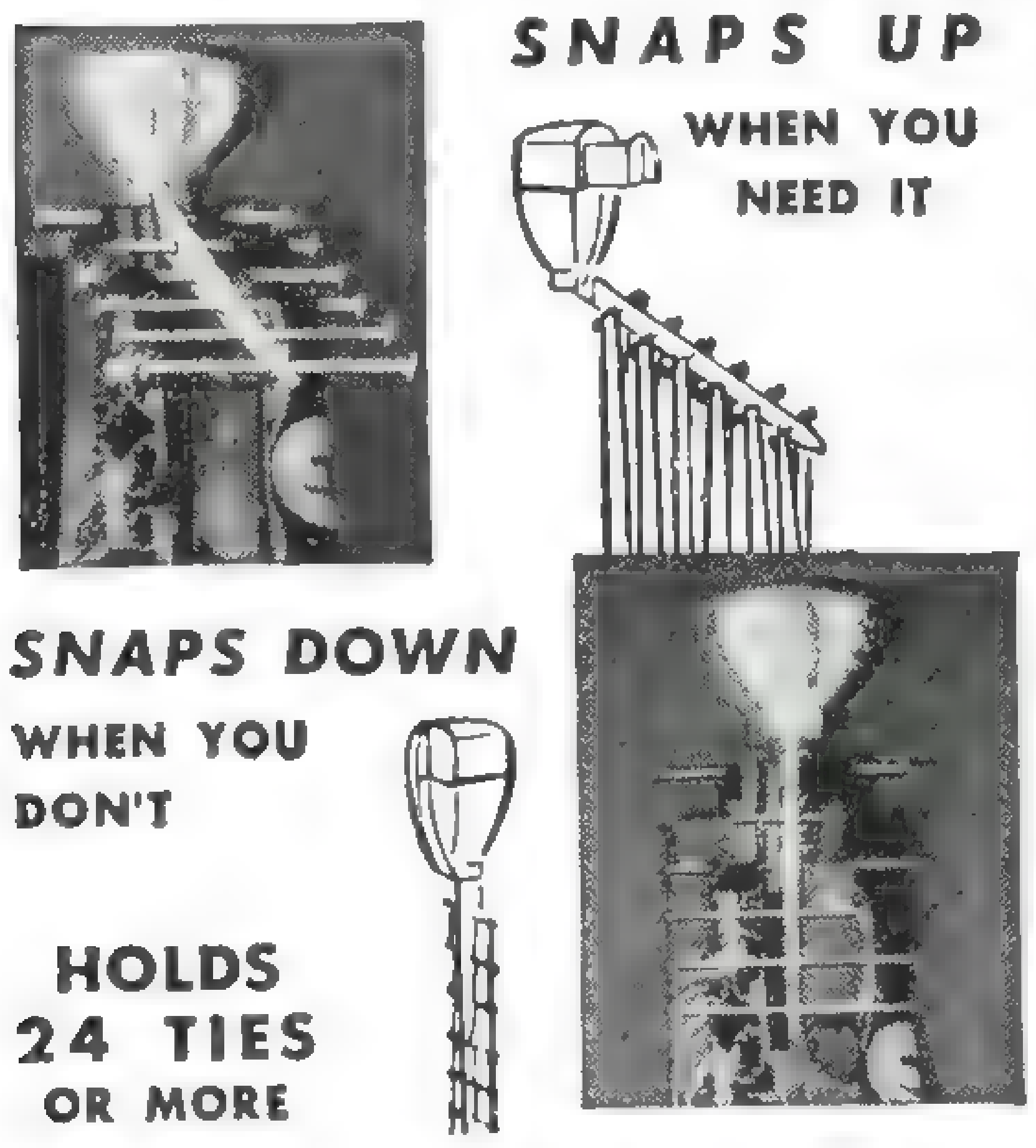

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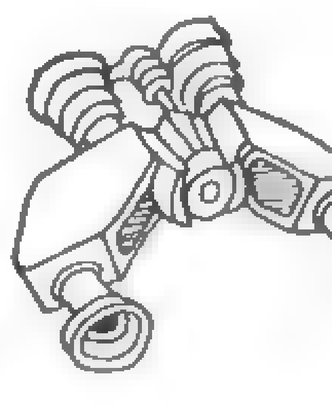
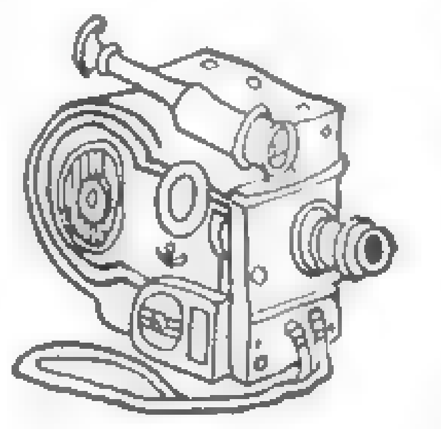
Talking Shop with Esquire

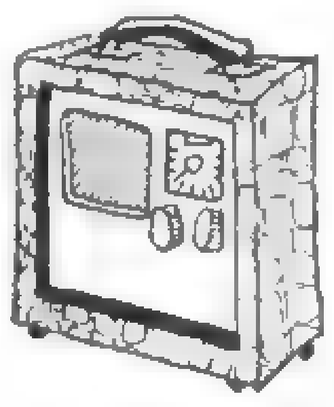
BREAST POCKET BINOCULAR. Yes, actually, a fine prismatic binocular which weighs a little over 4 oz., and is so small it fits into the palm of the hand. Because of its prism, and feather-light magnesium body, it is about a quarter of the weight and ⅓ the size of conventional binos. The famous prism, until recently, has been restricted to military devices due to the expense of manufacture, but now it is used in binoculars. It's an inverting prism system, consisting of a single piece of optical glass which, they say, transmits more light than the conventional two-prism system. The binoculars are mighty handsome, too, done up in brown enamel with brown alligator trim.



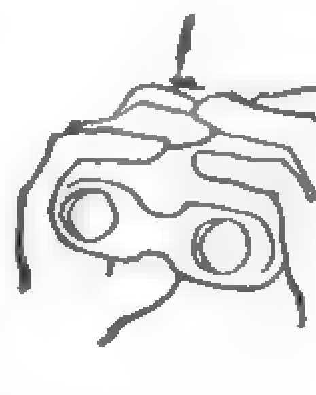
SIMPLIFIED MOVIE CAMERA. Here's a simple way to take low cost 8mm movies. Loading the camera with film magazines is so easy a child can do it. You can quickly change from color to black-and-white without loss of film. Other innovations include continuous run, single frame exposure for titles and trick shots, new type ratchet winding key, film rating guide as well as built-in telescopic view finder, coated lenses, exposure chart, etc.



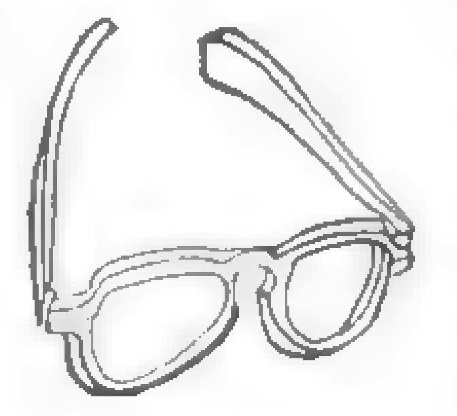
STANDARD SCHOOL EQUIPMENT. Seems as though a fellow can't concentrate on studying these days without a portable radio blaring nearby! There's a bantam-weight honey (merely 4 pounds with batteries) which is just 6 inches high, 7 inches wide and 3¾ inches deep . . . yet with volume enough to pull in distant stations. It uses those new, space-saving tubes, 4 of them, including 2 dual-purpose tubes. Snappy looking job done up in a simulated brown or bright colored alligator case, or tan rawhide.



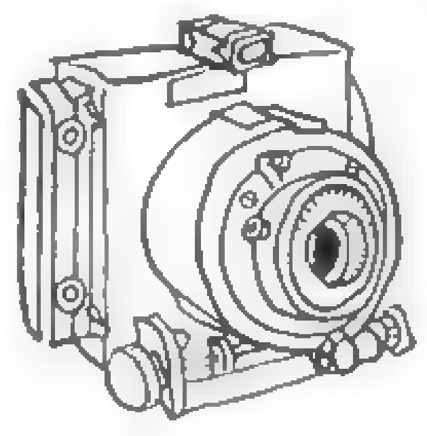
PLASTIC BINOCULARS FOR KIDS. Kids get a kick out of using binoculars. You can buy a plastic bino which weighs only 1½ oz. and can be carried folded to an overall size of 4x1¼x1½". Very inexpensive.



COLOR SPECTACLE! The optical industry announces with pride, a spectacular new spectacle frame for men. First unusual point . . . the frame is *all metal*. And though the frames are those big, aggressive looking shapes, they weigh less than one ounce! The metal is fully adjustable, easily bent to fit perfectly, and is made all in one piece, no rivets, no solders. But that isn't all. The frames come in a series of daring colors guaranteed to turn Mr. Milk Toast into a Personality Boy. Dark haired gents will look well in "morocco leather" . . . a wine shade, or in cordovan brown. Medium or light complexions could wear gold or copper colored frames. And grey heads will look like "men of distinction" in satin finished silver metal spectacles.



CAMERA FOR HUMID CLIMATES. Designed like a military aerial camera, this new press-type camera is made entirely of a light-weight cast magnesium alloy. There are no fabric bellows to wear out and leak light, no wood or leather parts to rot or mildew. Focusing is accomplished by means of a telescoping tubular bellows arrangement which operates smoothly from a machined rack and pinion coupling. The cameras have a conventional ground-glass back and take standard cut film holders or film pack adaptors. A navy favorite since it can't be damaged by salt water spray.



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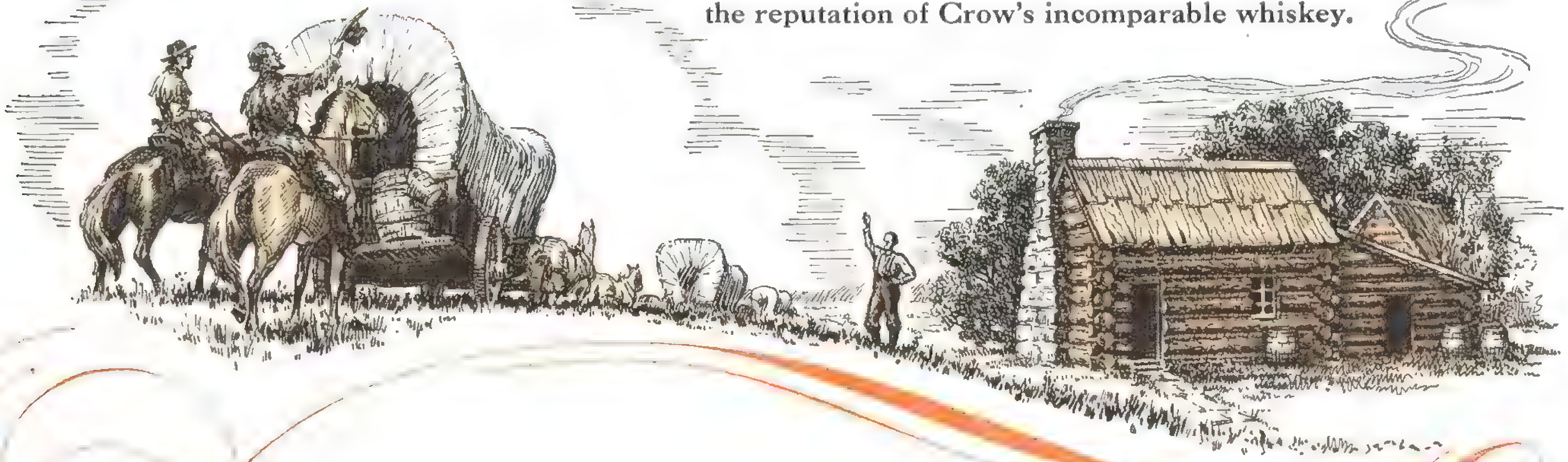

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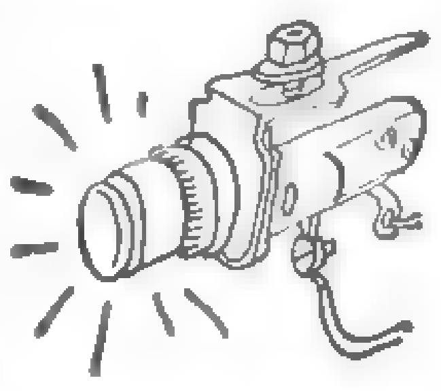
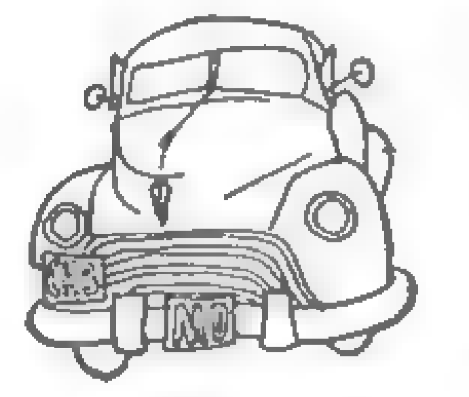
Talking Shop with Esquire

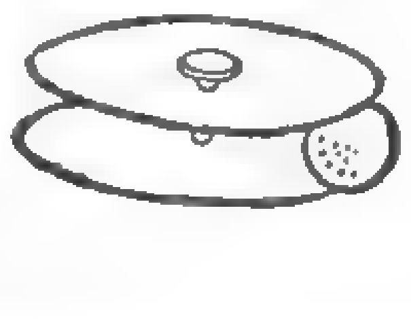
"YOUR BRAKE'S DRAGGIN' PAL." Ever had a back seat wit kid you for not releasing your emergency brake? For absent minded drivers, there's a little red brake signal, which, when attached to your dashboard, flashes a brilliant red warning, continuing until the hand brake is fully released. It acts as soon as your ignition goes on, no chance to drive with a dragging brake, no chance to forget. It really should save you dough, because there'll be no drain on the battery, for the warning light goes off when you turn off the ignition. Keeps your brake linings from taking a beating; prevents cost of replacing scored brake drums.



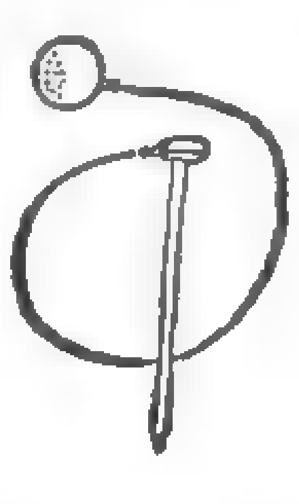
MONOGRAMMED MOTORS. Everybody knows about initials monogrammed on a car door. But how about 4½" high mirrored initials to be slipped into the front license plate holder or fastened near the front or rear lights? The initials are made of aluminum alloy designed to reflect light. Their silvery gleam is visible day or night, and makes for easy identification of your car at the station, in a parking lot, etc.



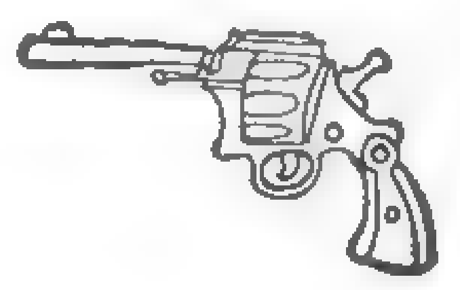
HOW TO BE A ONE-PUTT MAN? Maybe your putting kept you from lowering your handicap this past summer. If so, perhaps you had better join the vast army of carpet putters who practice at home through the cold winter months. Buy a simple gadget consisting of two pressed steel plates some 4" in diameter held apart by a rustless spring. The spring, pressing against the upper plate with the up-turned edge, permits the plate to recede and catch the correctly putted ball. If the practice putt is too hard, and the ball would ordinarily jump the cup, plates will fail to catch the ball, and it rolls through. If ball would ordinarily *rim* the cup, it will rim the device.



PRACTICE TEE. If your fairway shots are weak, you can set up a driving range in your own back yard. A simple contraption consists of a metal peg which you drive into the ground, and a golf ball attached securely to a piece of wire. Just hit the ball and let it swing . . . or, in the words of the famous Babe: "Just loosen your girdle and let the ball have it!"



MODERNIZE YOUR GUN. Target practice may be more successful if you try attaching a new grip on your revolver or automatic pistol. Durable, practical plastic grips come in various types, with or without thumb rest, conventional type grip or a staghorn grip. Choice of a non-slip, checkered finish, or a smooth polished finish.



DEAD DUCKS come home to Pappy by means of a duck retriever, jumbo casting plug with a patented hook for bringing 'em in by the neck. Without benefit of dog, boat, throwing rocks or sticks. Use it with a casting rod for maximum distance and accuracy. You just throw it out beyond the floating duck, move along the shore until the line is directly over the duck, then lower the line and pull the floating plug over the duck's neck. The big underwater hook clutches it firmly so it can be hauled to shore.

EVEN YOUR WIFE CAN BE AN ELECTRICIAN. A novice can wire one of the new electric plugs. You insert wires of your electric cord in the base of the plug, use a coin to turn the slot in the top. Just a quarter turn, and the job is done. Nothing to take apart, no wires to wrap around binding posts, no screws to tighten. Connection should be safe and not pull apart.

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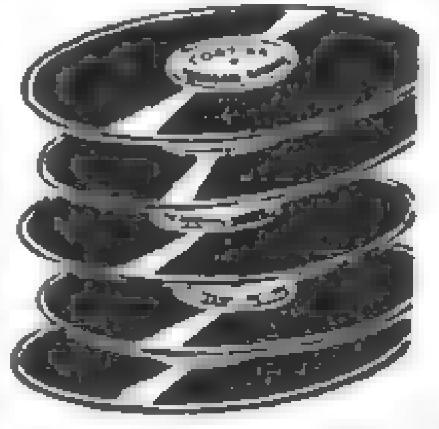

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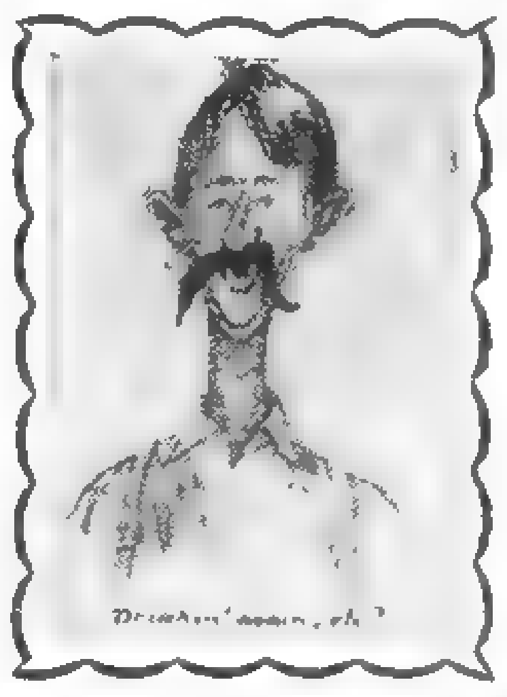

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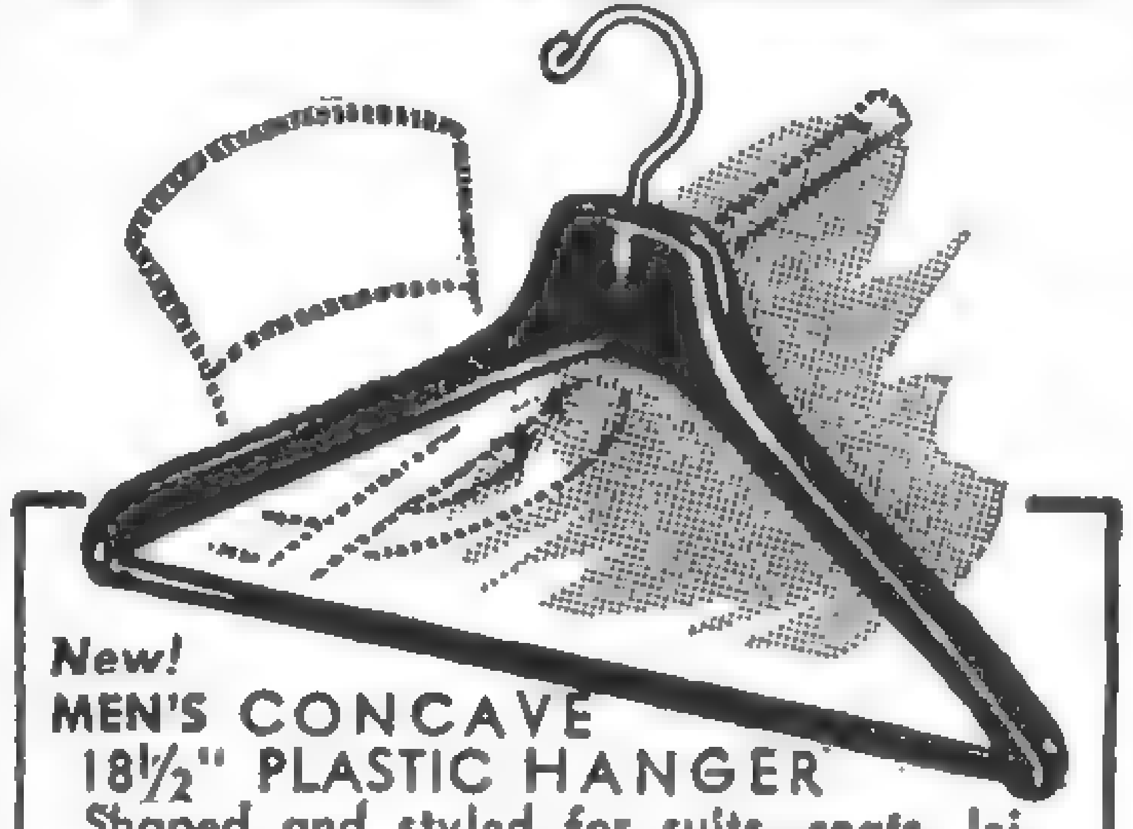

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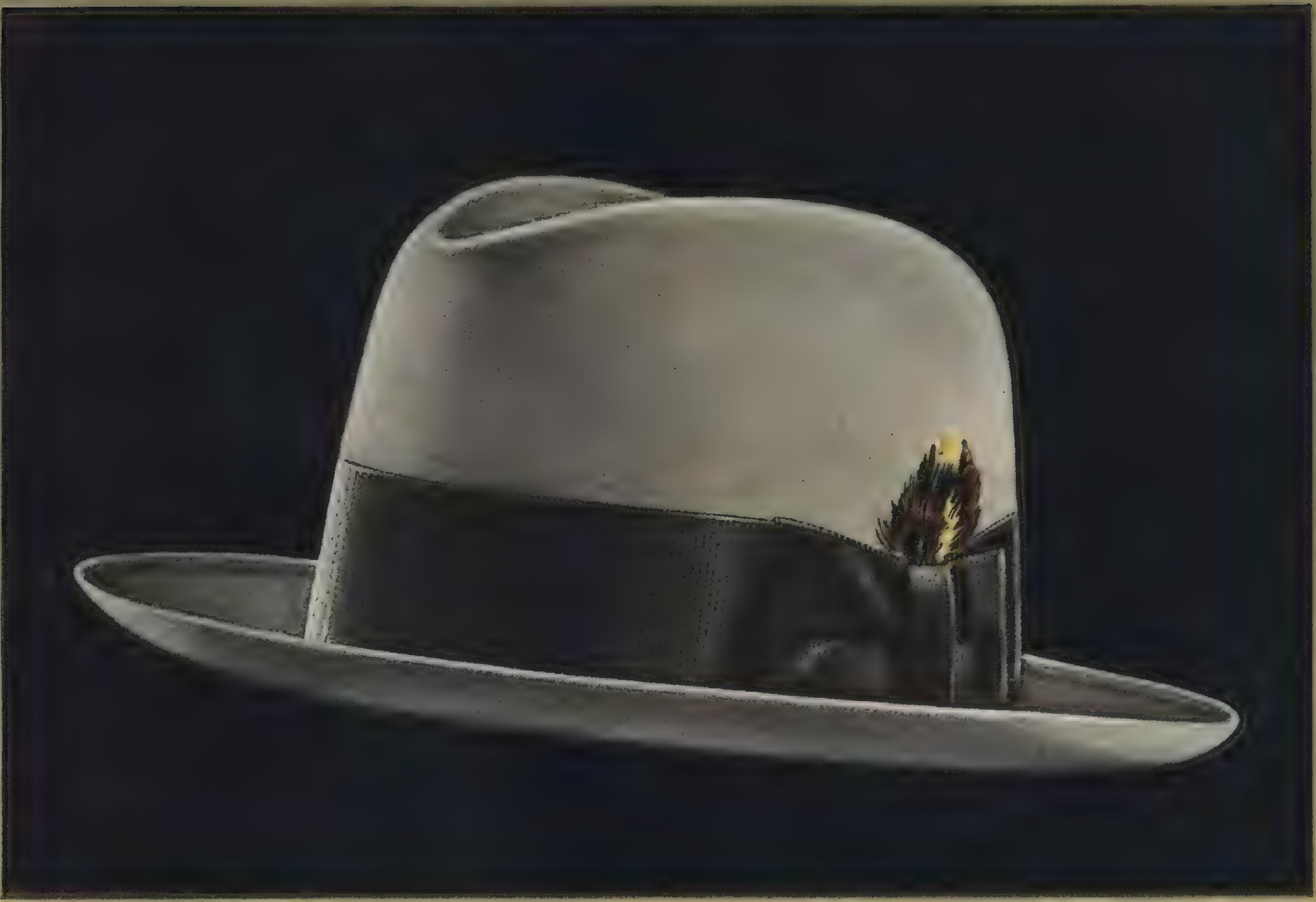

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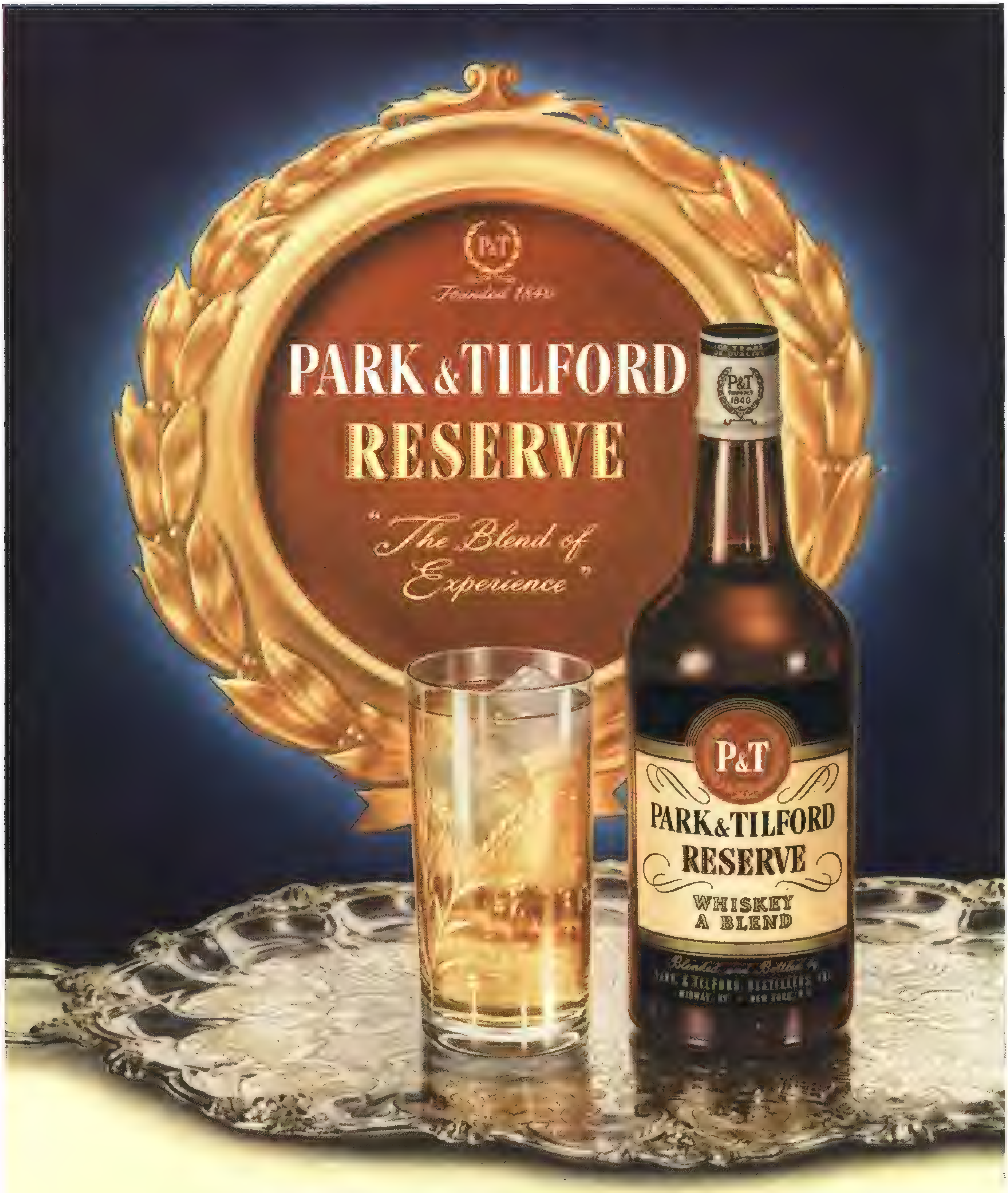
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PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

WILL KNOW
WHY YOU'RE TALLER

talls SHOES

Now Fellman Ltd. has designed men's shoes that make you almost 2 inches taller — *and yet look no different than our regular styles!* They're called "Talls" and no one except you will know their secret — an exclusive, *invisible* built-in construction that not only makes you taller, but actually adds to your comfort. In authentic styles for business, casual and dress wear. If you can't come in, write for free catalog E4.

FELLMAN LTD.
"That Individual Touch In Men's Shoes"
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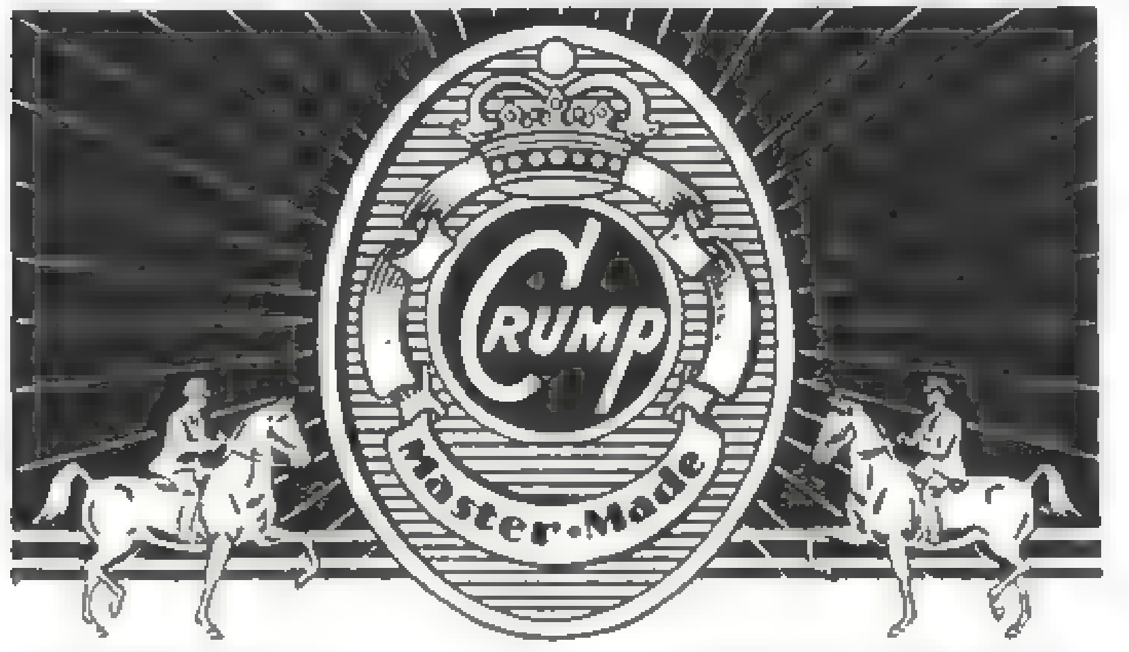
BE FAIR TO YOUR Hair

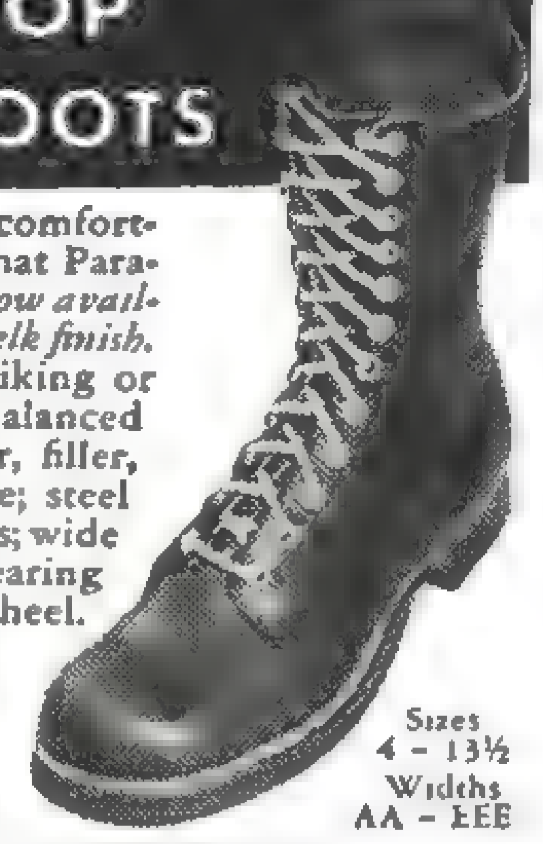
WAKE UP YOUR SCALP

Want better-looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing* . . . vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply *in your scalp*. Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write *now* for information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 3792 Field Bldg., Chicago 3.



MASTER-MADE   ENGLISH IMPORTED

FINE *Riding Saddlery*
Write for name of nearest dealer
B. T. CRUMP COMPANY INC.
MANUFACTURERS • IMPORTERS
1312 E. FRANKLIN ST., RICHMOND 13, VA.



For Outdoor Men
PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS

Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war . . . *now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work . . . 10" height; balanced construction; leather counter, filler, middlesole and hard box toe; steel shank; reinforcing instep tapes; wide toe and narrow heel; long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel.

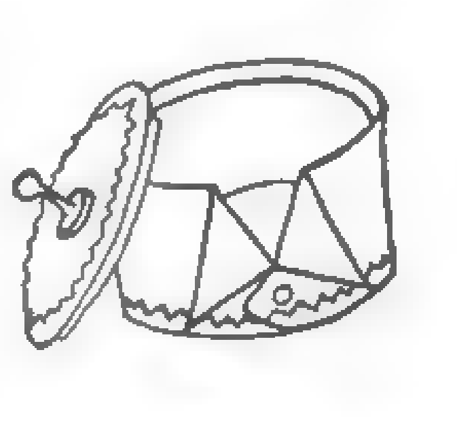
Only $9.87
plus postage
*Not government surplus stock

Sizes 4 - 13½
Widths AA - EEE

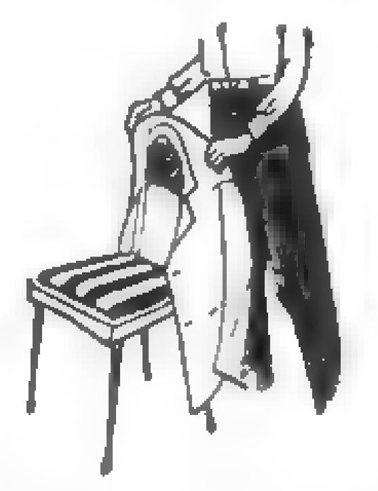
CORCORAN, INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots.
Check   Money Order   for $9.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.
E-10
*Name*________________
*Address*________________
____
Regular shoe size and width________

Talking Shop with Esquire

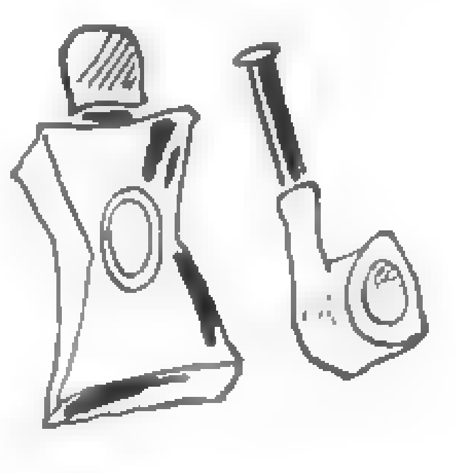
NOVEL STUD BOX. For shame, Sir, for strewing your collar buttons about the drawer or the floor. Maybe if you had a smart box to keep them in, you'd have them at hand when needed. Smart little stud box is made to simulate a man's wing collar, the handle on the lid, a heavy gold plated collar button. Box is of tan or wine colored cowhide, saddle stitched, lined with velvet. Excellent gift.



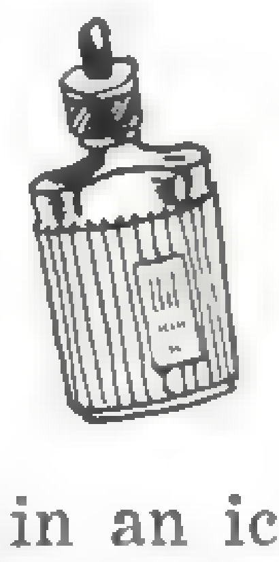
SHOULDER-SHAPED. If you're the type who hangs a good coat over the chairback . . . take heed. Why in heaven's name don't you invest in some proper coat hangers? There are some new plastic hangers shaped like a man's shoulders, and with full trouser bar to insure against creasing, plus an anchored revolving plated hook for easy extraction of the jacket. The proper hanger keeps your suits in press.



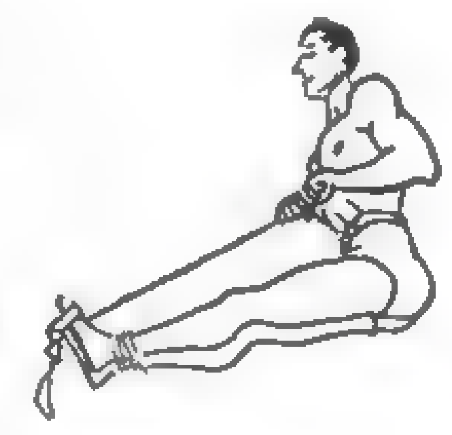
TAKE TO SNUFF, and we don't mean tobacco. Remember the glass bottle shaped like a man's pipe which held Snuff perfume? Well, it seems that Snuff went over so well, (the novel masculine packaging plus the ditto odor), that the manufacturer has now added other "Snuff" scented items to the line. You can get shave lotion, talcum, eau de cologne and a pinch grip soap . . . either as a set or individually.



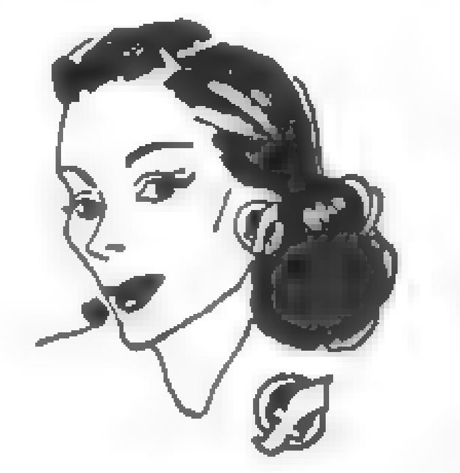
GARLIC GOODBYE. That old question of unpleasant breath can be taken care of by a mighty pleasant fluid culled from the fragrant buds of the mighty redwoods in California. The scent is clean and refreshing, like a dip in an icy mountain stream. A few drops on the tip of the tongue and odors due to foods, tobacco and ole debbil liquor, seem to disappear. Can even be applied directly to the skin to help dispel perspiration odors.



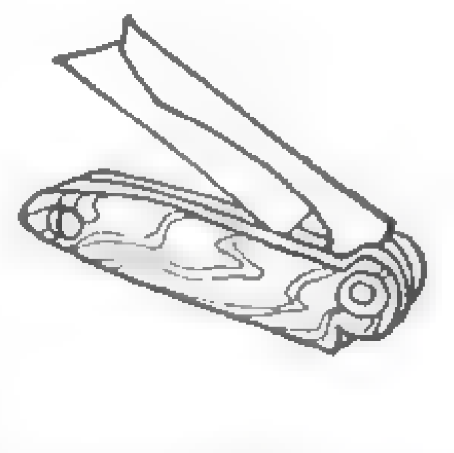
GOING INTO THE STRETCH. The former physical director of a prominent Hollywood studio has put out a stretching device which works on the principle of a rowing machine. Only *this* apparatus takes a minimum of space, fits into a shoe box, in fact. It's a pair of handles attached to a strong rubber tube, and a couple of leather slots fastened to a bar at the other end of the tube into which you slip your feet. If used according to directions, the gadget should accomplish beaucoup . . . relieve strain and tension, strengthen your posture and back, develop an enviable biceps and waistline. Copious directions come with it, showing Hollywood bigwigs exercising like crazy with Adonis-like results.



REMARKABLE HEARING AID. A new device for the hard of hearing, eliminates the button in the ear, and makes wearing a hearing aid undetectable. It's a delicate shell-like rim, molded of flesh-tinted plastic, which is fitted perfectly to the individual ear, hidden in its folds, so that it is practically invisible. A slender, transparent lucite tube behind the ear, carries the sound from the tiny receiver which is hidden beneath a man's collar. A small, light hearing aid fits neatly into a breast pocket, so that the entire apparatus is concealed. Same company also designs charming earrings for women, in which the receiver is concealed in one earring of a set. Clever idea, in our estimation.



RAZOR KNIFE. Artists, tailors, office workers or shop keepers will be glad to hear that the razor knife is back again. Knife combines a durable, colorful plastic handle with a blade of heavy razor steel which folds safely into the handle. A multitude of uses.



Ranger

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Best
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WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND
John Middleton
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The perfect complement to a fine pipe-collection is a fine tobacco—a fact which we believe we can prove to your complete satisfaction by sending you a free sample packet of Walnut.

Once you try this master blend of the world's seven finest tobaccos, it will always occupy a treasured place in your smoking pleasure. Write to John Middleton, 1227 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

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SHAVE LOTION
Soothing, after shave. Peppy rub-down . . . effective deodorant
popular $1 size at drug and dept. stores

also
FAMOUS FORMULA FOR THE HAIR
Barry's TRICOpherous
"He-man" way to keep hair well-groomed, neat. 50¢ the bottle.
Lanman & Kemp—Barclay & Co., Inc. N. Y. 3

MT. ROCK COATS

They fit!

MT. ROCK
COAT

LOOK!
LOOK!
It fits!
Extra!
Extra!

by don herold

Terrific NEWS! COATS That FIT!

Maybe you're prettier than I am. Or luckier.

But I — honestly — have never had a coat that sat completely right on my shoulders and around my neck, and that hung right on my skeleton.

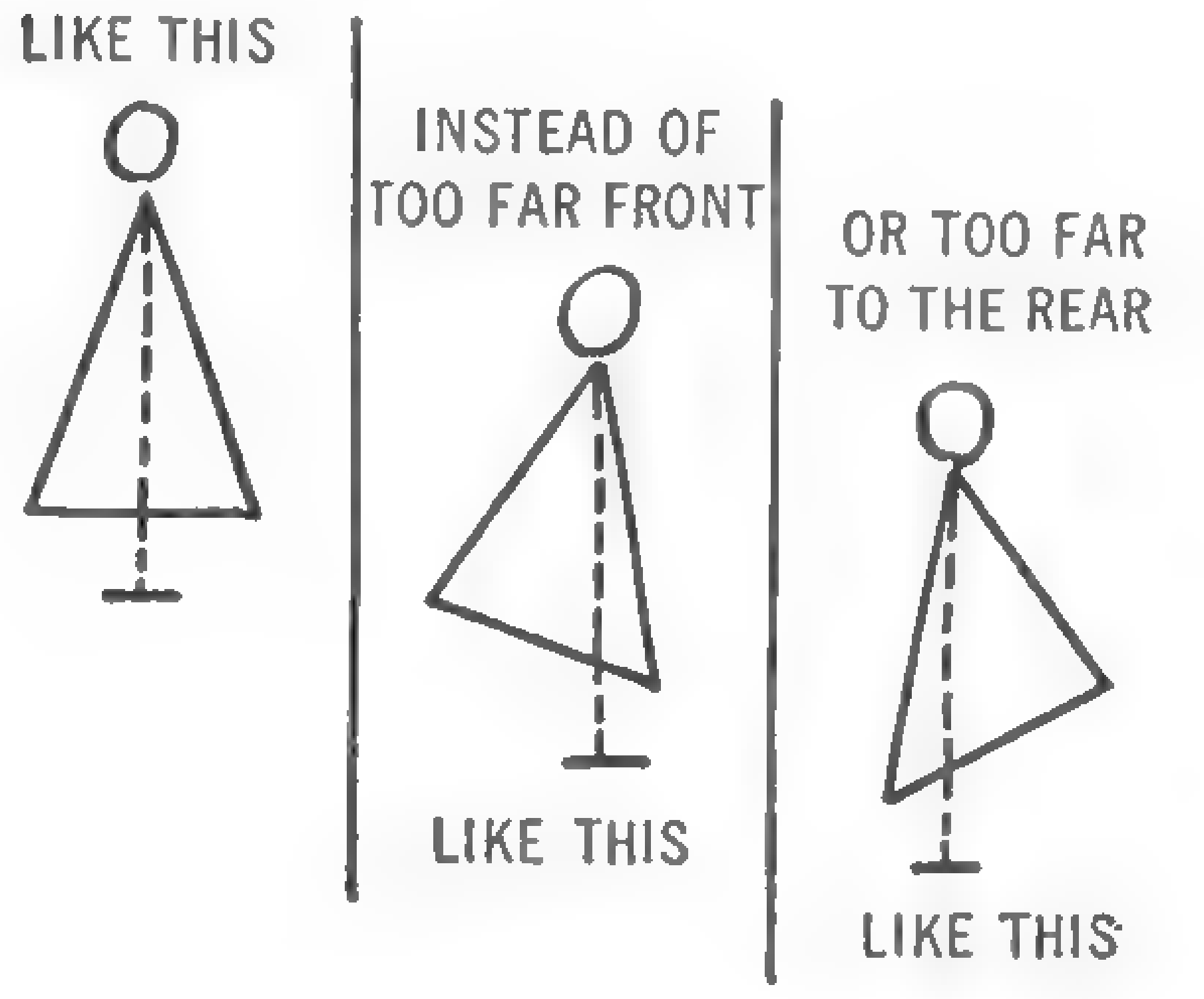
So when a coat company comes out with the simple slogan, "*They fit,*" it's either a lie or it's such sensational news that we men ought to stampede the stores to look into it.

Skeptically and cynically I looked into the claim of the people who publish this slogan "They Fit" and who make the coats that go with it. (The coats incidentally, are called MT. ROCK.) And I learned that these folks have really done it!

At about a dozen points they've rocked tradition. (Mt. Rock — get it?) For example, they've given extra width here:

— which allows your lapel to stay flat instead of popping open.

And they've put *you* in the middle of your coat where you should be:



(This balanced hang actually makes the coat feel lighter on you.)

If you are sick of coats that fit silly, go cautiously to a store that sells Mt. Rocks and defy them to show you this post-war development in coat architecture.

MT. ROCK COATS ARE AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Akron, Ohio—THE YEAGER CO.
Albany, N. Y.—C. L. SUMMER
Albion, N. Y.—SAMMET'S STORE, INC.
Allentown, Pa.—KOCH BROS.
Altoona, Pa.—WESTFALL'S
Amherst, Mass.—E. M. SWITZER JR., INC.
Amherst, Mass.—THOMAS F. WALSH
Amsterdam, N. Y.—SOCHIN'S
Ann Arbor, Mich.—FIEGEL'S
Asbury Park, N. J.—SHUTT'S CLOTHIERS
Asheville, N. C.—M. V. MOORE & CO.
Ashland, Ky.—YOUNGDALE'S MEN'S SHOP
Ashtabula, Ohio—HEATH & WOOD
Atchison, Kansas—GEORGE H. FALTER
Atlanta, Ga.—PARKS-CHAMBERS
Atlantic City, N. J.—ALGAR & COMPANY
Auburn, N. Y.—MARSHALL'S CLOTHING STORE
Baltimore, Md.—ISAAC HAMBURGER & SONS
Baltimore, Md.—WARNER & CO.
Bangor, Maine—LYFORD-WOODWARD CO.
Barre, Vt.—F. H. ROGERS & CO.
Batavia, N. Y.—E. J. BEARDSLEY CO.
Bath, N. Y.—M. COHN & SONS
Battle Creek, Mich.—PAUL R. BUTTON
Bay City, Mich.—FORD'S
Bayshore, N. Y.—NEW MEN'S SHOP
Beaver Falls, Pa.—TAYLOR'S
Bellevue, Wash.—STEIL & NORQUIST, INC.
Bellows Falls, Vt.—J. J. FENTON CO., INC.
Bennington, Vt.—ADAMS CLOTHES SHOP
Berkeley, Calif.—MALIK
Berwick, Pa.—MEN'S QUALITY SHOP
Biddeford, Maine—LEWIS POLAKEWICH, INC.
Binghamton, N. Y.—SALL-STEARNS
Binghamton, N. Y.—SISSON BROS. WELDEN CO.
Birmingham, Ala.—KLOTZMAN CLOTHING CO.
Bloomsburg, Pa.—LEE-PAT'S
Boise, Idaho—RALPH DAVIS
Boise, Idaho—MEFFERT & JOHNSON
Boston, Mass.—JORDAN MARSH CO.
Boston, Mass.—KENNEDY'S, INC.
Bradford, Pa.—THE JAS. R. EVANS CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.—DAVIS & SAVARD
Bristol, Conn.—SAVARD & McCARTHY
Brockton, Mass.—LINEHAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.—ABRAHAM & STRAUS
Brooklyn, N. Y.—SAM & MACK
Buffalo, N. Y.—THE KLEINHANS CO.
Burlington, Vt.—HAYES & CARNEY, INC.
Cambridge, Mass.—HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY
Canaan, Conn.—JOHN A. BIANCHI
Canandaigua, N. Y.—SHENKMAN'S
Carbondale, Pa.—McCANN BROS.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—THE SYNDICATE
Champaign, Ill.—JOS. KUHN & CO.
Charleroi, Pa.—WOLF'S
Charlotte, N. C.—JACK WOOD, LTD.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—THE NEW DAVIDSON'S
Chicago, Ill.—IRVING BOGIN, INC.
Chicago, Ill.—CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.
Cleveland, Ohio—THE WM. TAYLOR SON & CO.
Clinton, Mass.—THE CLINTON SYSTEM CO.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—PERKINS-SHEARER
Columbus, Ohio—THE UNION
Connellsville, Pa.—GIGLIOTTI'S
Corning, N. Y.—FARRELL'S MEN'S WEAR
Cortland, N. Y.—A. LOUIS
Crawfordsville, Ind.—STECK'S
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Dallas, Texas—NEIMAN-MARCUS
Davenport, Iowa—THE SYNDICATE
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Decatur, Ind.—CAL E. PETERSON
Delaware, Ohio—LEO C. WILSON
Denver, Colo.—THE DANIELS AND FISHER STORES
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Dunkirk, N. Y.—LEVY'S
East Liverpool, Ohio—FRANK DIAMOND
East Los Angeles, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Easton, Pa.—JACOB MAYER
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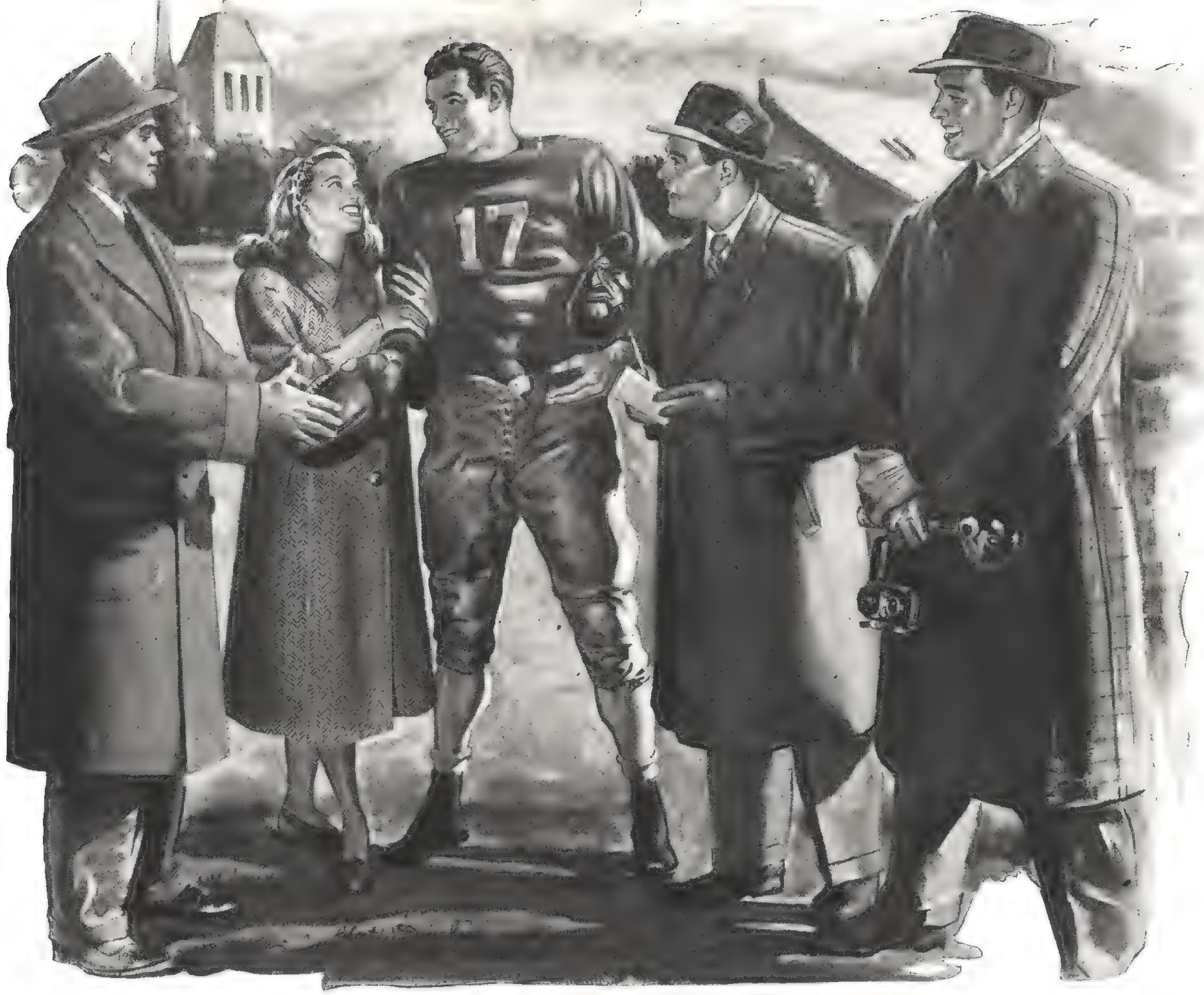
Lyons, N. Y.—DANIEL P. MORAN & CO.



MT. ROCK COATS ... *fit like the Champion and his Trophy*... The Medium Man. The Short Man. The Tall Man.

After the big game, its hero is awarded the ball that brought victory . . . a trophy that fits him like a Mt. Rock coat. The man on the left is fitted perfectly in his *Parley* double-breasted polo coat with half belt, patch pockets and three piece sleeve—in camel shade fleece. The Irving in the center, is a full-sweep, set-in-sleeve, single-breasted model with slash pockets—in "shower-proofed" gabardine. On the right is the Boylston, a full raglan with military collar and slash pockets—in imported tweed. The girl is wearing her D. Boone, a raglan in imported Manx tweed. Write for don herold's story; "This Man Just Had a Fit."

MT. ROCK COATS • 15 HAND STREET • ROCHESTER, N. Y.

TOPCOATS AND OVERCOATS • *$50 to $80*

FEATURING EXCLUSIVE FABRICS BY ARDSLEY, *Carey*, *CONTINENTAL*, AND *Worumbo*

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Trenton, N. J.—JAHOS BROS.
Troy, N. Y.—WELLS & COVERLY, INC.
Tulsa, Okla.—THE PALACE CLOTHIERS
Tulsa, Okla.—WOOLF BROS.
Tupper Lake, N. Y.—GINSBERG'S
Twin Falls, Idaho—IDAHO DEPT. STORE, INC.
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Vancouver, Wash.—HADLEY'S, INC.
Van Nuys, Calif.—CLARK & STIEB
Virginia, Minn.—PALACE CLOTHING CO.
Waltham, Mass.—COLLINS & ROONEY
Washington, D.C.—WOODWARD & LOTHROP
Washington, Pa.—C. H. JONES & SONS
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Waterville, Maine—STEVEN'S
Westfield, Mass.—H. S. EATON CLO. CO.
West New York, N. J.—SCHLESSINGER'S
Wheeling, W. Va.—MAX CRONE & CO.
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Wooster, Ohio—NICK AMSTER
Worcester, Mass.—WARE PRATT CO.
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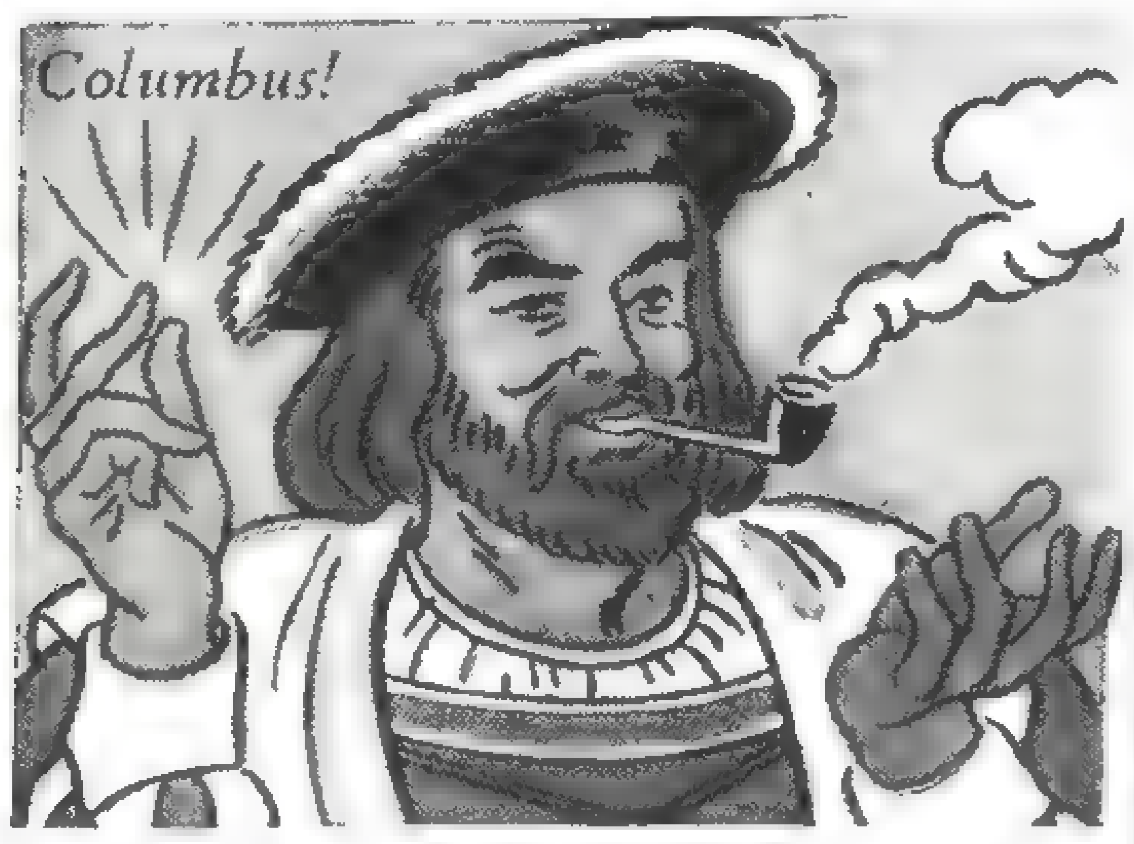
York, Pa.—LEHMAYER'S
Youngstown, Ohio—THE G. M. McKELVEY CO.

That's putting it MILDLY!



I discovered a new world! So what? For Philip Morris discovered a new world of smoking coolness in—

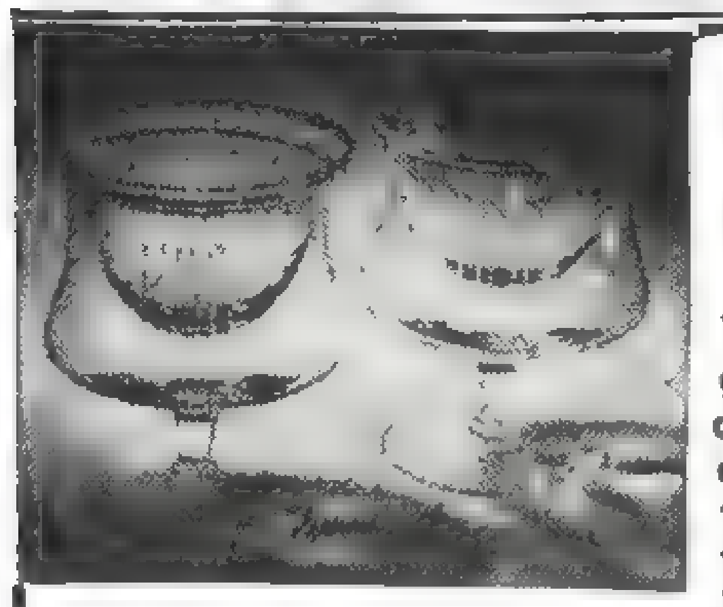
Country Doctor Pipe Mixture

The Pipeline to Perfection! Exotic realm in rare tobaccos. A very happy blend of fragrance, mellowness.

The Pipe Smoker's ECONOMY-LUXURY 25 Pleasureful Pipefuls for 25¢

TRY IT TODAY!

If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc. Dept. F21, 119 Fifth Ave., New York



SEA FOOD SERVERS

You'll want to give her these crystal sea food cocktail glasses to keep her in the swim! . . . Shrimp, crab meat, etc., stay chilled in the glass liners which fit snugly into the bottom glass filled with crushed ice. Have them monogramed with her initials.

Set of 8 with monogram $13.75
Set of 12 with monogram $19.75
(Express charges collect) No C.O.D.'s please

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TALLER?
MAIL COUPON NOW!

Want to zoom UP to the height you've always dreamed about? What a thrill it is to be **TALLER!** And it's so *easy*. As easy as stepping into a pair of **"ELEVATORS"** Height-Increasing Shoes. *Instantly* you rise in everybody's estimation. *Instantly* you tower over people. Your future lies at your feet. You can make your TALLEST wish come true.

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"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
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STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc. Dept. E10 Brockton 68, Mass.
Please send me Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer.
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(Please Print)
ADDRESS________________
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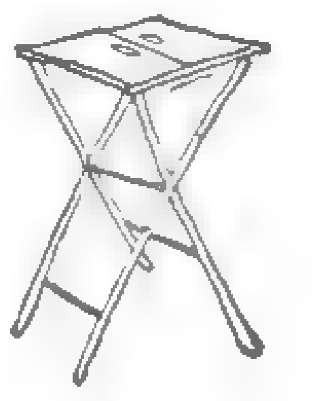
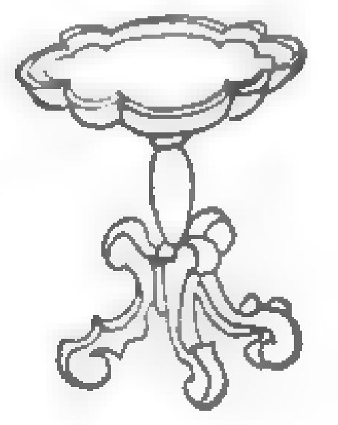
The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Manufactured Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.

Talking Shop with Esquire

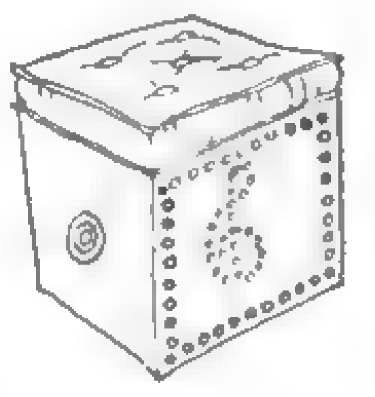
BUFFET STANDBYS. Most modern entertaining seems to consist of crowding vast numbers of people into an incredibly small space. When it comes to feeding the herd, the party resolves into a catch as catch can arrangement, balancing plates and coffee *on* the lap or *in*. A sane idea, we think, is a set of folding handy tables to stand staunchly by each chair . . . 20" high when open, with stain-proof lacquered tops a convenient 16x12" size, large enough for the usual amount of crockery and glass. When folded or nested on the stand, the tables occupy a mere square foot of space so they can be easily parked in the closet between brawls. Nice for patios in vivid colored lacquers, or they fit unobtrusively into living room decor in walnut, mahogany or blond finishes. Come in sets of four with stand.



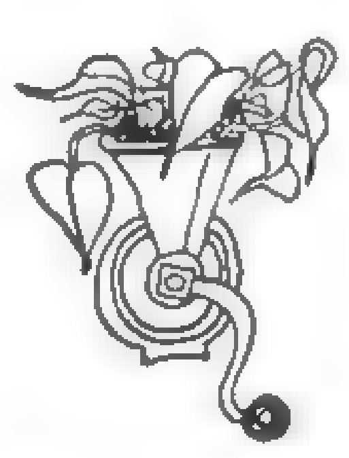
EVER BY YOUR SIDE is the pick-me-up-table, a small scaled, low coffee table height object, light enough to be moved around for the convenience of your guests. The pick-up table is an exact copy of a quaint American original found in an old Inn, where it was used in olden days to hold a mug of hot toddy and a long stemmed pipe. The design is authentic, from the pie crust edge to the lover's knot shaped legs and solid cherry construction.



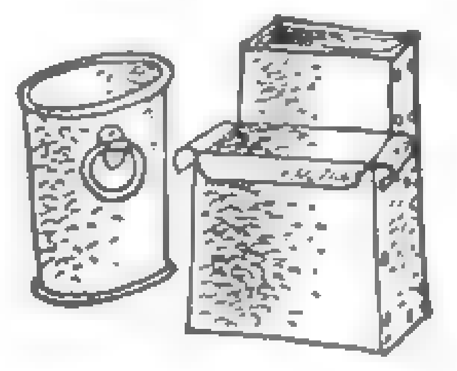
YOU'RE SITTING ON THE RECORDS! But no fear of breakage, if you have a comfy hassock. The hassock has a fully padded case, handsome hand hammered upholstered front. Top opens up and presents roomy storage space inside for over 100 phonograph records (10 or 12 inch albums). A numbered, heavy card folder protects and identifies each record, and there's a numbered index with title spaces on inside cover to make identification easy. Swell gift to send to a fellow who's away at school . . . great space savor for the quonset hut set.



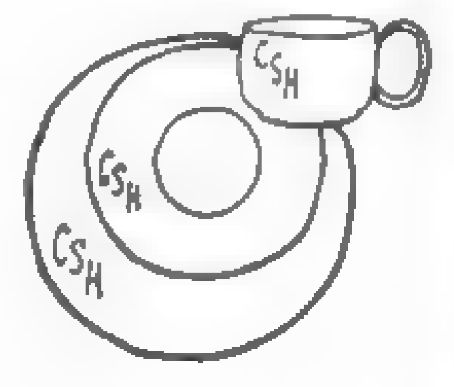
PLENTY OF BRASS. Decorators are featuring those old masculine favorites . . . copper and brass. These solid, substantial metals have always had great male appeal. Picture a pair of shining brass wall brackets in a man's study. These are exact replicas of an old American coffee mill. They have deep water pockets, and being solid brass, won't leak onto walls or guests. Fill the pockets with trailing ivy or hardy philodendrun and you've got something! Brass is lacquered to prevent tarnishing.



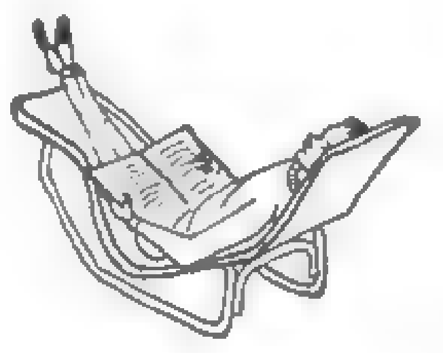
MORE GREENERY. Another novel idea found in a small "giftee shopee" is a hammered copper magazine rack combined with a plant stand. There's a hammered copper waste basket to match.



STARK SIMPLICITY. When furnishing bachelor quarters, a lot of chaps are stymied when it comes to choosing chinaware. They usually don't go for pink roses and dainty pastel patterns. For inexpensive good taste, give us a set of honey white (sort of off white) pottery with a 3 letter block monogram in black or blue. Smartly severe. You can buy a service for eight (some 61 pieces) plus personal monogram for the price of a dozen two buck ties.



"OLD ROCKIN' CHAIR'S GOT ME." You may be interested in seeing the 1947 version of gramp's old rocker. This one is a strange concoction of 1¼" tubing whose contour is designed to follow the natural relaxation curves of your spinal column and skeletal frame. Place your weight just so, and you sit in an upright position; jockey position seven slight tilts, and the chair turns you into a reclining position (without tipping over) lifting your feet to what they deem a therapeutically inclined angle. A natural for those tycoons who relax best with feet on the desk.



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Now... *genuine* "Moccasin-Shoes". They give you the same snug fit and trim appearance of fine leisure shoes, *plus* all the softness, weightlessness and blissful comfort of moccasins! They're *all-leather*—Hand Sewn from one piece of the choice center hide... with solid leather *double* soles and heels. Rich, golden brown. Ask for Style 8957. On mail orders just send exact shoe size. Add 25c to cover shipping. *Free catalog.* $12.45

FELLMAN LTD.
6 East 46th St. - New York 17, N. Y.
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TANTALUS SET

Distinctive and appealing is the richness of this economically priced tantalus set. The heavy crystal decanters (labeled "Rye" and "Scotch") have ground stoppers and are complemented by a handsome, highly polished aluminum frame. A man's gift for a man!

Only $9.50 postpaid

Crystalier Co.
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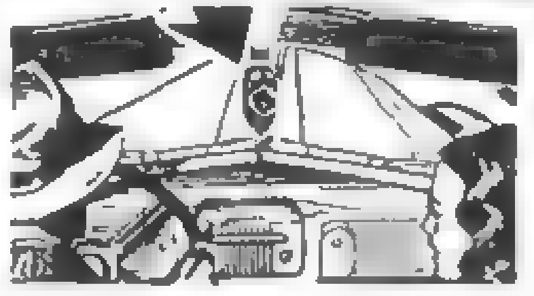

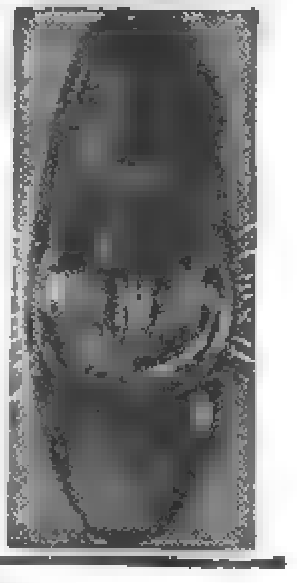

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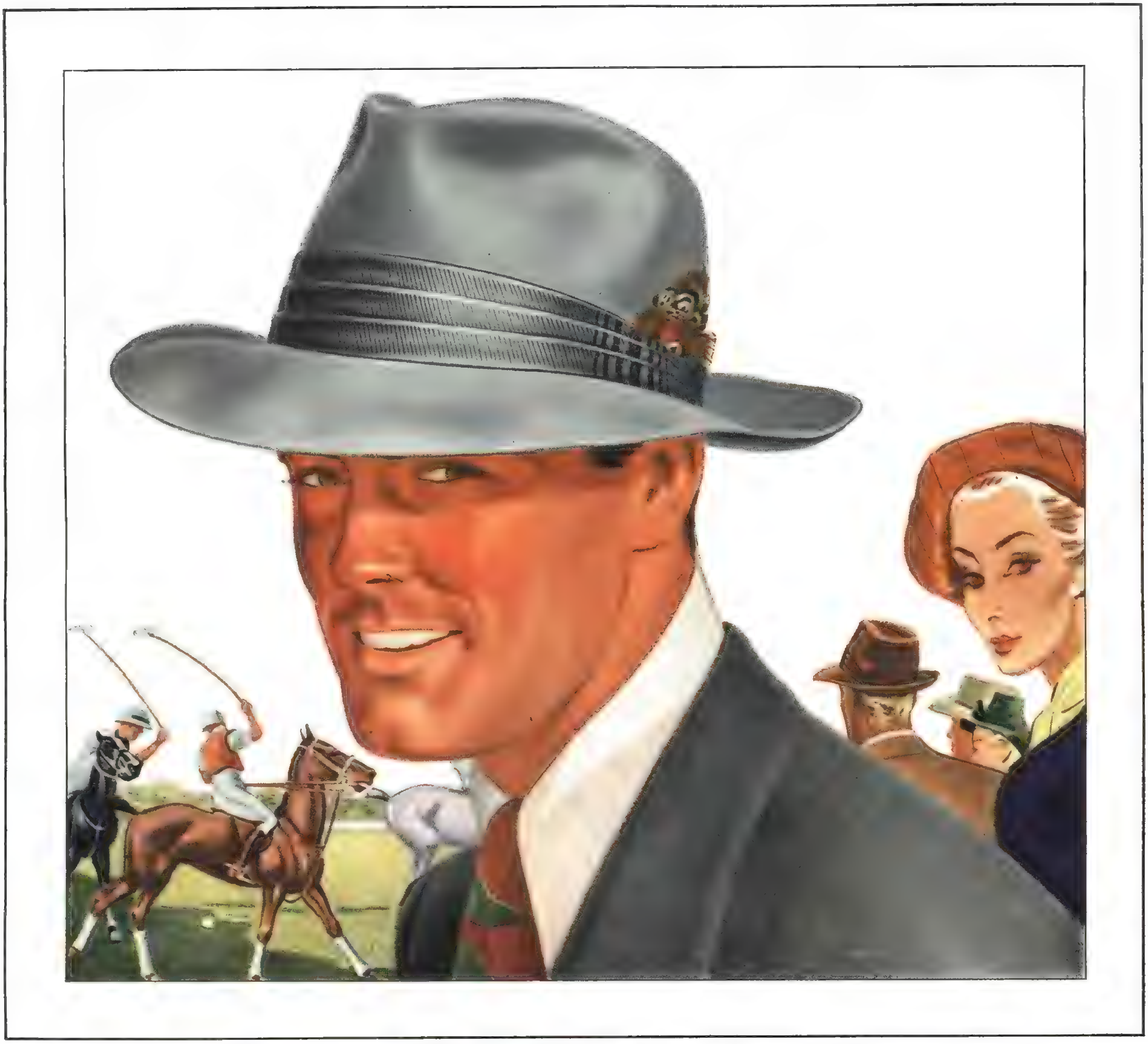


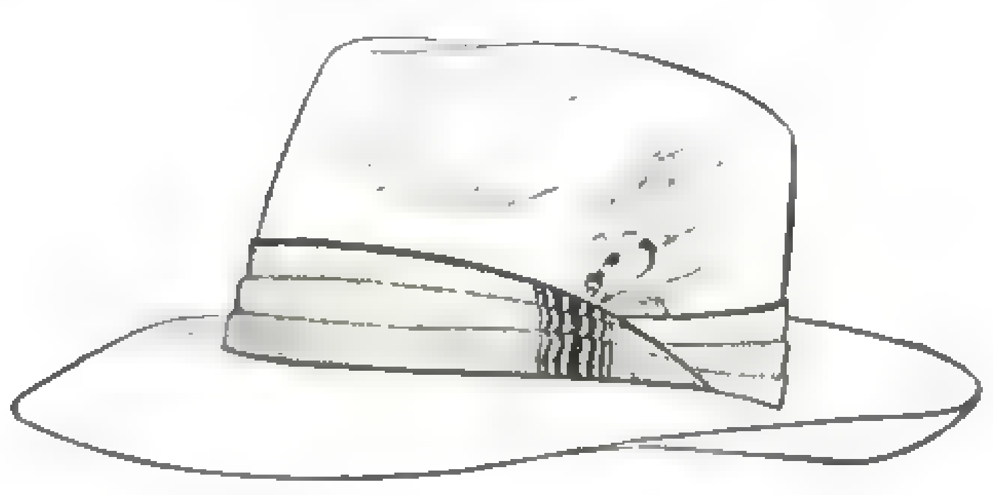
Again DOBBS puts it over

with the GAY CABALLERO

It's got a world of dash and action in every line of it. And it's got a good humored, what's-it-to-you look, too, that challenges attention. The puggaree band borrowed from India, the home of polo—an exclusive Dobbs touch—scores all by itself. And the brilliant little dab of feathers hangs up another telling point. In short, another Dobbs good-looker—with Dobbs styling and Dobbs quality practically leaping to the eye. $12.50 and $15.

The Dobbs Cross Country $8. Other fine Dobbs hats $10 to $40.

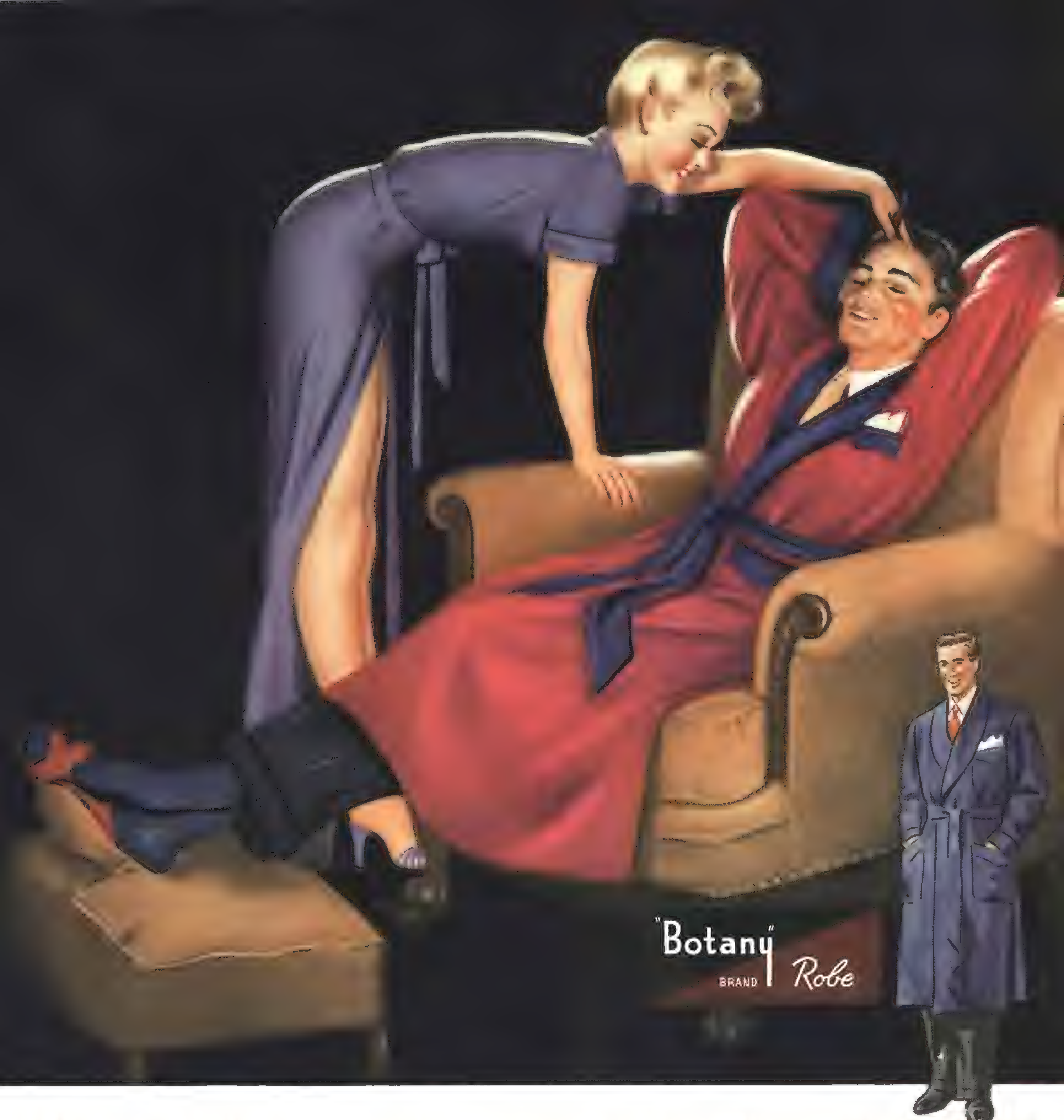
Available at the finer stores



The Puggaree Band

New and exclusive with Dobbs—created specially for the "Gay Caballero." The unique design and "overlap" effect crown this debonair hat with a distinctive touch.

DOBBS HATS, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER, PARK AVE. AT 53rd STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



"You never take me out nights since you got your 'Botany' Brand Robe!"

Small wonder he wants to stay home...for the "Botany" Brand Robe for Men is the most relaxable robe ever! Luxuriously soft and warm, yet as light as a tap on your shoulder. The fabric...genuine "Botany" Brand Flannel...is the soul of these robes. If you can't locate a dealer...write, and we will direct you.

LOOK FOR "BOTANY" BRAND. You'll find it on men's and women's wear fabrics, men's ties, robes, mufflers, sportswear, socks, "Botany" Brand 500 Clothing, Certified Fabrics (Certified for home sewing by Botany Laboratories), No-Dye-Lot Yarns, Lanolin Cosmetics

"BOTANY"* BRAND ROBES for MEN

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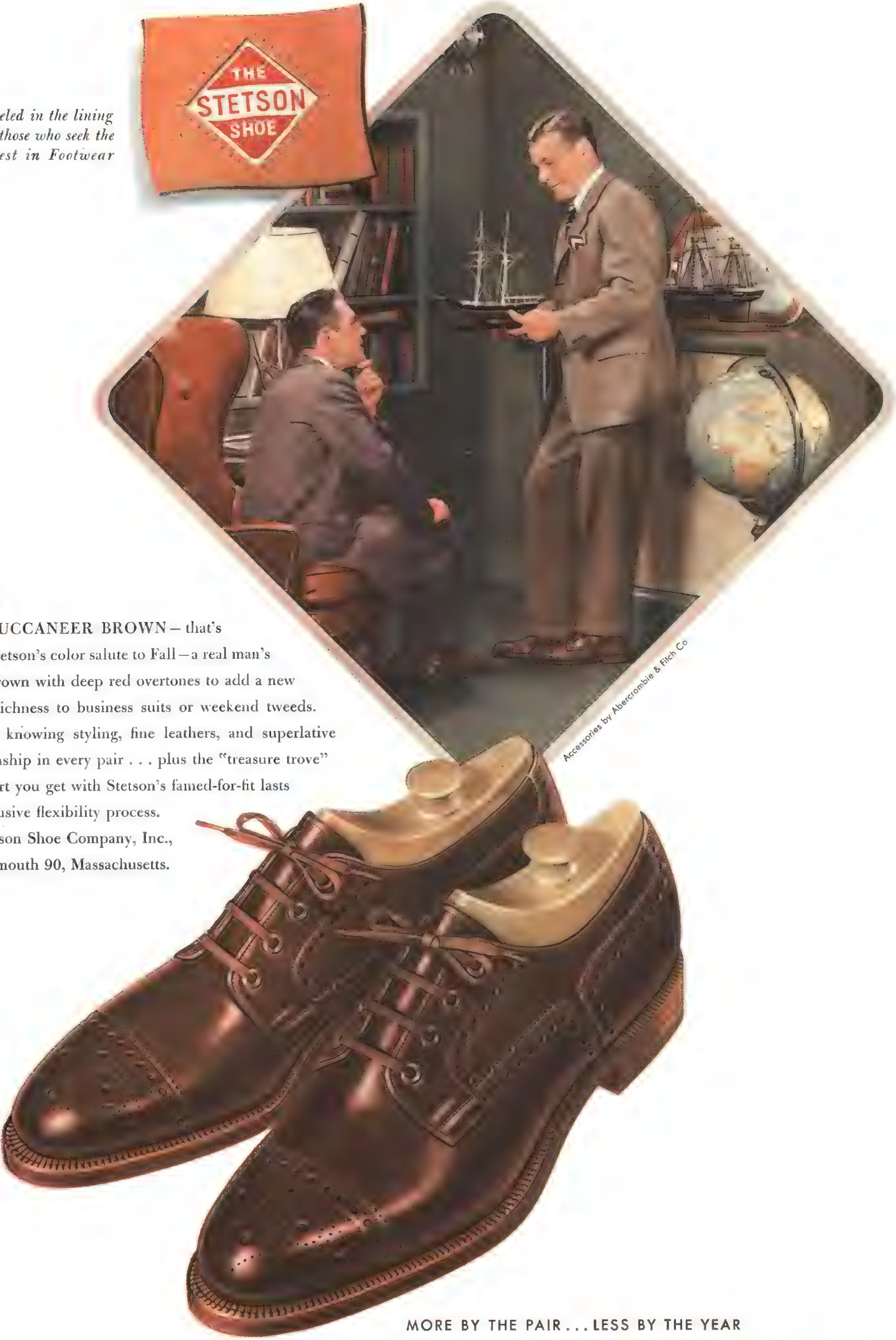
Labeled in the lining
for those who seek the
Finest in Footwear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SHOE
Accessories by Abercrombie & Fitch Co

BUCCANEER BROWN—that's Stetson's color salute to Fall—a real man's brown with deep red overtones to add a new note of richness to business suits or weekend tweeds. Stetson's knowing styling, fine leathers, and superlative craftsmanship in every pair . . . plus the "treasure trove" of comfort you get with Stetson's famed-for-fit lasts and exclusive flexibility process.

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MORE BY THE PAIR . . . LESS BY THE YEAR

shoes by STETSON

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Where style counts, Eagle is counted among the finest. Original weaves, loomed exclusively for Eagle's discriminating clientele, impart a distinction that is welcomed by men who seek individual personality in the clothes they wear.

For style chart and name of nearest dealer, write to EAGLE CLOTHES, Inc., 79 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

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WEAR
CUSTOM MADE
STATURAIDS
$19.50

SAGAMORE
No. 1003—brown calf (shown above)
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ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
. . . 5 day shipment or visit my factory

Buy direct from maker. Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

•Free Catalog "Rise to NewHeights" showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request.

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KOOL YOUR DRINK
WITHOUT DILUTION
NON-BREAKABLE
PLAST-I-CUBE

ADD COLOR AND SPARKLE TO YOUR DRINKS AND TABLE

An amazing new and novel idea for cooling drinks. PLAST-I-CUBES are small transparent plastic cubes the size of ice cubes filled with colored distilled water. You simply place them in an ice tray and freeze them solid, then drop them in your drinks. Save the muss and fuss of removing regular ice cubes from trays. *Can be used thousands of times*—practically unbreakable. Use them for highballs and all mixed drinks. Ideal for that "TOO HOT" cup of coffee, beer, wine, fruit juices, or milk because they do not dilute the drink. Beautifully packaged in cellophane they make an ideal gift. Each cube monogramed in gold letters for only 75¢ per package. If your dealer can't supply you, order by mail.

Package of 8 in Assorted Colors
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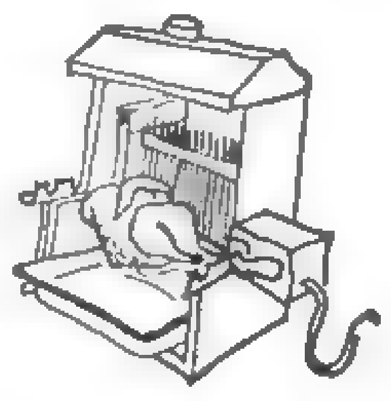
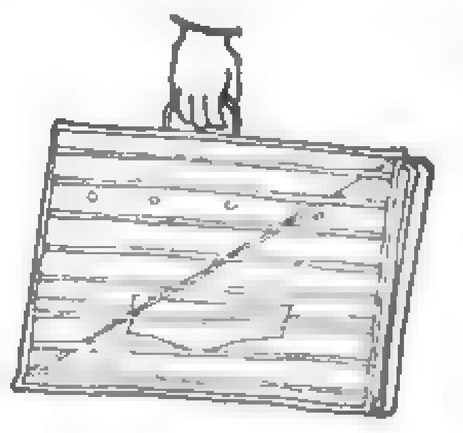
Dept. B18 BALTIMORE 1, MD.

Talking Shop with Esquire

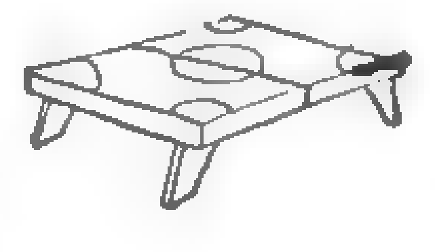
YOU SHOULD LAST SO LONG! A California maker says his barbecue will last a lifetime . . . and subtly suggests that, in all probability, the barbecue will long outlive the user! This special outdoor cooker is made of sturdy stuff . . . non-rust stainless steel with asbestos filling, and a fire-brick lining. Has an 1/8 hp electric motor for rotation of spit, which, they say, will cut average cooking time in half. As the barbecue is a neat 18x24x24" in size, it can be used indoors as well, in the kitchen or indoor fireplace. Burns charcoal, wood, or may be heated by gas installation.



THE BRIEFCASE BARBECUE. If other fields look greener than your own backyard for picnics, then the briefcase size barbecue is for you. Weighs around 8 lbs. and folds up into a lightweight, compact carrying case with handle, just about briefcase size. Sets up ready for use in a coupla minutes. Stands 2′ high, with a fuel pit big enough to finish a complete meal. The removable fire box can be used over a ground fire by hunters, fishermen, etc. Barbecue is all steel, with the spit permanently attached . . . the grilling grid and revolving locking spit can be adjusted for height.

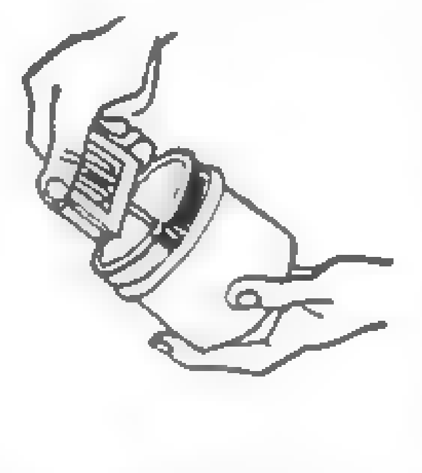


TAKES THE BUGS OUT OF OUTDOOR EATING. Along with your folding barbecue, carry a folding picnic table, if you prefer your food sans ant sauce. The table features a roomy 24-inch square top, stands at a comfortable height for sitting on the ground. The top is colorfully enamelled, with stainproof, waterproof and rustproof features. After your repast, use it for a game of gin rummy or pinochle.

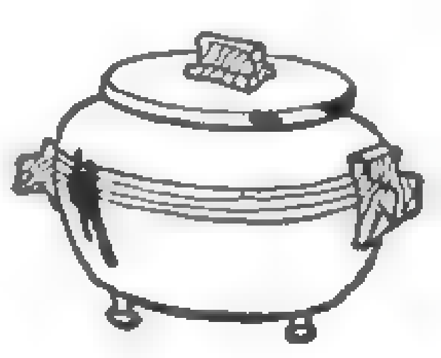


FIZZ SAVER. Nothing more annoying than to pick up a partly used bottle of fizzen water and find the fizz is ausgespielt! You can now dip into a large bottle of gingerale or soda water, safe in the knowledge that a new "topper" snap on bottle sealer will zealously guard carbonation. The topper doubles as a bottle opener and sealer. It's built of the sturdiest non-rust carbon steel which won't rust or stain; the inner seal, of odorless rubber, is designed to provide airtight protection for a satisfactory period of time. You'll save money by using the topper stopper.

NO CUTS, NO CURSES. Doubtless can manufacturers had a good idea when they invented vacuum tins which open by means of those elusive little turnkeys. We're the clumsy fingered type, however, and have long longed for a more substantial sort of tool to do our prying for us. Such a gadget has been provided. It works on any strip-type vacuum can. Simply insert tab of can strip into the slot of the key, unwind strip from can, then eject tear-strip from key with one simple downward plunge. The key is ready to use again and again. Made of chrome steel with a top which gives you a good firm grip, and a rugged spring ejector.



COOK, THEN SERVE . . . right at the table. Bachelors who like to whip up a snack, but have no stove in their diggins', can do their cooking right at the table via the buffet chef. The chef is a stainless steel roaster-server that will roast, bake, stew or fry up to 6 lbs. of meat, or fish . . . or cook soups, stews, spaghetti, etc., merely by plugging in the nearest electric outlet. The cooker is handsome enough in appearance to adorn the smartest modern table. Serves up to 8 people.



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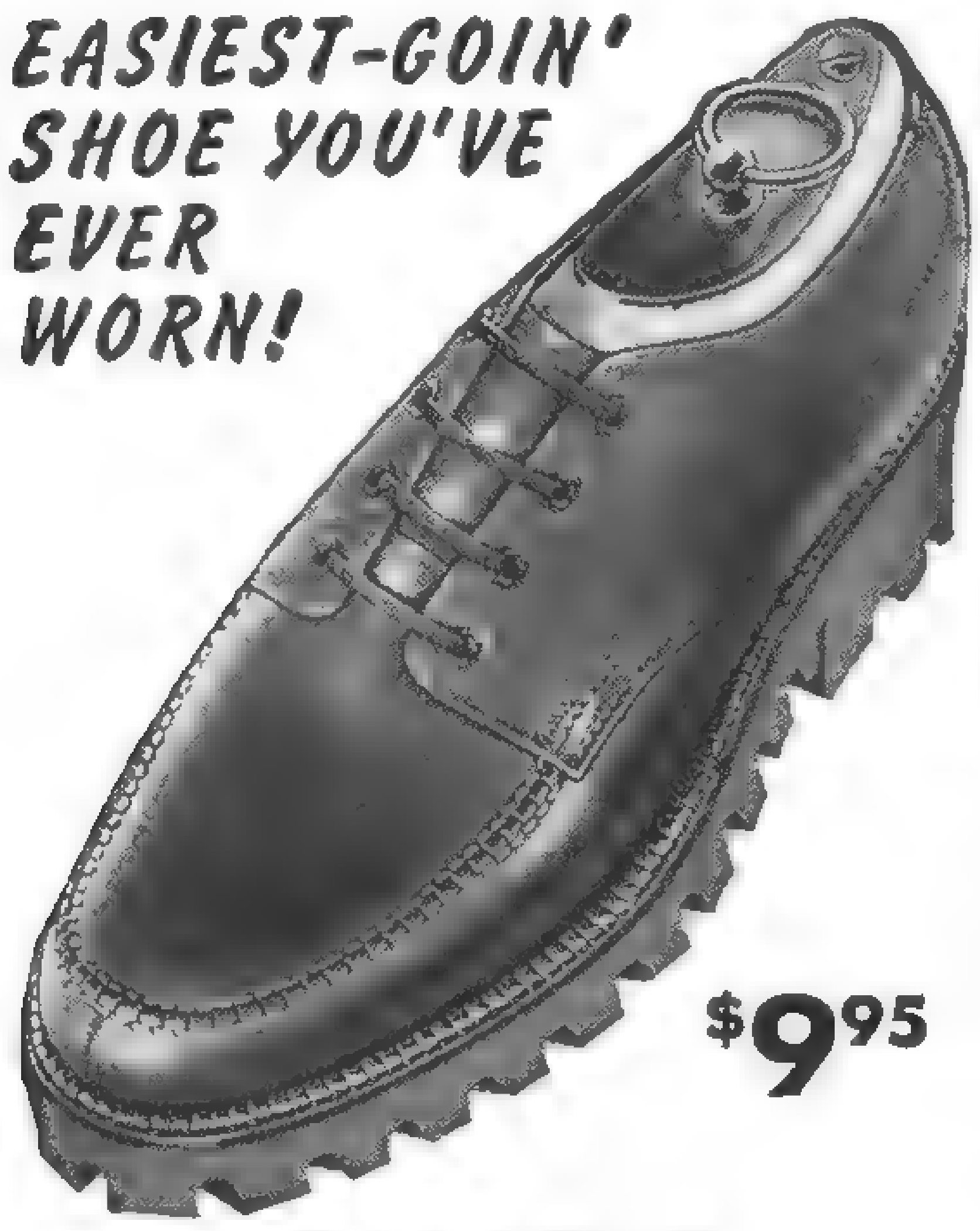

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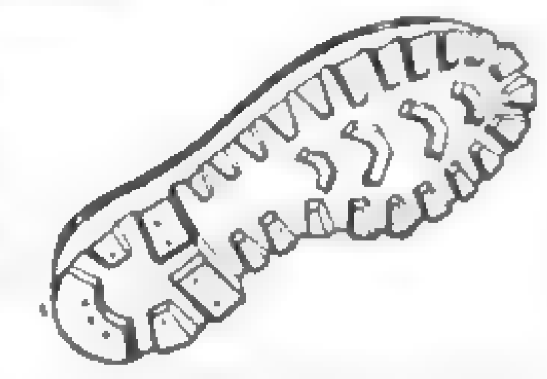
WINTHROP HALF-TRACK
With the New Grip-Tite Lug Sole*

***Comfort* is its middle name! Roll along in ease over city streets or golf course in rugged, WINTHROP HALF-TRACKS! Campus favorites everywhere! Order today from Boyd's in St. Louis! Clip coupon below.**

*Thirty red-rubber lugs, one-quarter inch deep, scientifically distributed to assure cushion tread and perfect traction . . .



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Please send me a pair of your popular WINTHROP HALF-TRACKS in size and width designated below:

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Talking Shop with Esquire

MALE SHOPPING MADE EASY. *Any* fellow can now go into a shop and buy a quartet of lipsticks for his girl and be sure they're the right color for her own particular beauty. The head of a big cosmetic firm has created what she calls a "color-keyed lipstick fourcast." Sets of lipsticks are divided into colors for blondes, brunettes, redheads, medium brown or silver greys. Each lipstick is encased in the *costume* color with which it is to be worn. For example . . . if you have a blonde who wears a lot of blue, simply select the lipstick for blondes in a blue case. No charts, no conversation . . . it's a cinch. The "Fourcast" comes in a slim, plastic case which holds four different sticks.

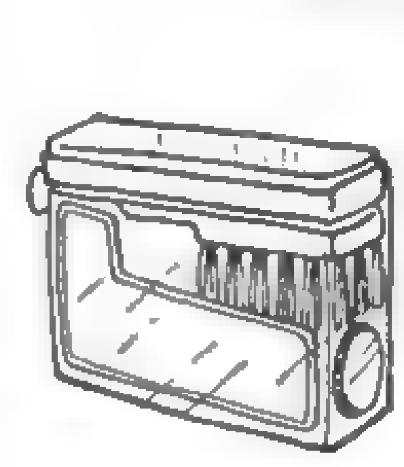
LIP TRICK. And while we're on the subject of lipsticks and lips, you might also buy her a bottle containing a special oil which removes old lipstick from her ruby lips. You might suggest that she use it before a clinch. Speaking of clinches, here's an item that should be on every gent's bathroom shelf . . . a cosmetic stain remover, purported to remove indelible lipstick from shirt collars, shirt bosoms or handkerchiefs. You might take a bottle along to stag parties or conventions to have handy in case you fall heir to some romantically acquired stains.

MEN DON'T USE LIPSTICK . . . but wolves who go in for blatant bussing often look as if they did. There's a sudden epidemic of products on the market designed to combat woman's deadliest weapon, the lipstick. Here's a device destined to keep her lipstick on *her* lips, *not* on yours. The new fluid is used as a coating over her regular lipstick which makes it stay put, preventing smears on your personal effects, plus napkins, glasses, ends of cigarettes, etc. . . . all the offending scarlet paint marks left about indiscriminately by the ladies.

3 MINUTE DANDRUFF PURGE. There's a new tube shampoo which, the makers say, will remove dandruff in as little as 3 minutes. Them's bold words, but the company has spent a year of elaborate testing, and exhaustive laboratory tests supervised by doctors. The shampoo has a new cleansing ingredient, contains no alcohol, no harsh chemicals and is especially recommended for dry hair. Easy for a man to use because it is encased in a handy tube.

A FINE COAT OF SKIN. Psychiatrists claim that blemishes, such as pimples, disfiguring birthmarks, enlarged veins, often lead to an inferiority complex. No real need to be a marked man, however, if you've tried that tinted cream which acts as a cover-up, and clings to your skin like a second skin. Its non-run water-proof, and remains intact no matter how wet it gets until you actually scrub it off with soap and water. Even does a job on obscuring freckles (yeah, we know Van Johnson has 'em, "but on *him* they look good").

THE TOTE BRUSH is a handy, modern way to carry toothbrush and tooth powder in a single, plastic compact, no bigger than the palm of your hand. The toothbrush snaps out of the case, the folding handle locks open straight by a non-slip sliding section of the handle. Unscrew the leakproof cap of the dentifrice compartment . . . and there's your powder, right where you can lay your teeth on it.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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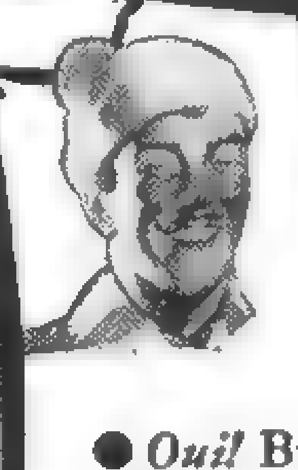

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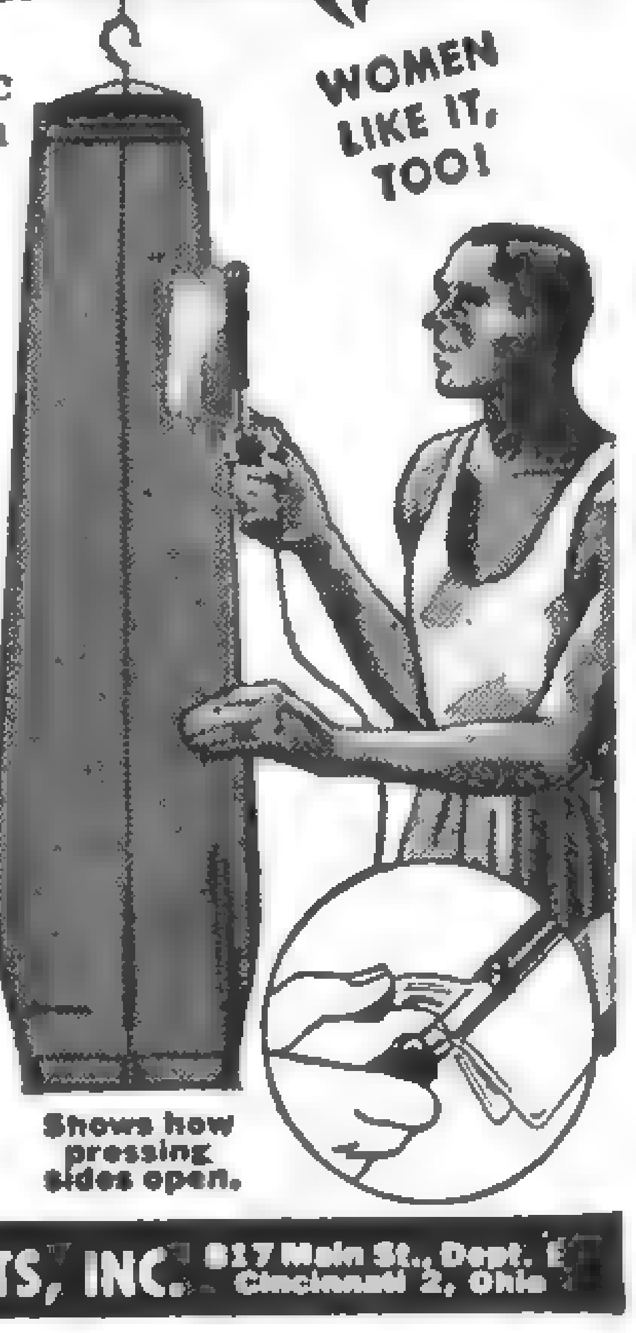
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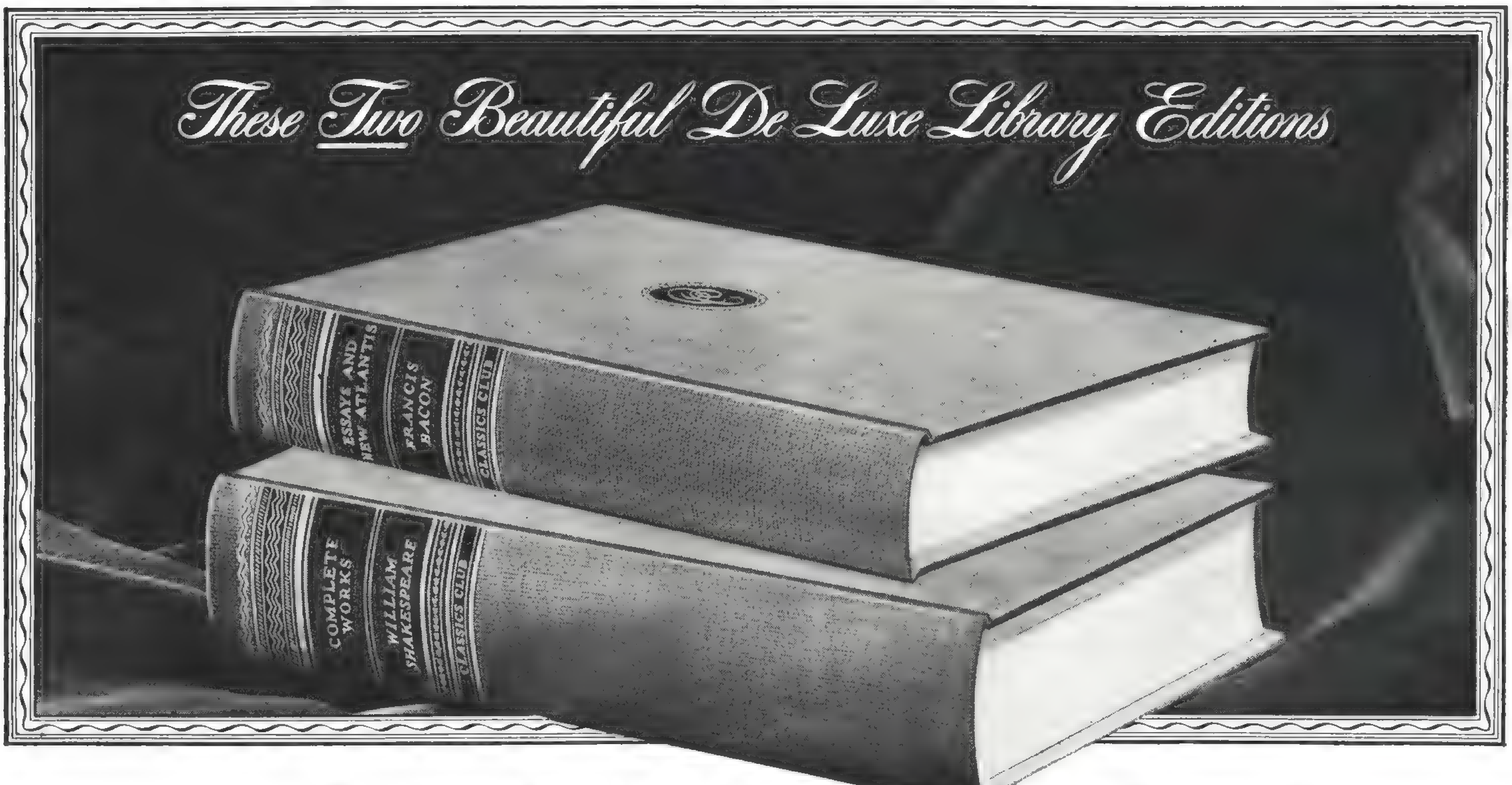

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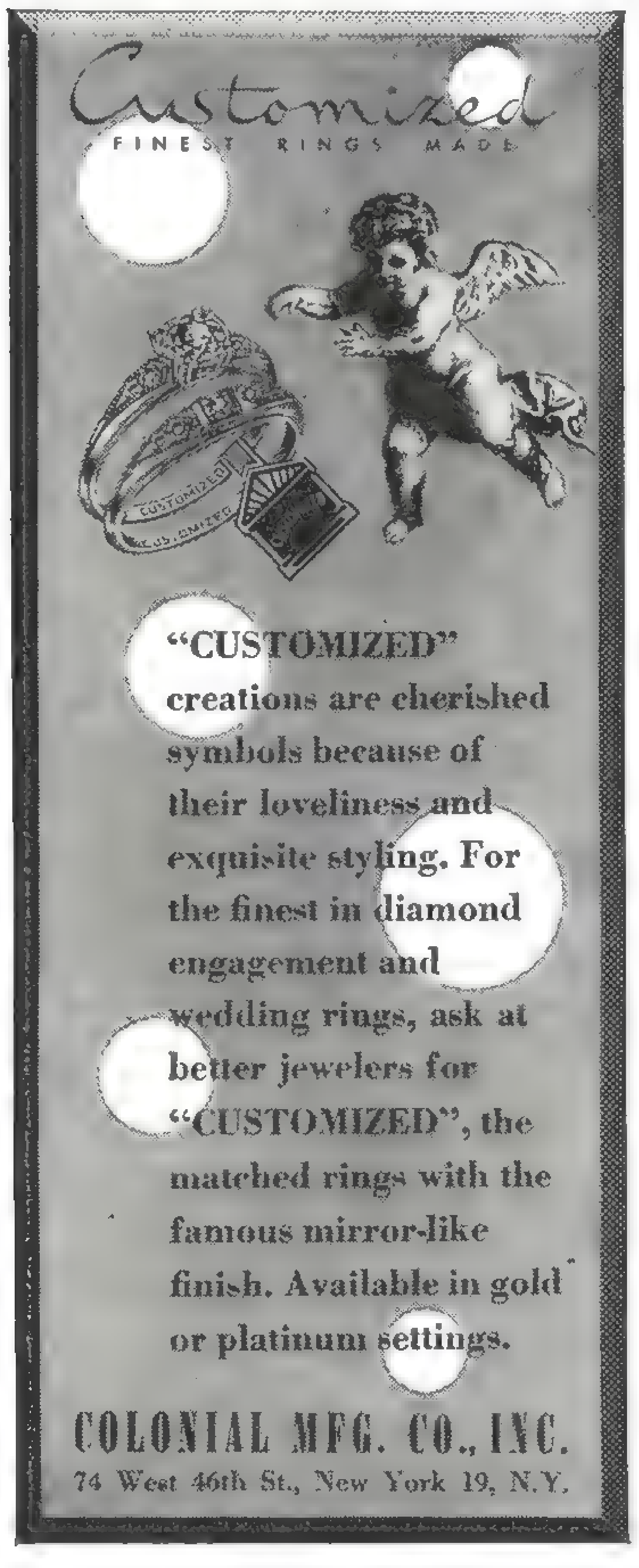

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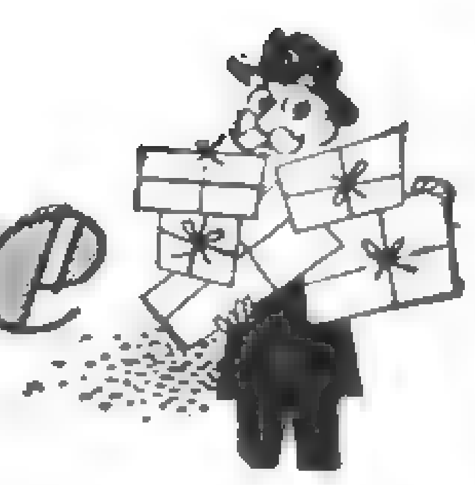
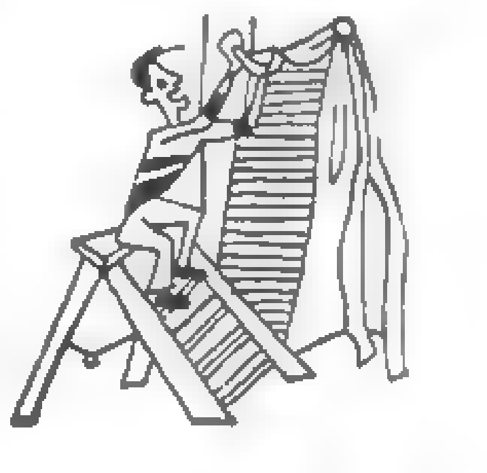
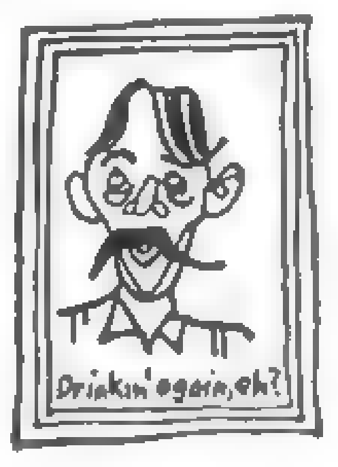
Talking Shop with Esquire



THE *PIN* IS MIGHTIER than the needle! Chaps furnishing their own diggings are usually up against it when it comes to the question of draperies. How to put 'em up without benefit of a decorator, or loving hands at home? It can be done via a new window fixture that pleats perfectly straight, flat hemmed material into the most professional drapes. And its done with 24 ordinary pins in 10 minutes. The fixture is a combination drapery form and arm bracket. You place a straight piece of drapery material around the five tubular forms on the rod, secure with a pin, and you have deep cartridge pleats. The contrivance fits any type window, and can be placed over the windows or extended 8 inches to the side of the wall.

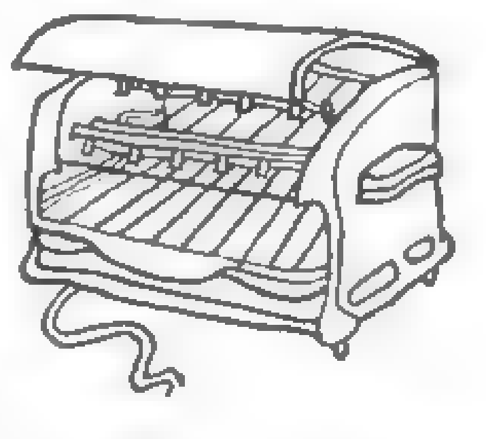


RUMPUS ROOM HUMOR . . . such as a set of table place mats floridly decorated by cartoonist Charles Criswell in his well known hunting and fishing designs. Full color, of course, and with waterproof finish. Coasters to match. And to befuddle your bibulous guests . . . a framed cartoon of a man's head which does strange things to the eyes. (Trick is, the face has two pairs of eyes, one above the other.)

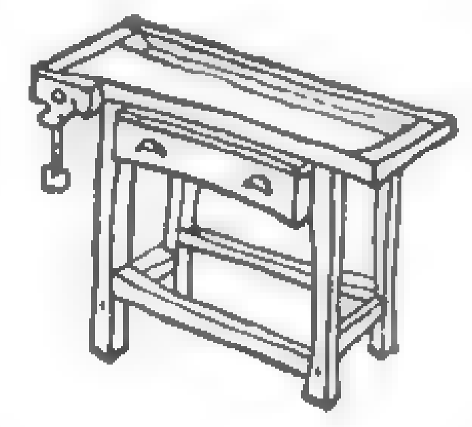


Drinkin' again, eh?

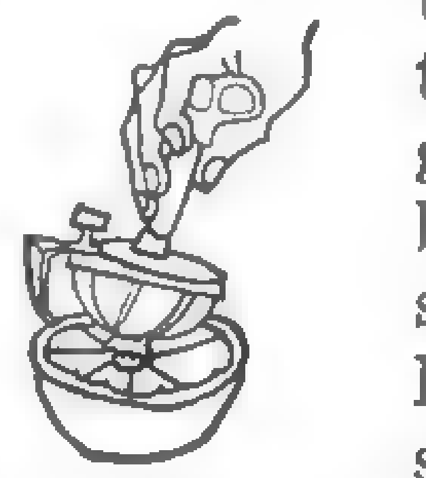
BROIL IN YOUR LIVING ROOM. If your living room does triple duty as dining room and kitchen, you can prepare a snack or an entire meal with one of the new electric, portable cookers. Made with open sides to permit the inflow of air to the cooking area, it has a scientifically designed "airdome" hinged top cover which consumes smoke, fumes and cooking odors before they can escape. Five-slot positions for the broiler pan and matching tray-type frame holder for serving directly from the pan, it also includes a wire grid and attachable electric cord. Some fellows, we're told, have installed the cookers in their offices, to keep the "help" well nourished and happy.



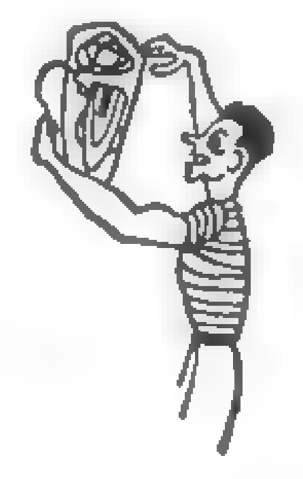
FATHER AND SON WORKBENCH. If you're living in small quarters, here's a junior scale work bench complete with vise and nail tray. Measures 42 x 17½ inches, bench stands 30 inches high. A laminated dowel construction is used throughout with the legs and braces held in place by sturdy lag screws. Smoothly finished, the bench also provides a roomy drawer for storing tools. A steel 4-inch vise with a 6-inch opening is securely fastened to the left corner. No toy this.



HOW MANY SECTIONS IN A GRAPEFRUIT? That's the 64 dollar question. We found out when we tried out one of the niftiest gadgets ever devised by man. Its a stainless steel kitchen tool designed to eliminate mucho labor involved in cutting up a grapefruit into edible sections. The device has ten curved blades, which when forced into the fruit, divide it into ten equal sections. A hollow center post with a knife edge, cuts out the core simultaneously. A side blade which is adjustable for various widths of fruit, is revolved around the inside of the rind a couple of times, severing the fruit from the rind. When tool is removed from the fruit, the seeds gather in the center and are simply scooped out with a spoon. Three easy motions. We're told that restaurant operators are using the cutters to great advantage.



WHAT TO DO WITH A HOT IRON. After you've pressed your pants . . . what to do with the hot iron? From now on, you won't have to set it gingerly down until it cools. Instead, you can hang the iron boiling hot, on the wall in a fiberglas-insulated holder. The storage holder is of aluminum, insulated with a thick mat of fiberglas fibers against which an iron will cool safely in a few minutes.



Ranger

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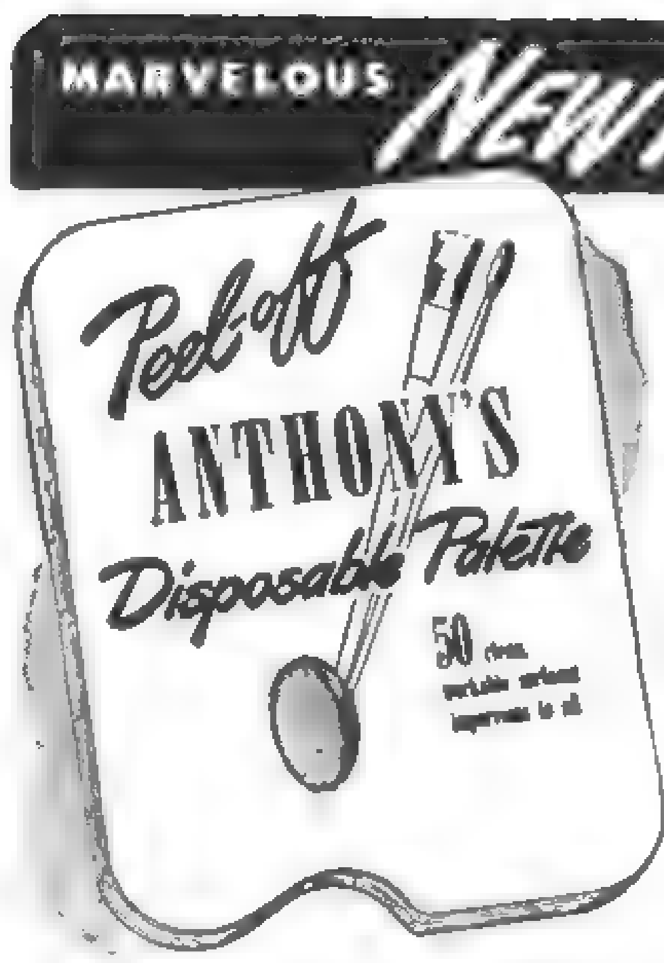

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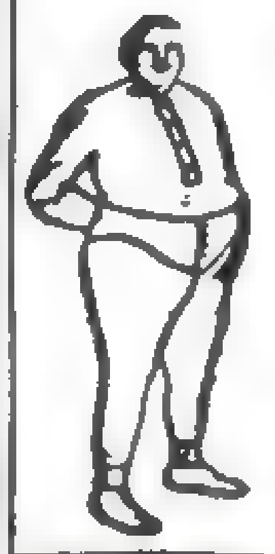

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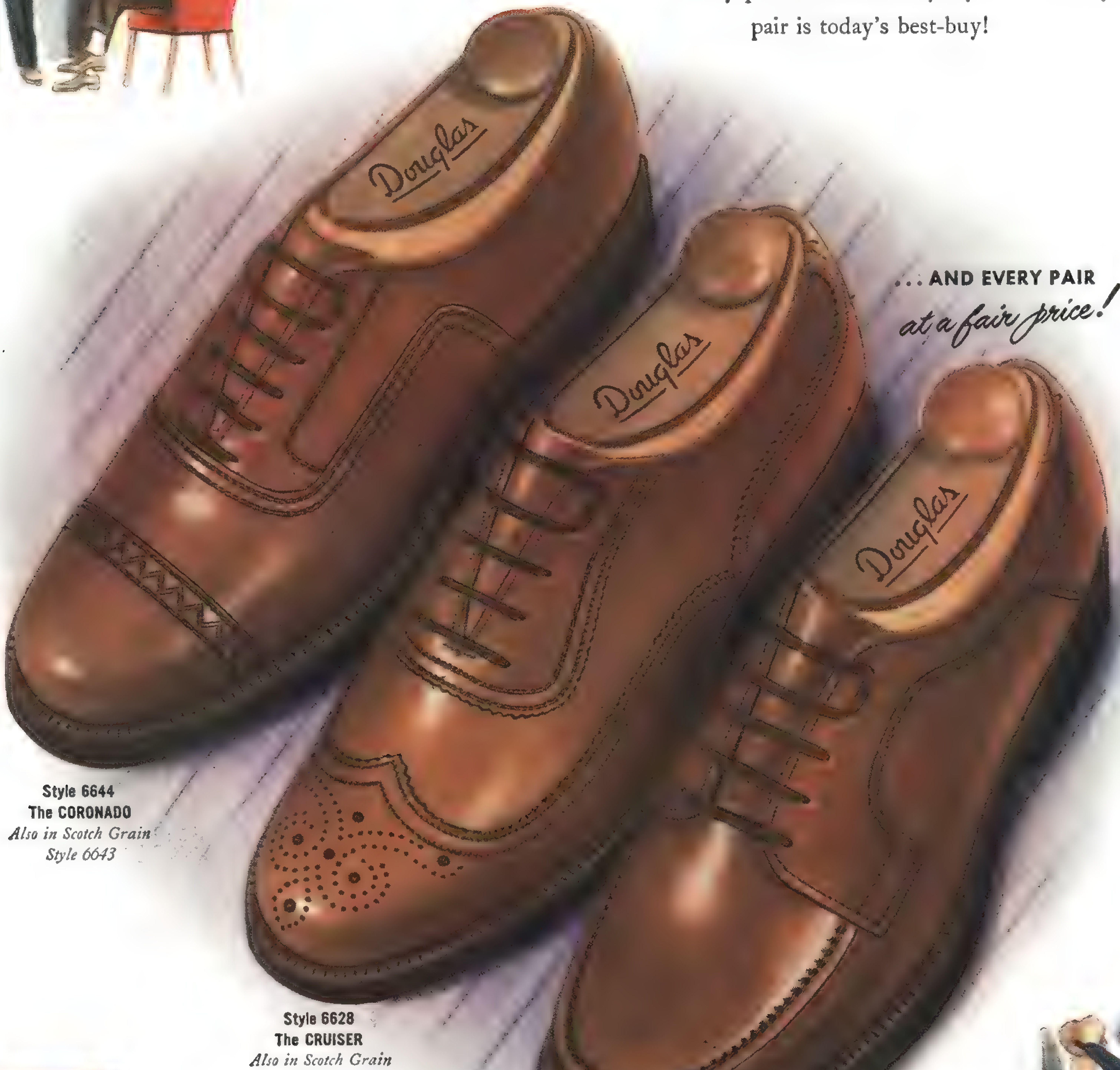

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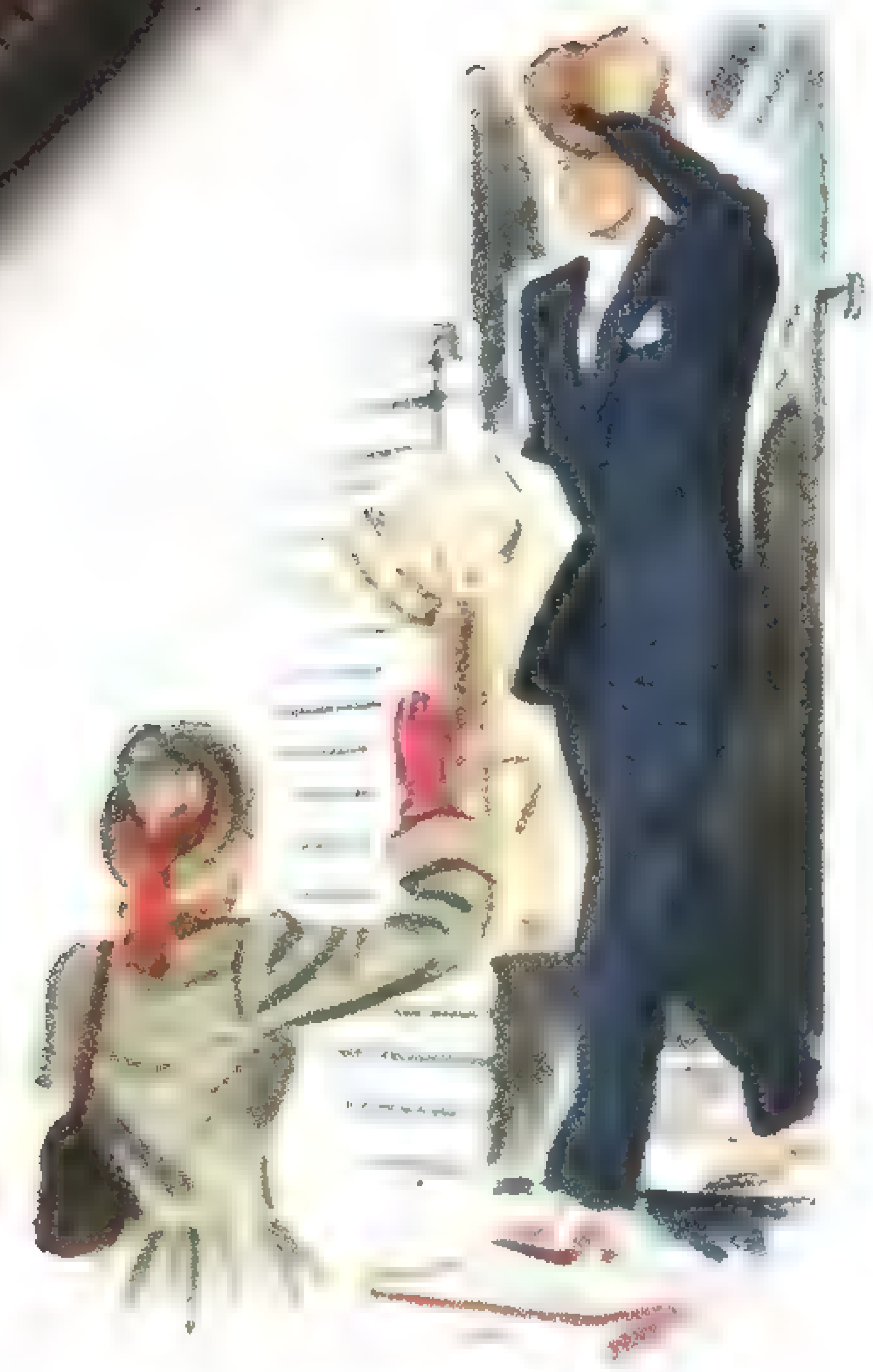

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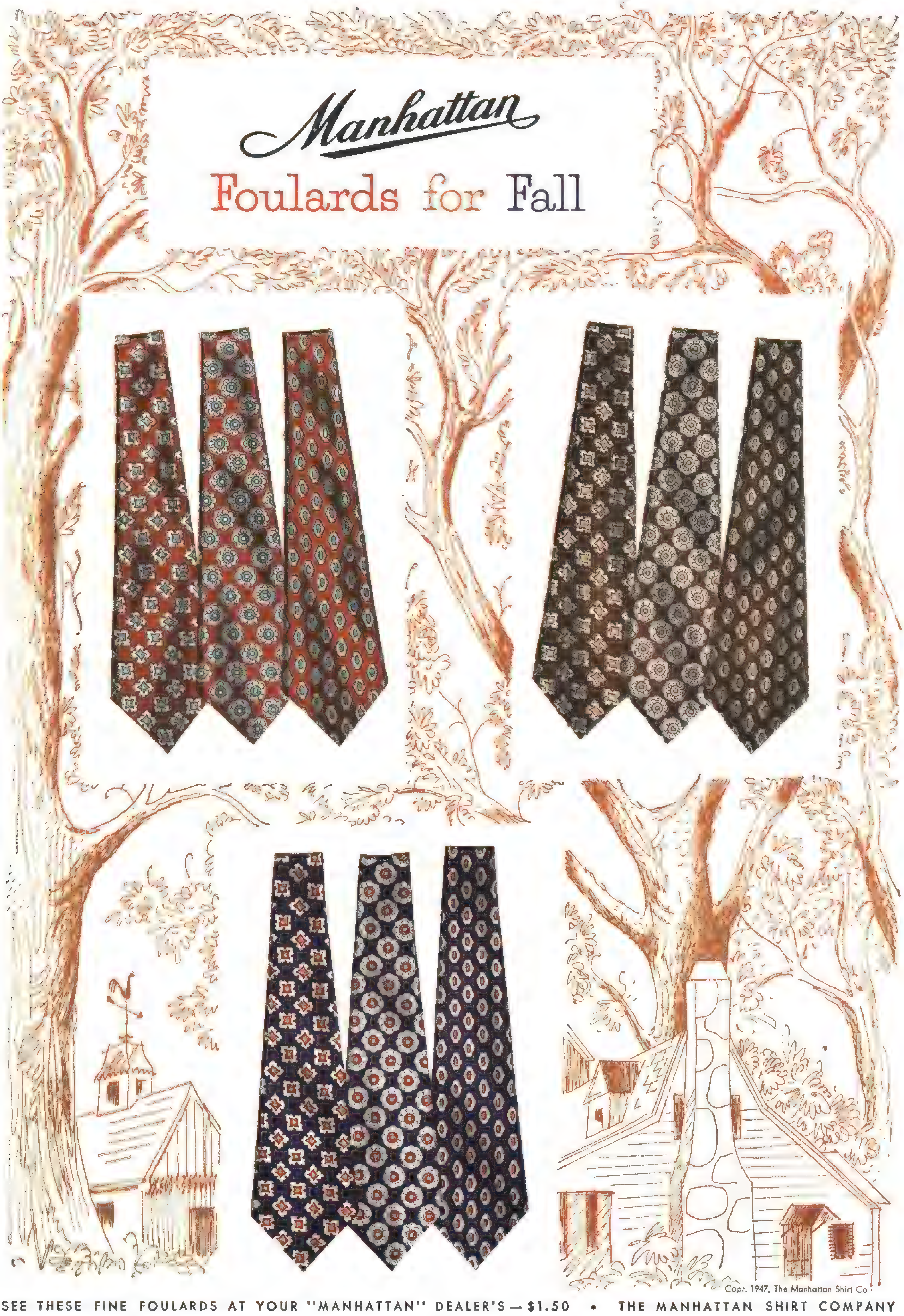

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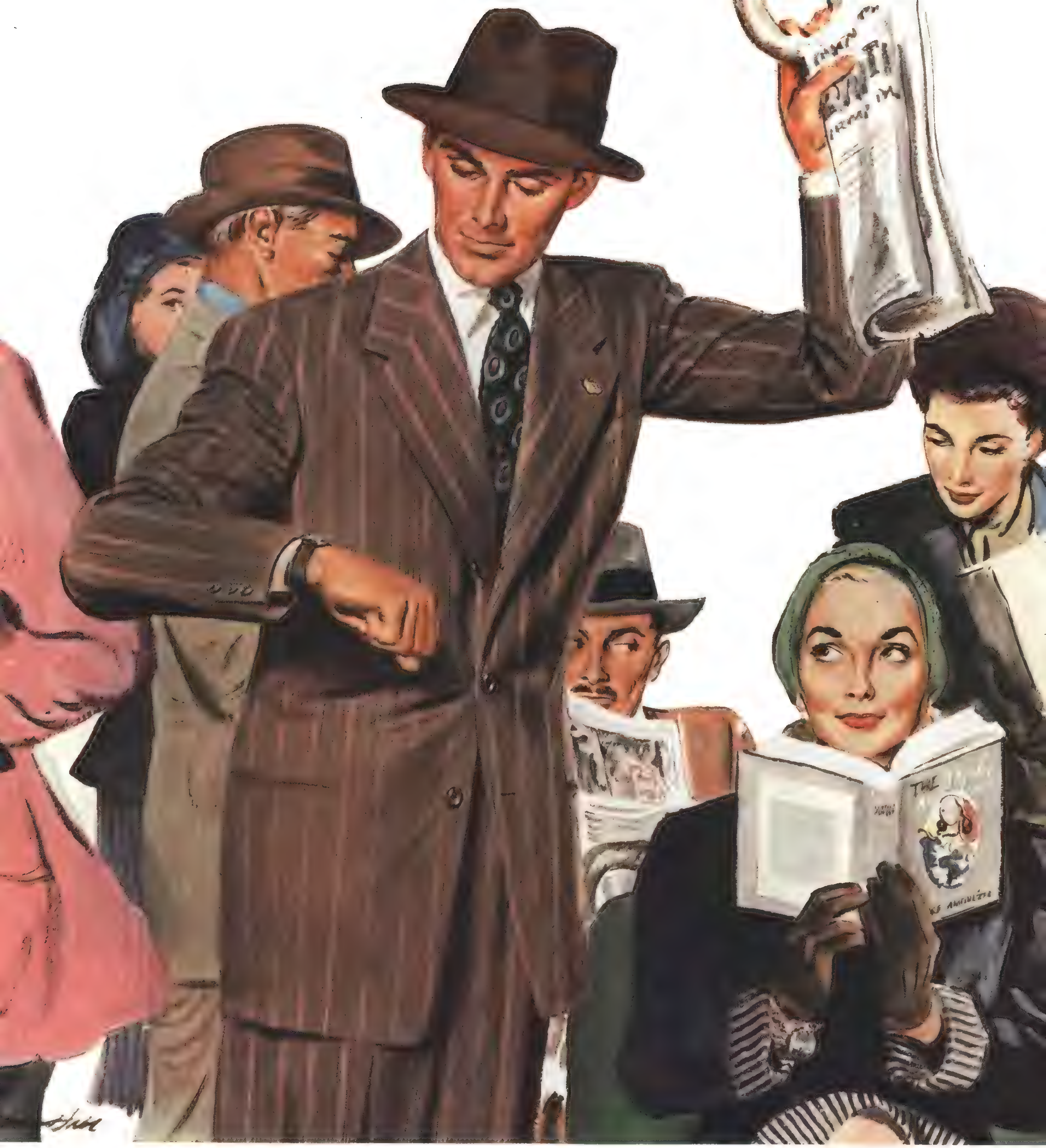

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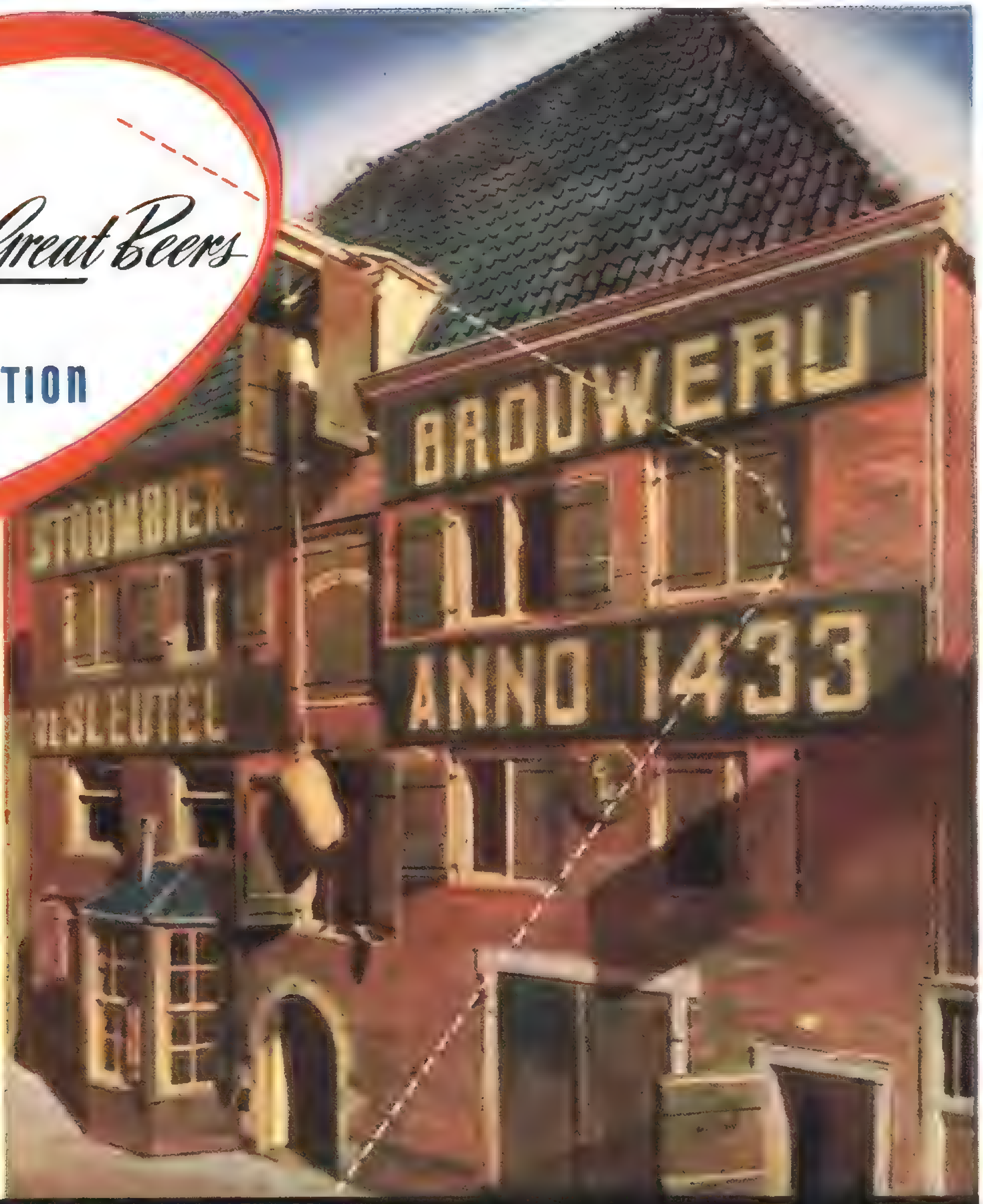
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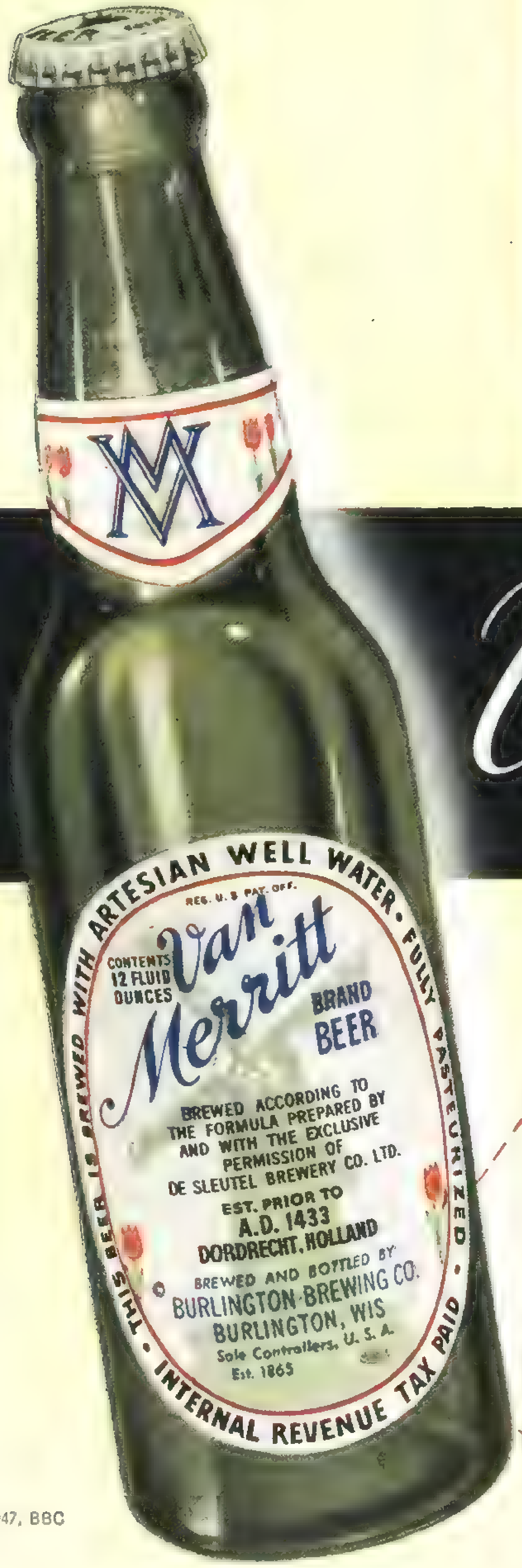
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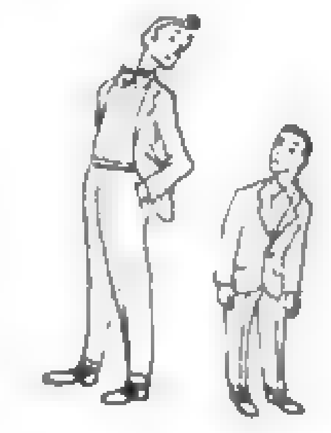
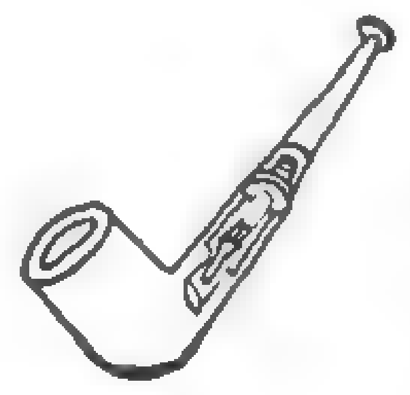
Talking Shop with Esquire

TALL LOAFERS. Ten years ago, a shoe maker caused quite a dash by putting out custom-made shoes which would increase a man's height. He's been going great guns and has built up a terrific "shortie" trade. His latest creation is a casual loafer with the built-in, built-up feature which adds a good inch or more to a chap's height. Loafers come in white buck and tan calf; brown bucko and tan calf, or cordovan grain leather.

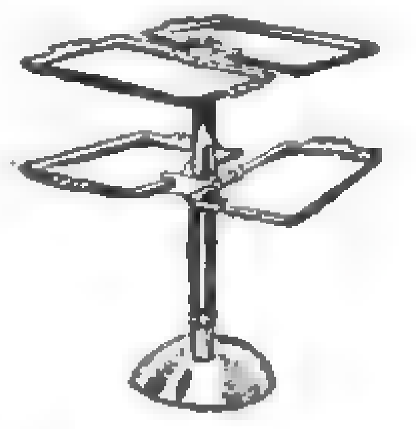


TO THE RESCUE. Many a henpecked husband inherits the chore of emptying the dirt from the vacuum cleaner bag. A little something "she" saves up for him to do in his spare time of a Saturday or Sunday. A dirty job at best. Life can be beautiful, however, now that sanitary, throw-away paper filters are available for old or new type vacuum cleaners. The rug dirt is drawn into the filter by suction through a separate sleeve or channel. The patented filter controls dirt and dust, thus preventing fine dust from escaping and settling upon walls, furniture, etc. After two or three months of use, when the accumulated dirt reaches the capacity mark on the filter, you discard it, and replace with a new filter inside your bag. The dirt at the bottom of the filter keeps piling up undisturbed; even your old machine runs like a charm, rugs and carpets are cleaned with ease.

THE PIPE WHICH CLEANS ITSELF. An automatic plunger in the stem does the trick. The self cleaning principle has many points of excellence, they say. Doesn't clog, or form juice. The permanent filter prevents formation of sludge, wet heel, tongue bite because the smoke is aerated. No unseemly odor or mouth irritation and countless other advantages.



SNACK RACK. Serving informal buffets indoors or out, you can save a lot of plate juggling by calling the snack rack into play. Its a portable server, strong aluminum stand which holds four removable trays (9x14" in size). Food or drinks can be set up on trays and guests can easily remove them from the stand, turning them into handy lap tables. Trays are easy to clean, and because they are made of heavy gauge aluminum, can even be used to grill steaks or ham and eggs.



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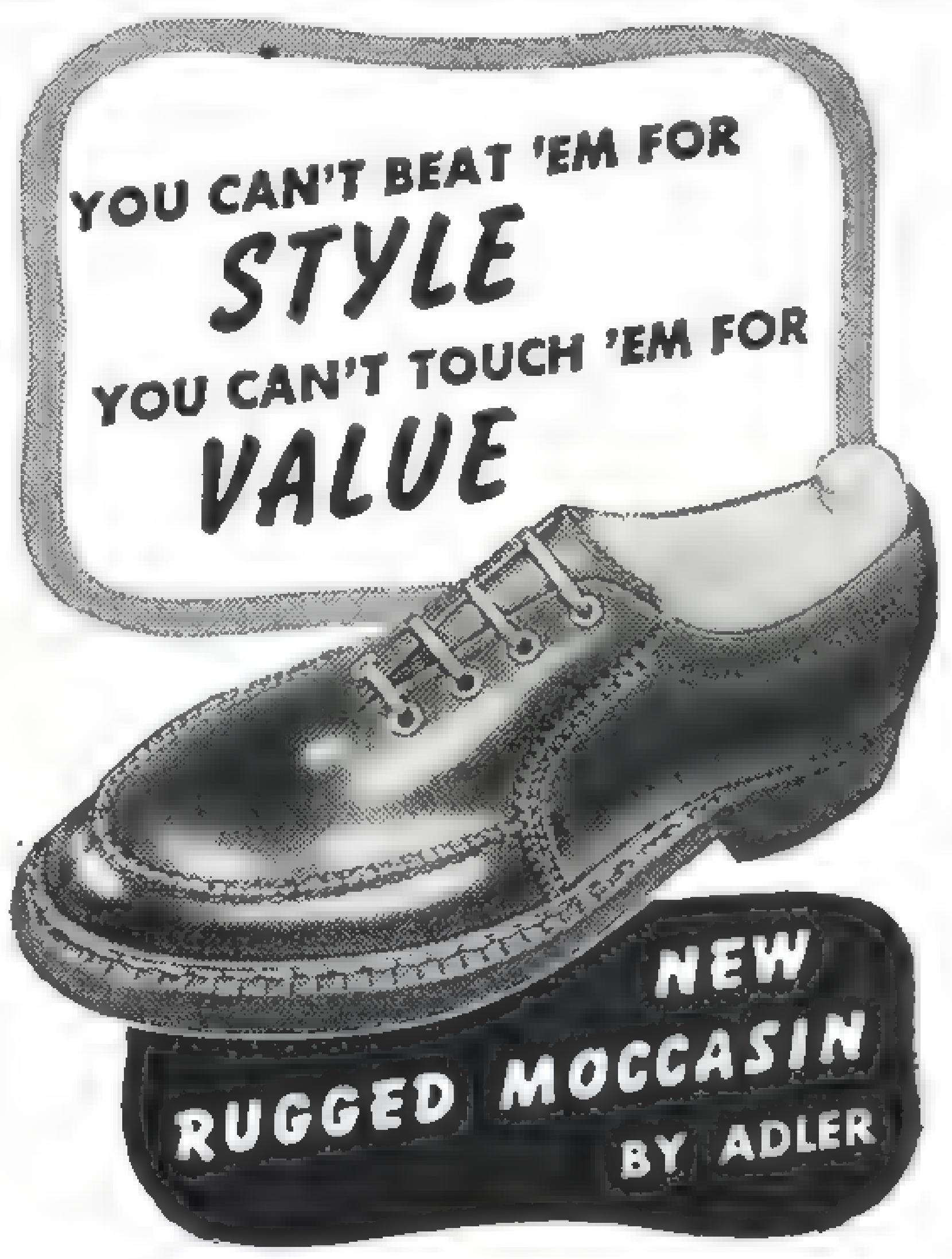

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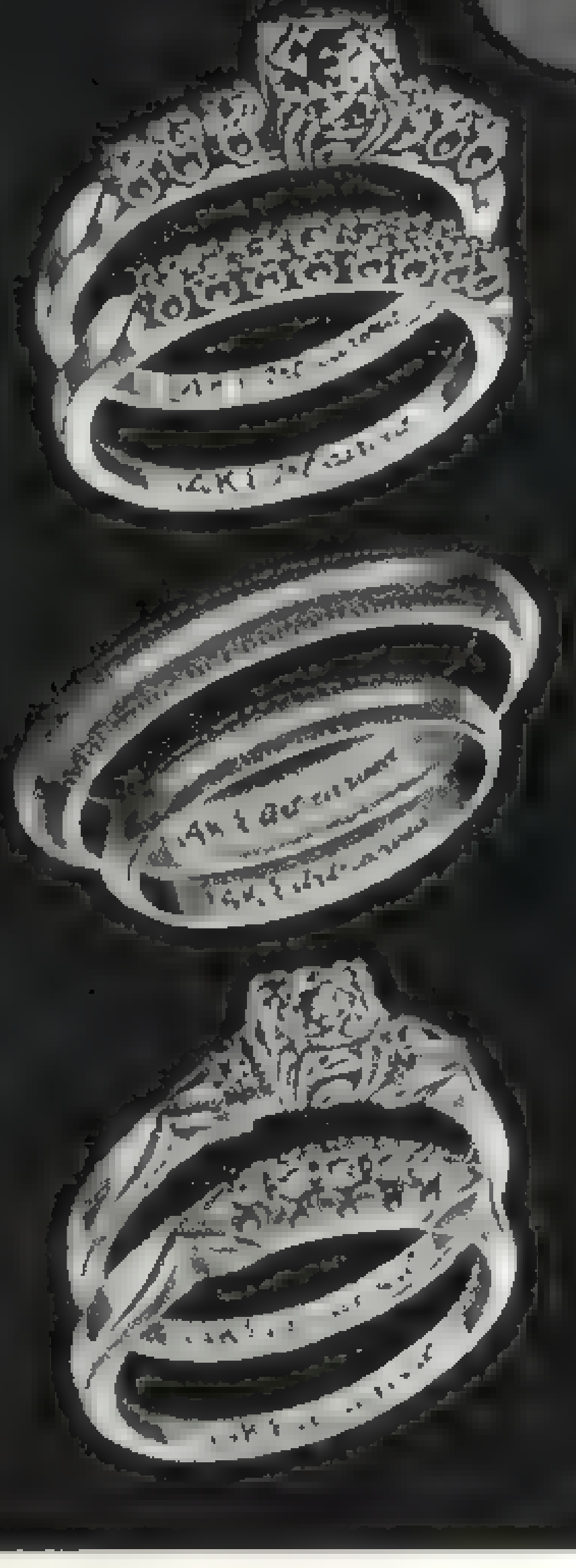

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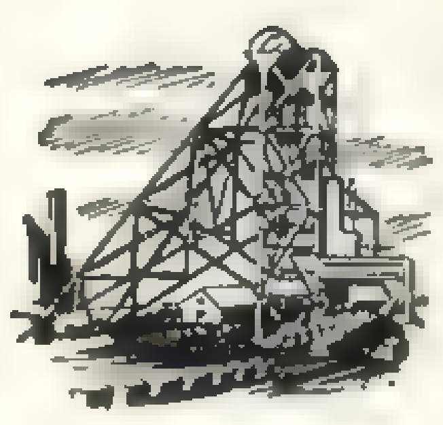

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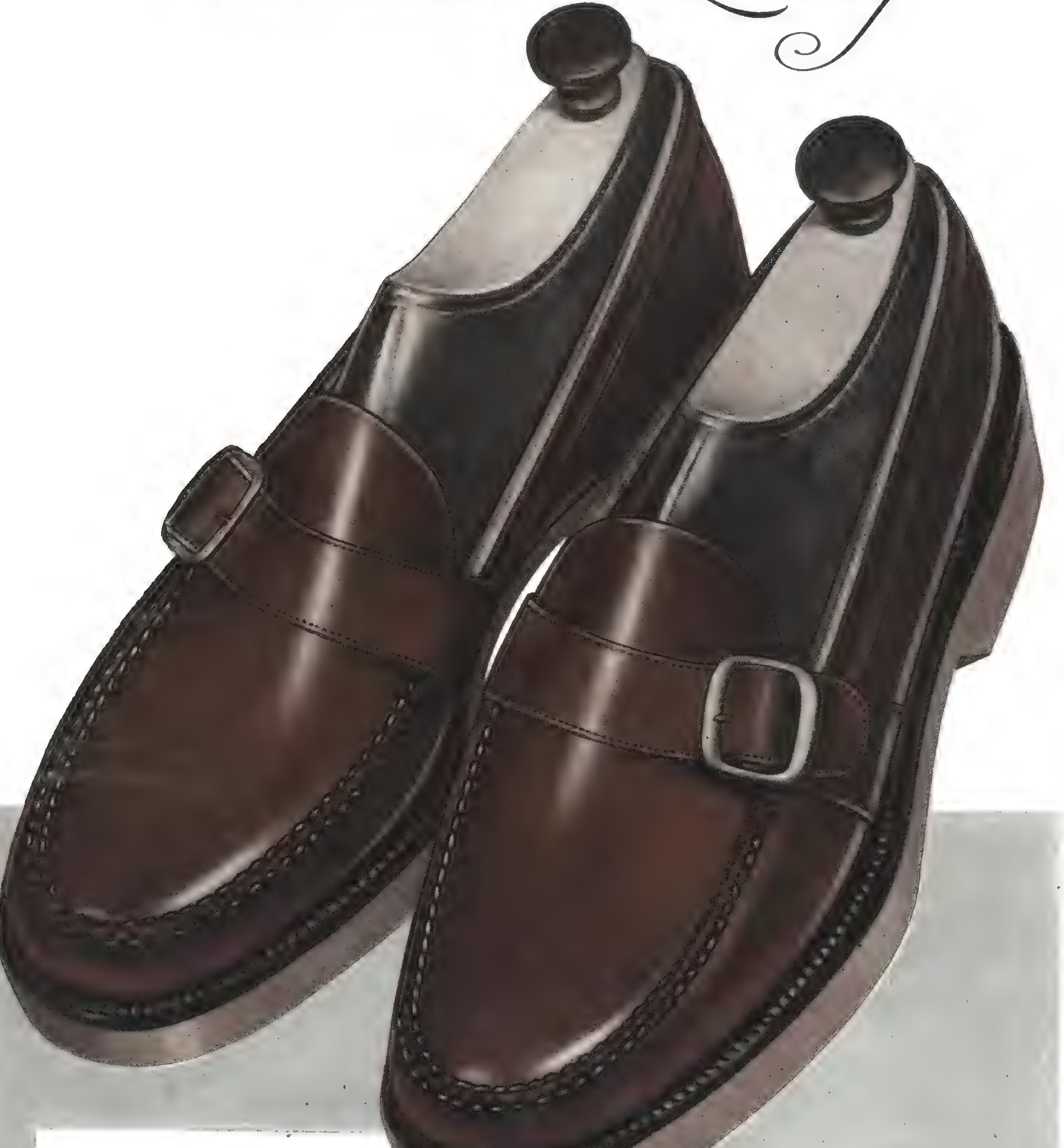

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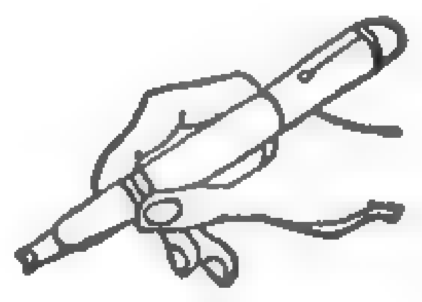
Talking Shop with Esquire

EASY MARK. We had a letter from a chap asking for an identification marker for tools. We've found that those aluminum fountain brushes with nib points of felt, do a good job. There's a new one, valve controlled, which works on leather, cellophane, metal, cloth, leather, wood, machinery, tools and equipment. Size of a fountain pen with broad, medium or fine line nibs.



SIX COLORS IN ONE. Engineers, students, draftsmen . . . here's a pencil with six different colored leads within the same streamlined barrel. Quick selection of color may be had by adjusting the sturdy metal clip attached to the head. To prevent slippage, a novel 3 section metal chuck holds the chosen lead firmly in writing position, even if dropped, the chuck doesn't bend or break. Six replacement leads are furnished with each pencil.

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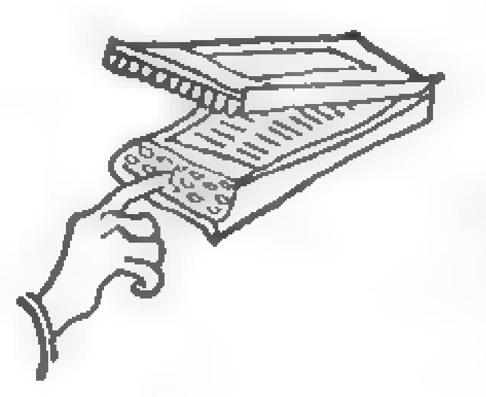
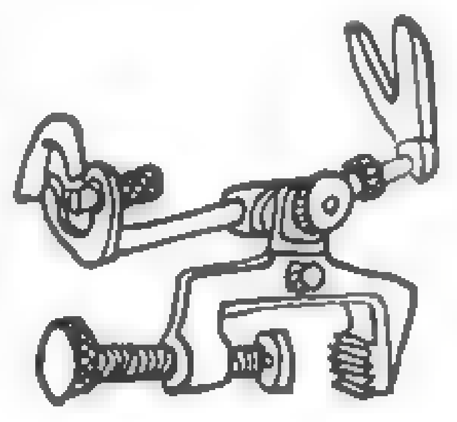
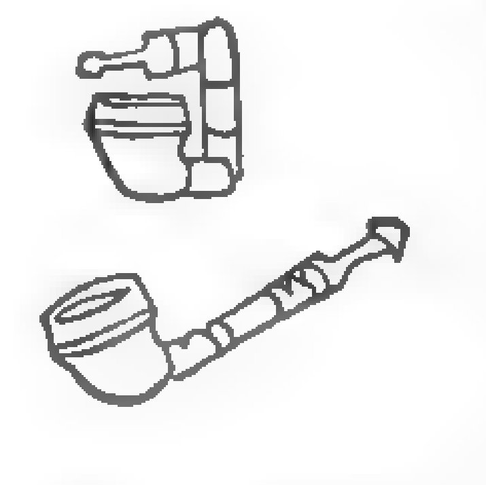


NEWS FOR NIMRODS. The fisherman who misses that big one because his rod holder slipped at the wrong time, will welcome a new fish rod holder. The special feature is that it locks the fish rod safely in the holder, and the minute you grasp the rod, it releases automatically. The harder the fish pulls, the tighter the grip on the rod. Adjustable to length and diameter of the grip, and can be fastened to side, stern, or seat and set at any angle.



FOLDING PIPE. Inveterate pipe smokers who must needs constantly contend with pipe stems protruding from pockets, will rejoice in one of the strictly modern folding pipes. The stem is hinged in two spots and does a neat acrobatic back flip over the top of the bowl. Result: size of pipe scarcely larger than the bowl itself. No fear of the stem collapsing during your smoke, because the hinges lock safely. Bowl may be removed for easy cleaning. Precision built of imported briar.



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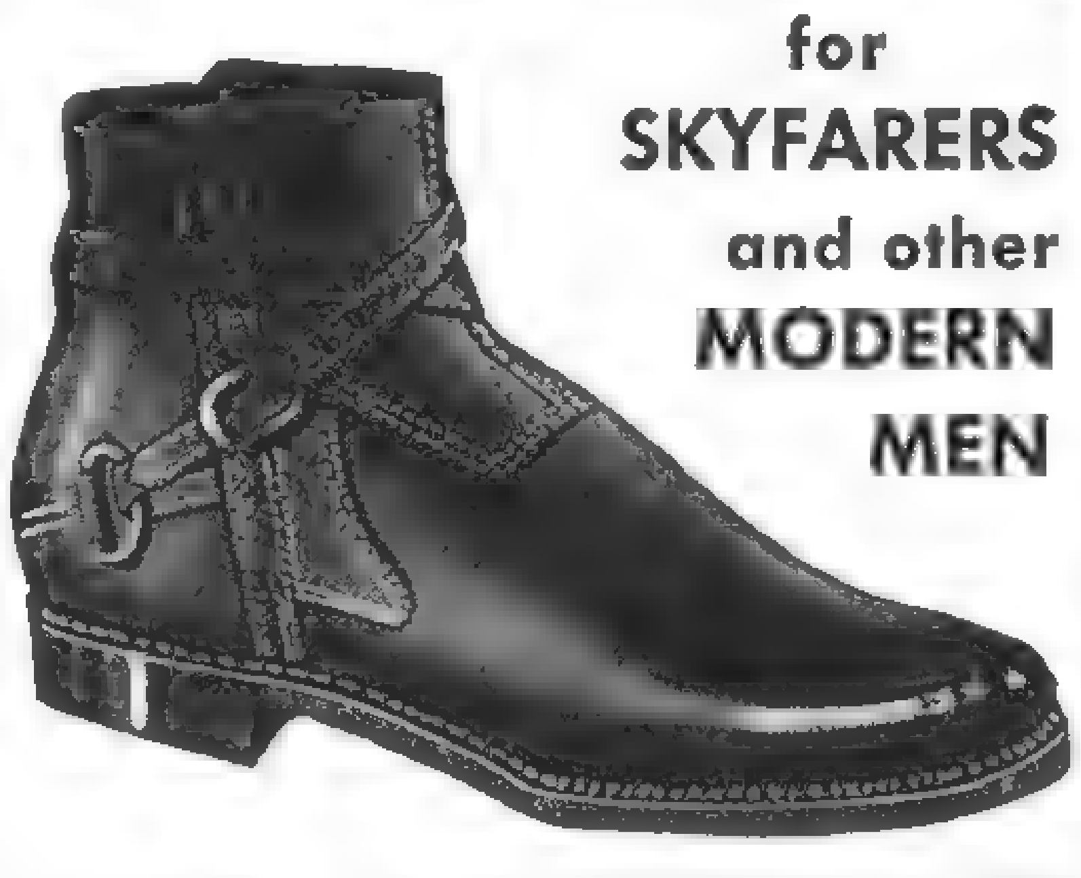

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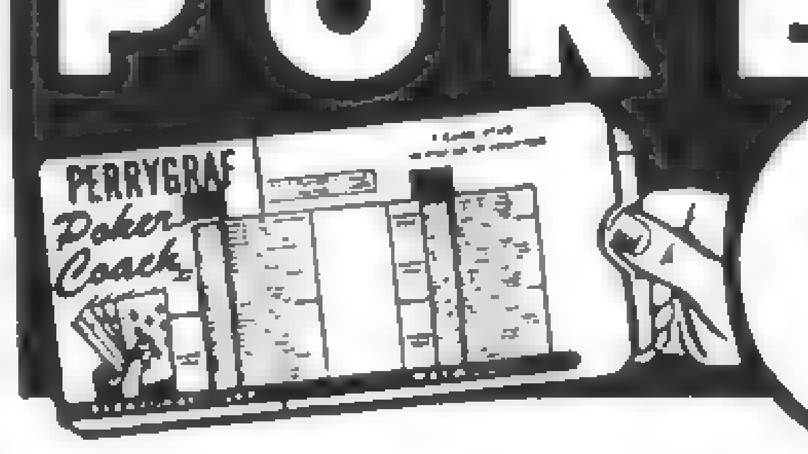

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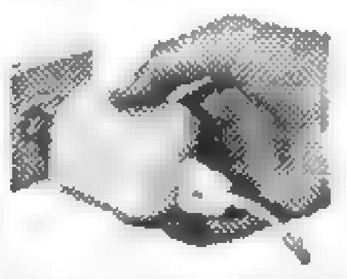

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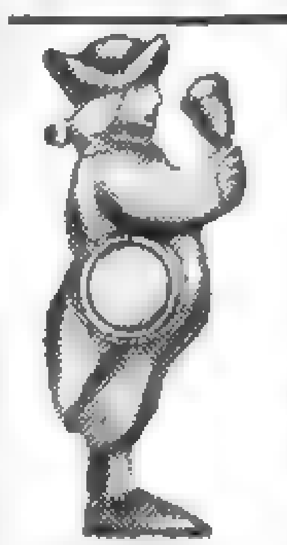

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INVENTORS

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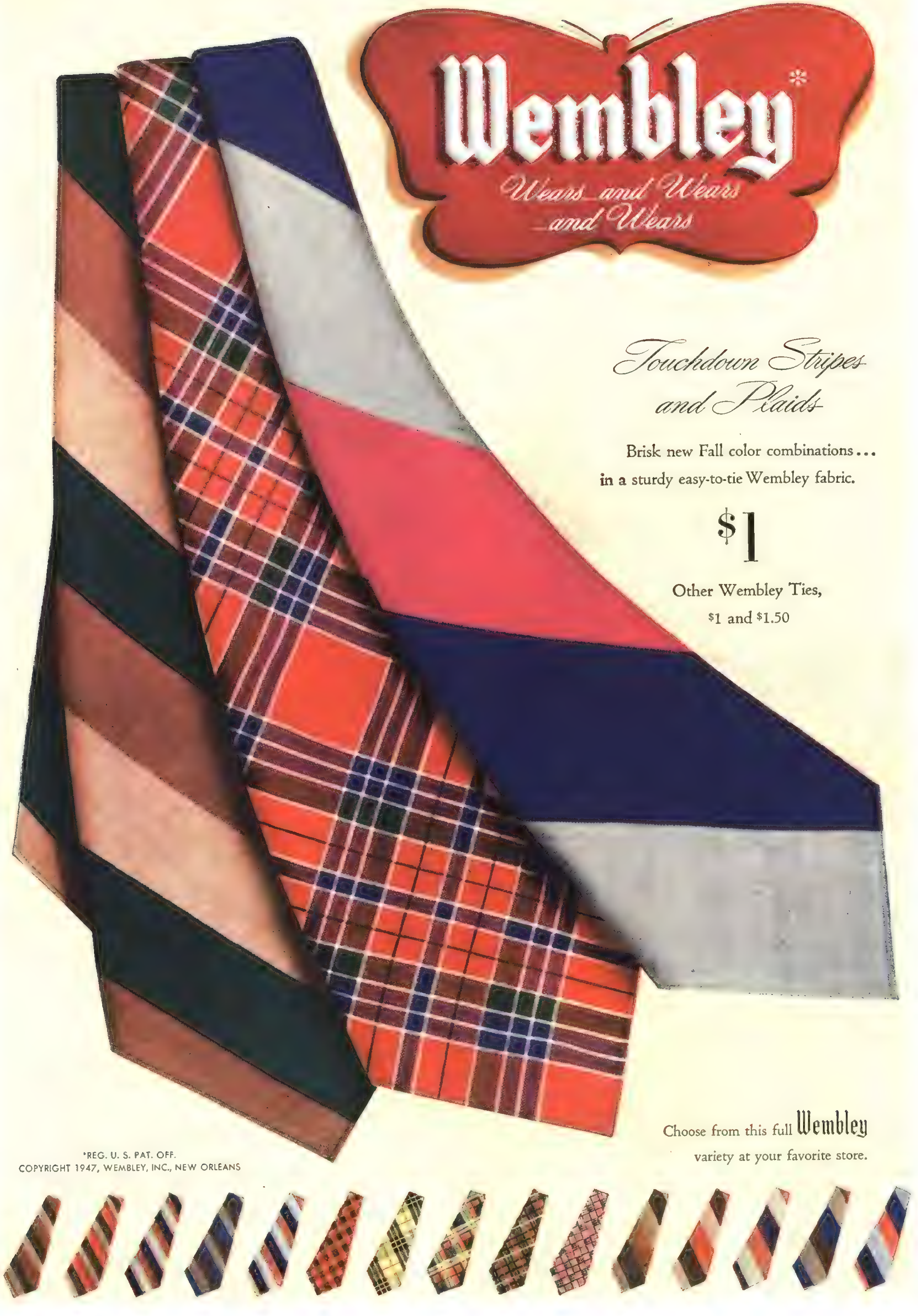

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Q.

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A.

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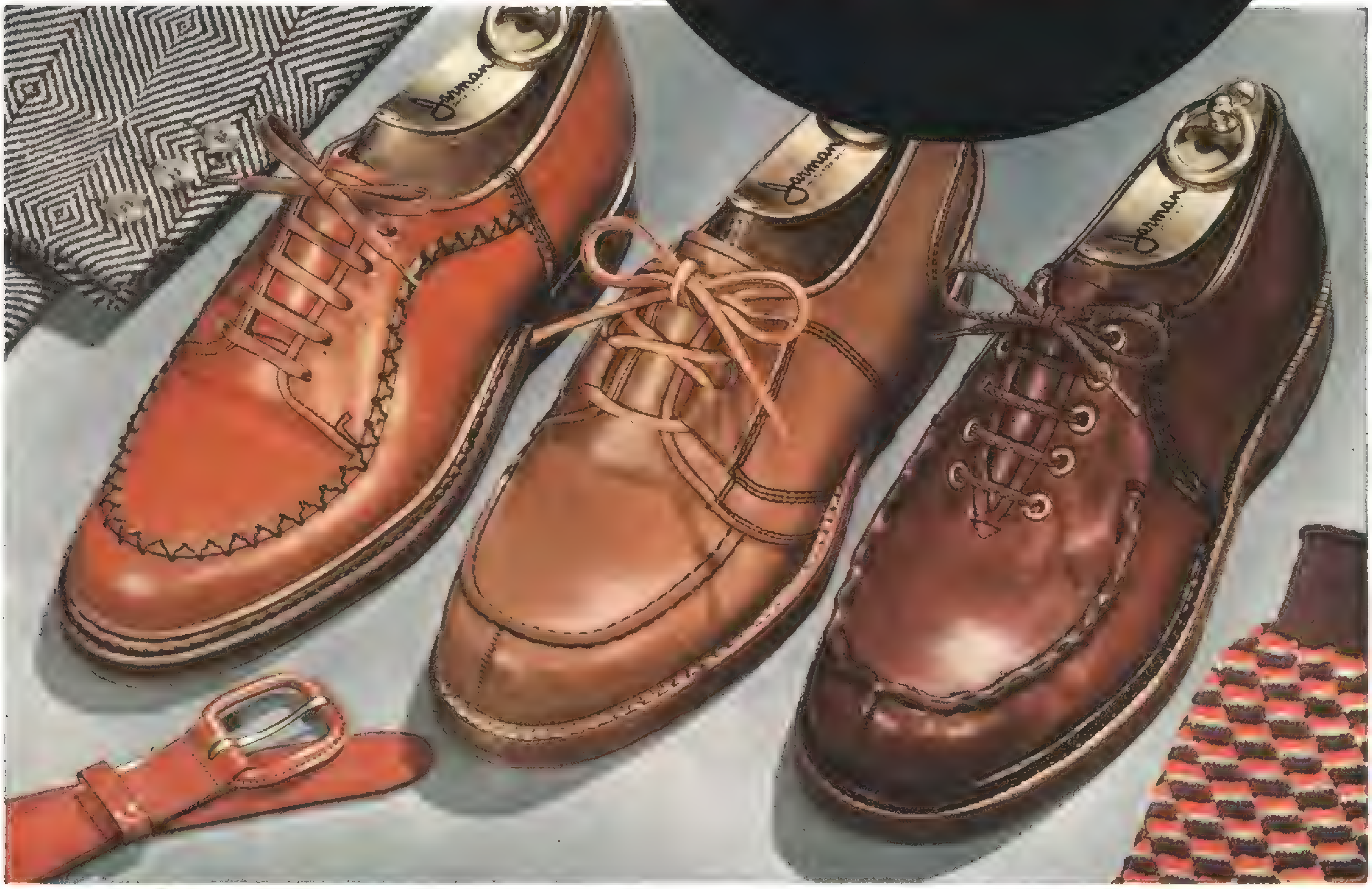

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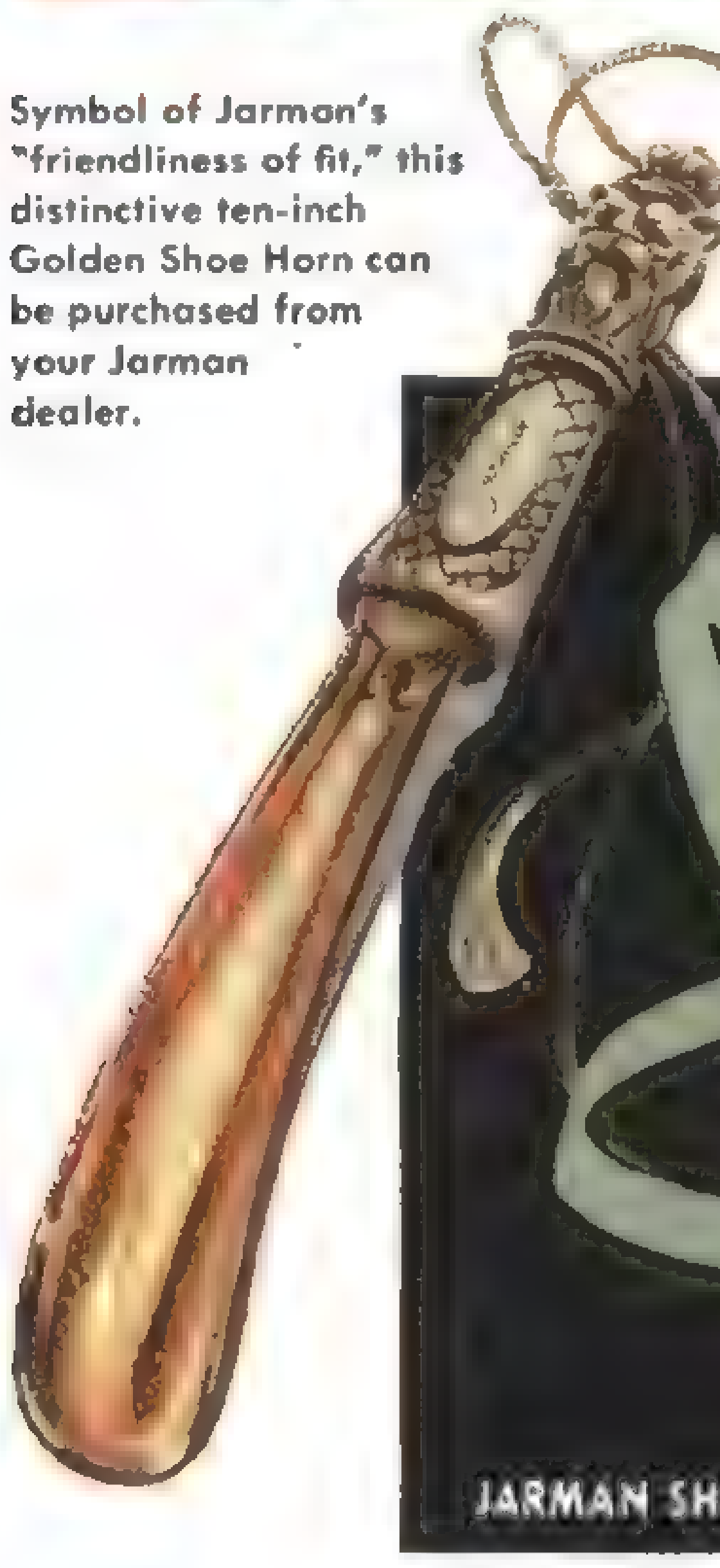
LEFT: Style 4160. Pre-stitched storm welt, with extra-heavy sole.

CENTER: Style 4162. Natural veal, red rubber "Ribber" sole and heel.

RIGHT: Style 4161. "Hazelnut" finish, hand-sewn vamp, Rocker last.



Symbol of Jarman's "friendliness of fit," this distinctive ten-inch Golden Shoe Horn can be purchased from your Jarman dealer.

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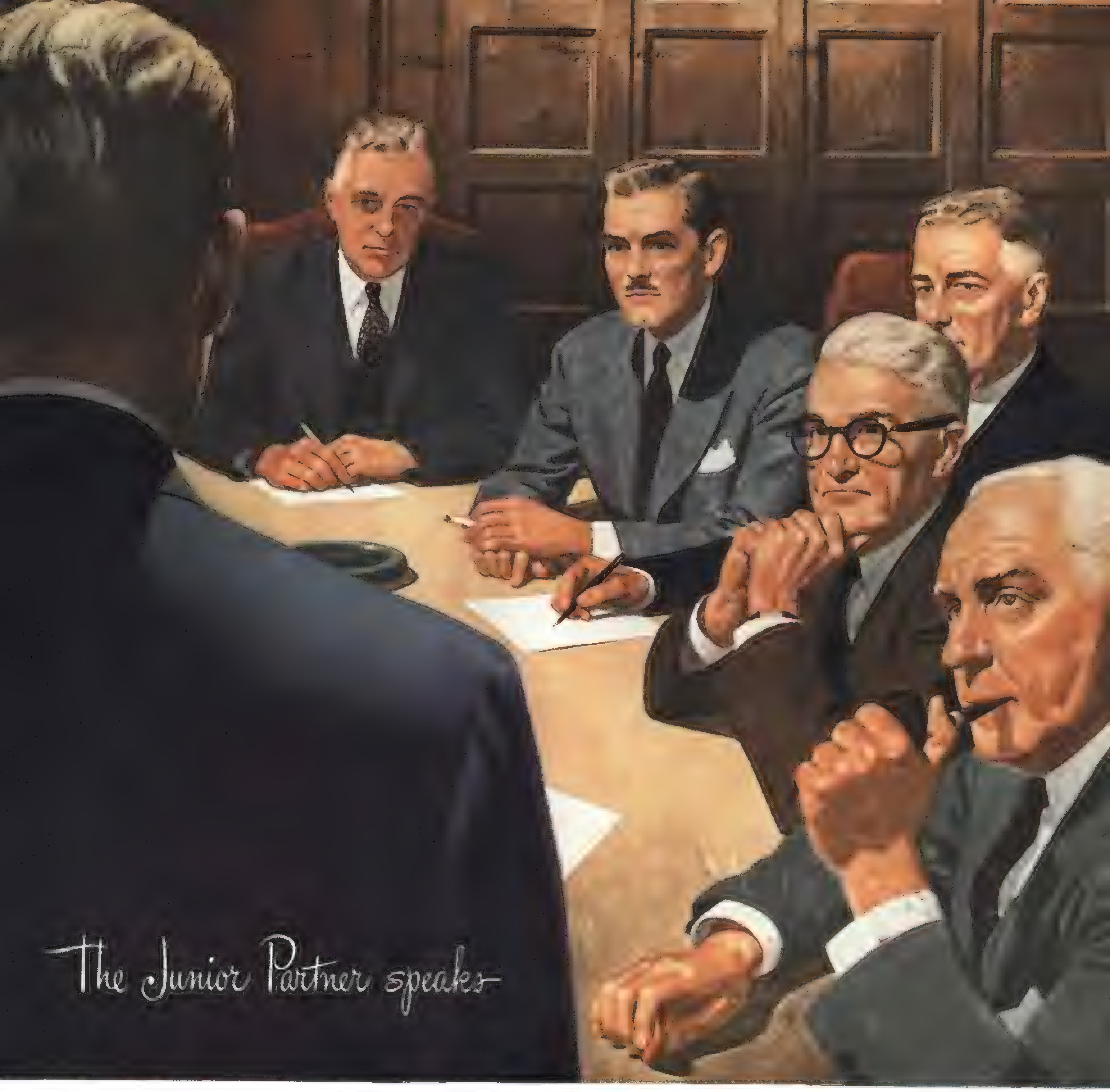

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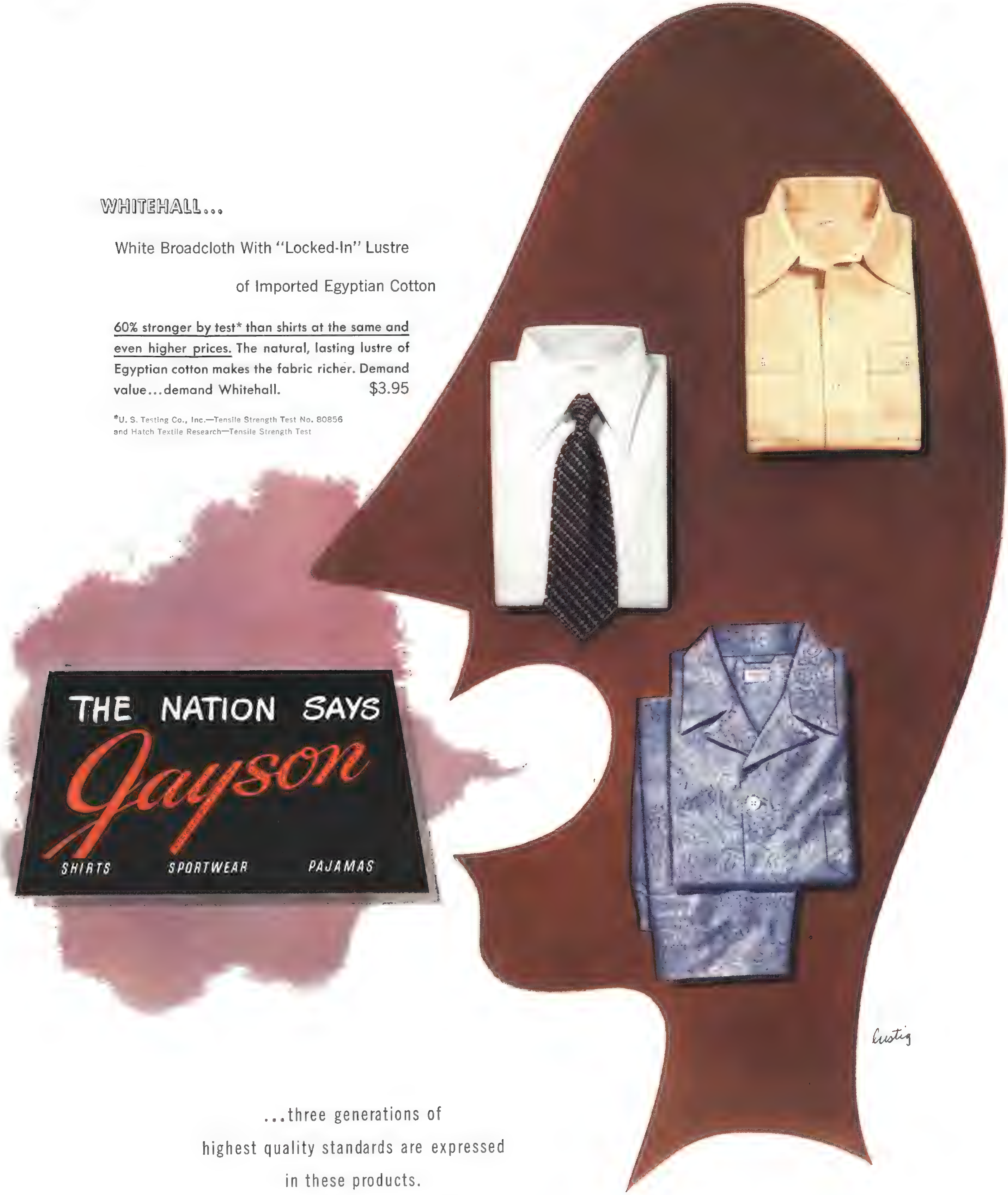

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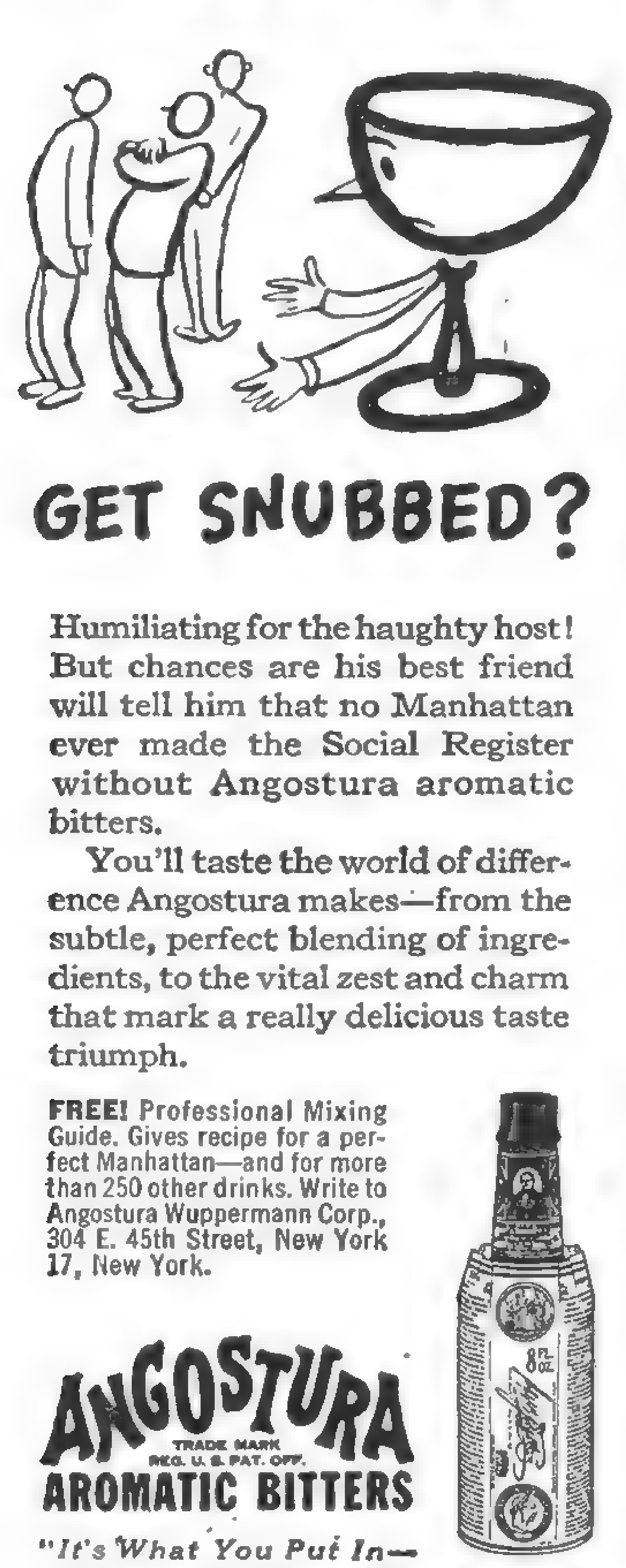

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Painting the Town with Esquire

(EDITOR'S NOTE: New York night clubs and supper clubs, especially the smaller, West-side places, have a way of switching entertainment suddenly, so it's best to check last minute if you're looking for something in particular. Food, drink and atmosphere remain pretty constant.)

BEST SHOW in Manhattan year in & out is always the sprightly, tasteful package at Monte Proser's Copacabana, usually headed up by one big singer or comedian supported by the lovely Copa girls in gay routines in the Broadway manner. Joe E. Lewis, Jimmy Durante and, probably, Jane Frohman are slated headliners this Fall and Winter. The Copa's big, it's sleek and, usually, packed. Phone ahead (Joe Lopez is on the velvet rope). Better dine elsewhere and mark the Copa for after theatre, say the one o'clock show. Ringside's crowded (usually with Hollywood, New York and Washington celebrities) and the upper tiers are better vantages, anyway. Music is continuous for dancing, with Latin American rhythms odd sets. This is a must.

TRADITIONAL hostelry for New York's literati and showfolk is the Hotel Algonquin which has resumed its famous after-theatre supper soirees in the Oak Room. Raul, the Oak Room's dapper host, will take your telephoned reservations. He'll also tip you on Broadway shows of which he is a frequent backer. Helen Hayes swears Raul is the handsomest headwaiter in town, and he is certainly one of the most efficient. The Rose Room, open for lunch and dinner, handles the Oak Room overflow of theatre celebrities, playwrights, newspaper and magazine people. Unreservedly recommended.

THE STORK you know about Sherman Billingsley's smart restaurant is one of the few unpinched by post-war retrenchment. Luncheon and dinner excellent, as always, and Billingsley's cellars rival Jack and Charlie's at "21." Peyson Re's music continuously, but no floor-show (in the big room), and quiet, seclusion and the usual celebrities in the Cub. (Sherman's striking new Fall & Winter decor was still a closely-guarded Billingsley secret at the time we went to press.) Tony, Al, Steve and Cookie patrol the bar. Victor is on the velvet rope at the exclusive portal and Joe Arce is dean in the Cub. Phone ahead, always. And take it easy. The Stork, like '21, is established and independent. You might get barred—and it's a nice place to go.

IF IT'S INTIMACY you want, however, superb food and unintrusive music, try the Drake Room of the Hotel Drake, where Cy Walter plays some of the best piano you're likely to find hereabouts, from nine 'til one. Dine European or American, you can't go wrong. Phone Nino for reservations, especially weekends. This is central for supper club afterwards. No dancing, of course.

IN A BRASSY KEY, Broadway's own Latin Quarter offers a lusty, fast-moving show with two bands, continuous dance music and topflight name entertainers. Lou Walters set out to provide out-of-towners with their idea of Broadway and he almost makes it. Dine early here — or elsewhere, and go to the "Quarter" late. This is large-scale, loud and, frequently, very funny.

LARUE'S, OF COURSE, goes on forever, and if you're young and college, this East Side restaurant is that perfect evening. Eddie Davis' music, as always, and atmosphere from the younger set. Dinner is enticing in a rather stylized, comfortable way: steaks, chops, seasonal seafood and excellent service. Cellar can't be what is used to be, of course, although a bottle of Chateau Margaux might turn up if you're insistent, even the '34. Don't invite the lady if she doesn't like dancing. On weekends, phone ahead to Joe.

SUAVE DANCE MUSIC and a small, sophisticated show—backed up, always, with a topflight band and a Latin-American ensemble — draw experienced night lifers to the Hotel Pierre's Cotillon Room, a lovely setting for an impressionable young lady. For reservations, telephone Jack. Closed Mondays.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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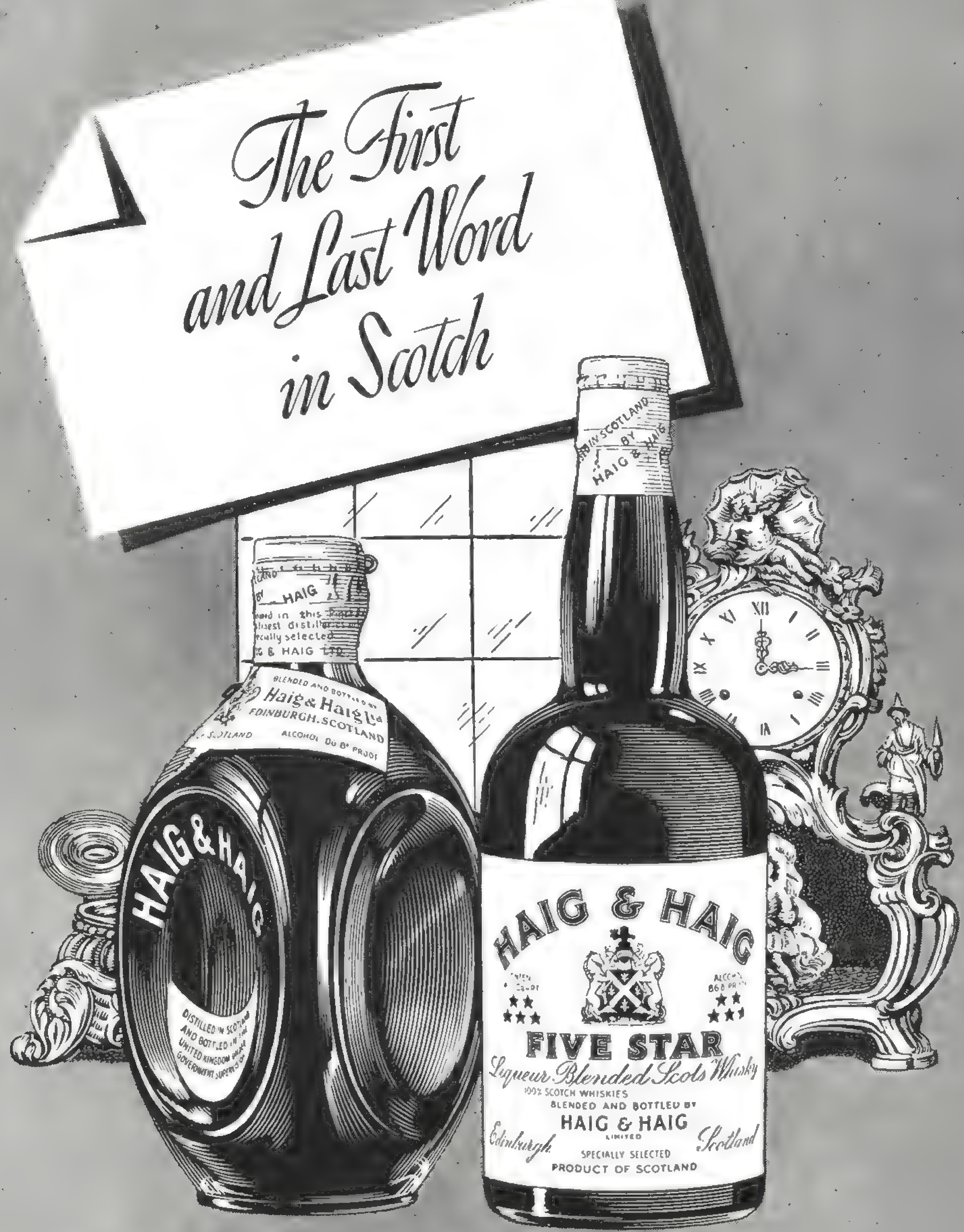
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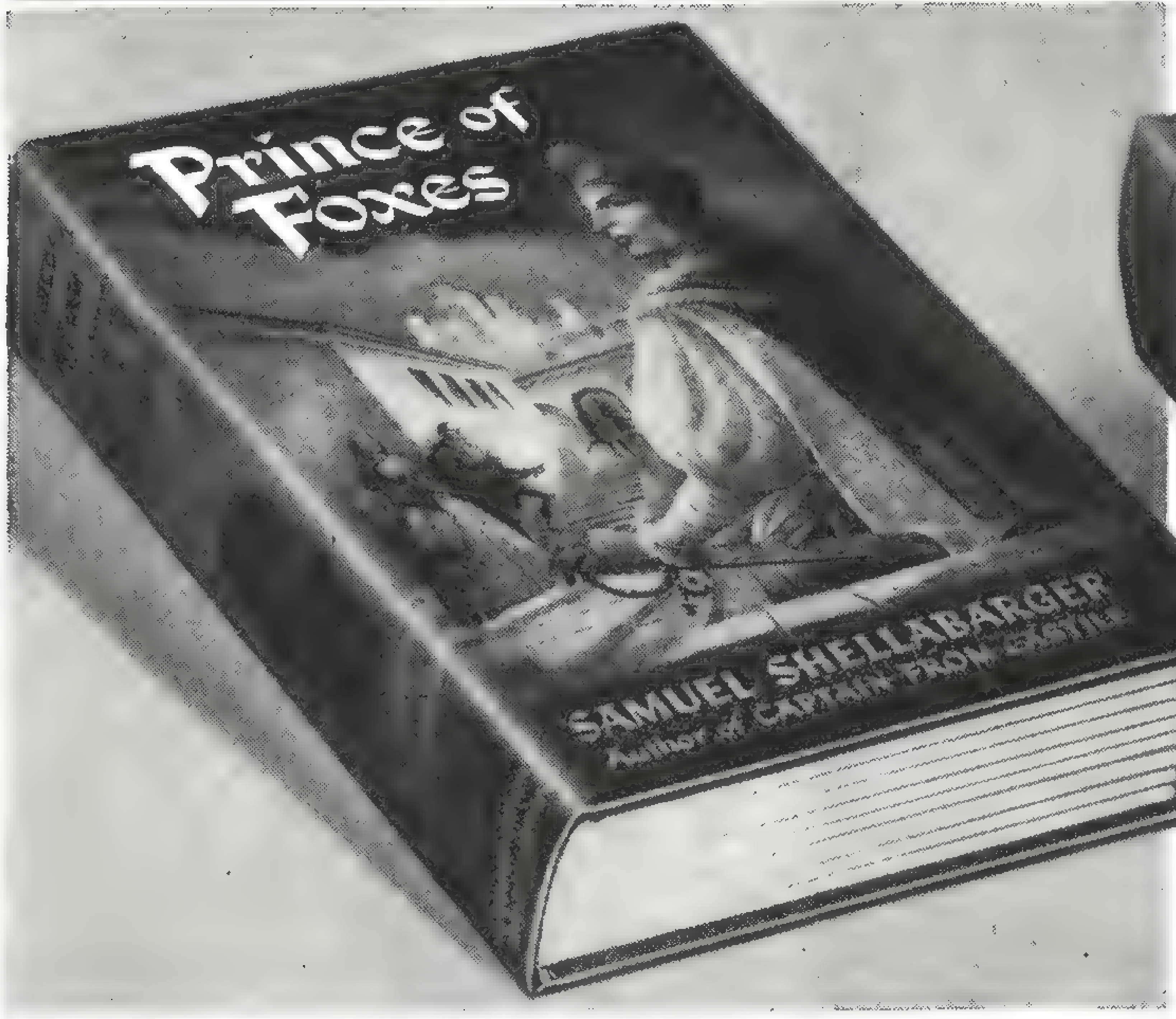

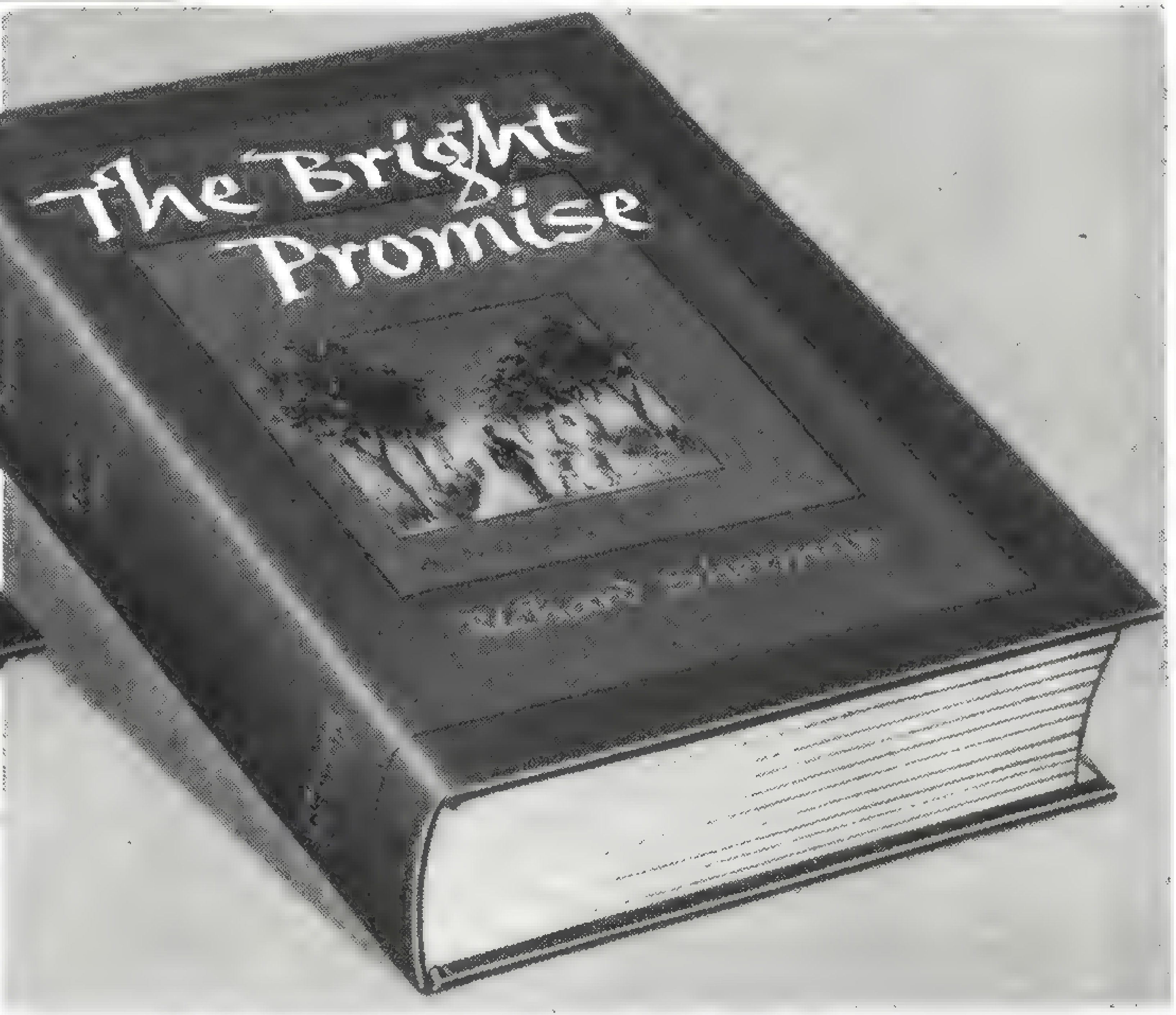

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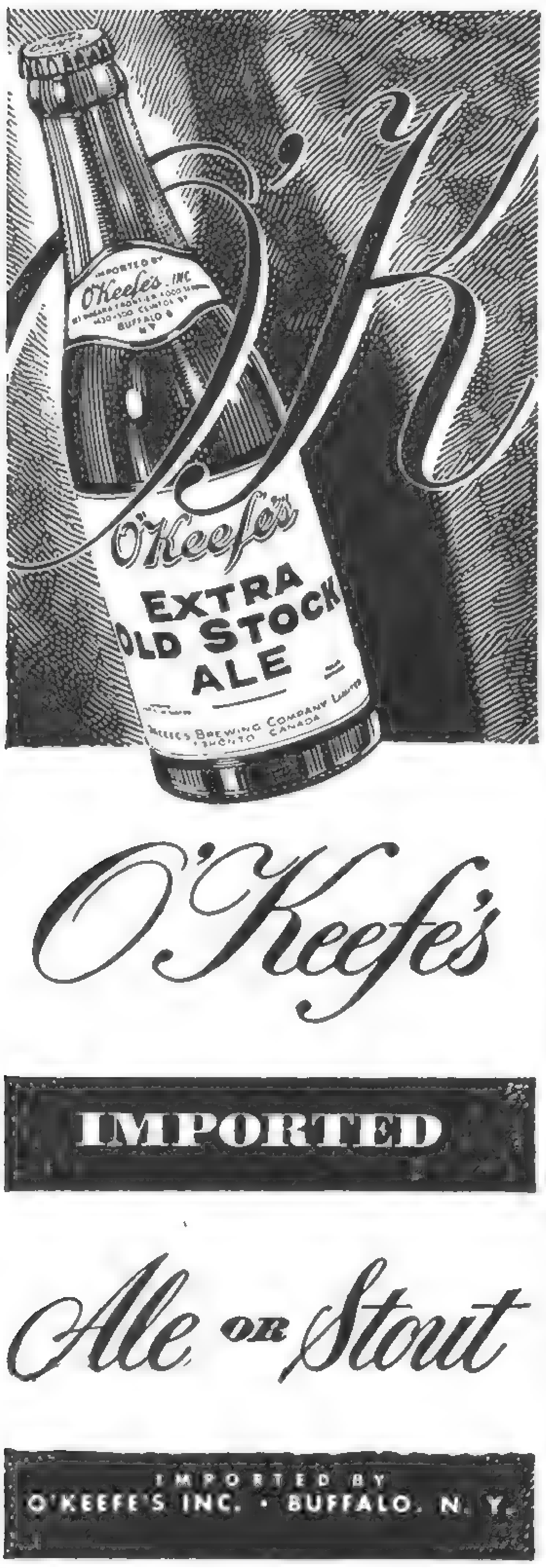
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Painting the Town with Esquire

IF YOU'RE STAGGING IT or the girl's a sophisticated New Yorker or hungry for atmoswhere, try Third Avenue. Jimmy Glennon's at 55th and Third (or Paddy Clark's across the street) is typical Third Avenue. No entertainment—aside from the customers. Go late, the later the better. Glennon's catches actors after theatre; newspapermen after deadline (or ink-stained fugitives from the lobster trick); magazine and ad people. Paddy Clark's is a real Irish saloon (est. 1892) and you've probably seen its interior. (Ray Milland leaned on this bar for "The Lost Weekend." So did the principals in the forthcoming "Portrait of Jenny.") Clark's chief barman, Fred Kutchel, formerly of the Stork Club and El Morocco, is especially proud of having been KO'd by Paul Berlenbach. Celebrities are plentiful here in the wee hours before closing, and Paddy's stuffed dog, Jessie, commands much more attention than, say, Harold Lloyd, the glamorous Lenore Lemmon, or Jennifer Jones.

DOWNTOWN A WAY, in the middle Forties', is Tim Costello's, the original saloon of most of John McNulty's fabulous Third Avenue stories. And a few doors south of Costello's is Dan O'Connor's Inkwell, hangout for cartoonists and writers, actors and musicians, models and magazine editors. This genial Irishman, a cartoonist in his own right, has encouraged his cartoonist patrons to mural his walls with oversized versions of Terry, Steve Canyon, Little Iodine, Benny, and other characters from their syndicated strips. The floor is sawdusted, there is an ancient piano (favored by musicians towards midnight), and a general air of congeniality, good whiskey, intelligent conversation and, surprisingly enough, excellent food. The chef, Oscar, serves up free clam chowder, chop suey or ravioli dinners for O'Connor's frequent Thursday party nights, and the Inkwell, all in all, is a cozy spot to note down in your little red book.

TO GET BACK, however, to the more conventional haunts of New York's diners out, Luchow's, you'll be happy to know, is unchanged, quaint, comfortable, satisfying as ever. German-European in cuisine, as always, with game birds and venison on the specialties list. There's still an exclusively men's bar; the wood-panelled decor and antique steins, the prints, the crockery, the Wagnerian murals remain, even as in grandpop's time. Luchow's dinner music is nostalgically Viennese or Victor Herbert. No dancing. Recommended.

INGRID BERGMAN is only one of the celebrated habitues of Henri's at 15 East 52nd. Others who've frequented the forty-one-year-old restaurant of Henri Mouqin include Greta Garbo, Ralph Bellamy, Burgess Meredith, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Paulette Goddard, Helen Hayes and — a few years back — David Belasco, Morris Gest, Sime Silverman, and Robert Benchley (who allegedly had his first cocktail here). Henri's onion soup is internationally celebrated. So are his dinner entrees of frog's legs, boeuf a la mode Parisienne and Supreme de Canard Bigarade. Henri's cellar is matched only by '21's and the Stork in the collection of rare Burgundies and Bordeaux wines, champagnes, Rhine wines and the vintages of Alsace, Switzerland, Chile and our own excellent (and improving) domestics. A must for gourmets.

OLDEST NIGHT CLUB in New York is, of course, Jimmy Kelly's, at 181 Sullivan Street. And, as it was once identified by Edward VIII, it is "refined but tough." Kelly's like its owner, has retained the flavor and fibre of old New York. Entertainment includes Joe Capello, maestro who has worked in Kelly's for 25 years; Tenor-pianist Vaughn Comfort and Ira Yarnell, baritone (18 years), and singer-comedian Joe Carter (20 years). Go late.

INCLUDING the Scandinavian, the lovers of smorgasbord will relish the Gripsholm, Kungsholm, Stockholm, the Three Crowns, and the Wivel, the latter of which further embellishes these Fall evenings with three excellent shows nightly with dancing in between to a good band. The Iceland and, especially, the Castleholm, are good, too. Aquavit goes well with these Scandinavian hors d'oeuvre — if you ever get beyond 'em to an entree—and puts a pleasant edge on the evening. Go early.

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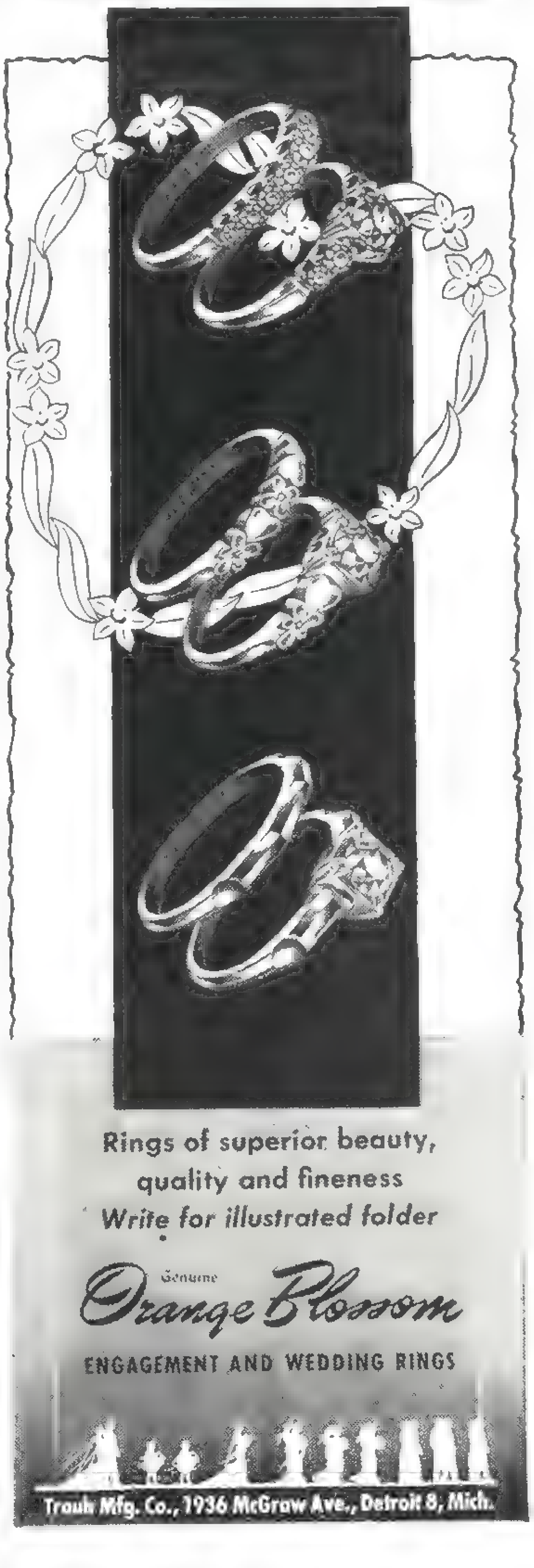
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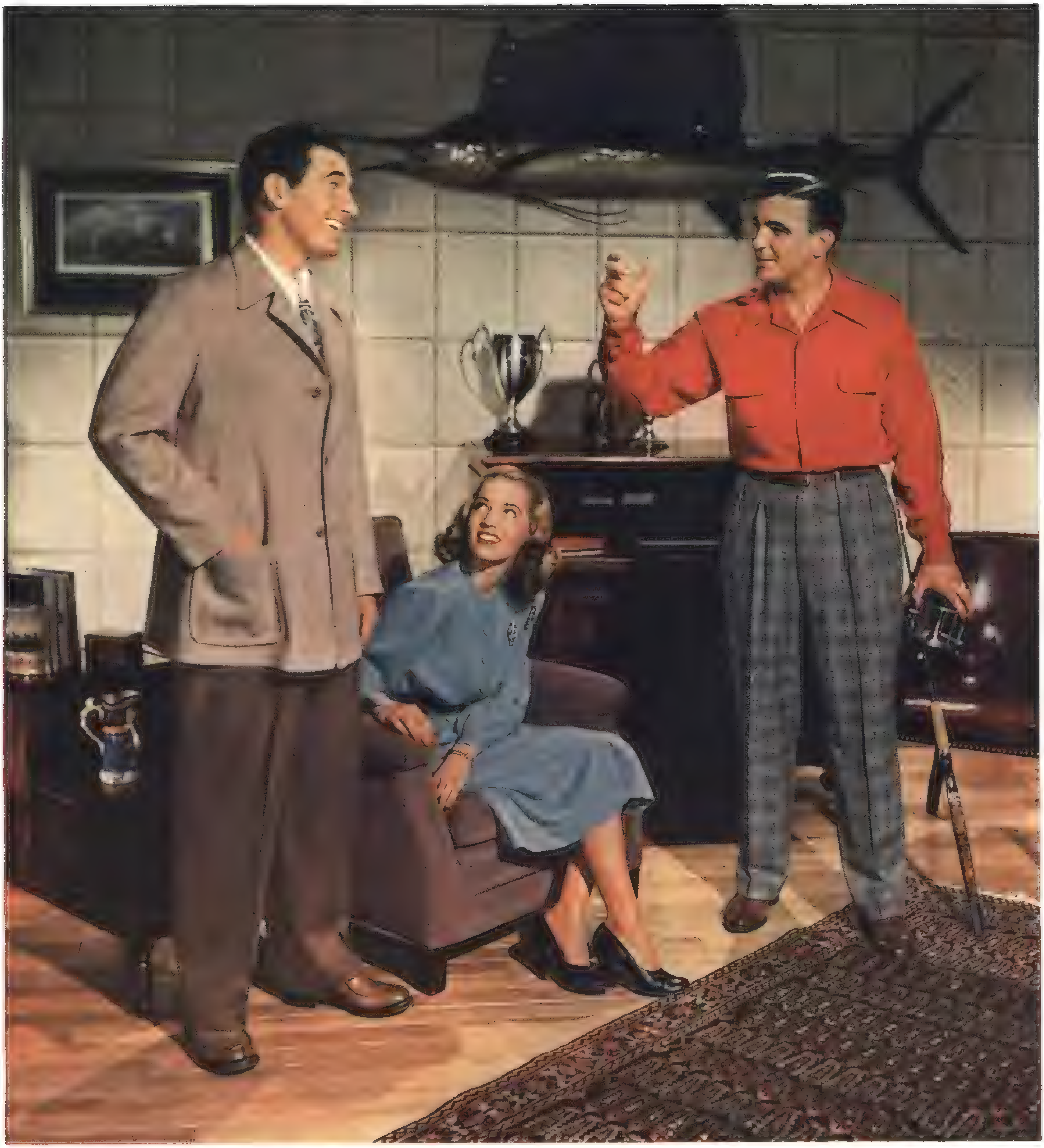

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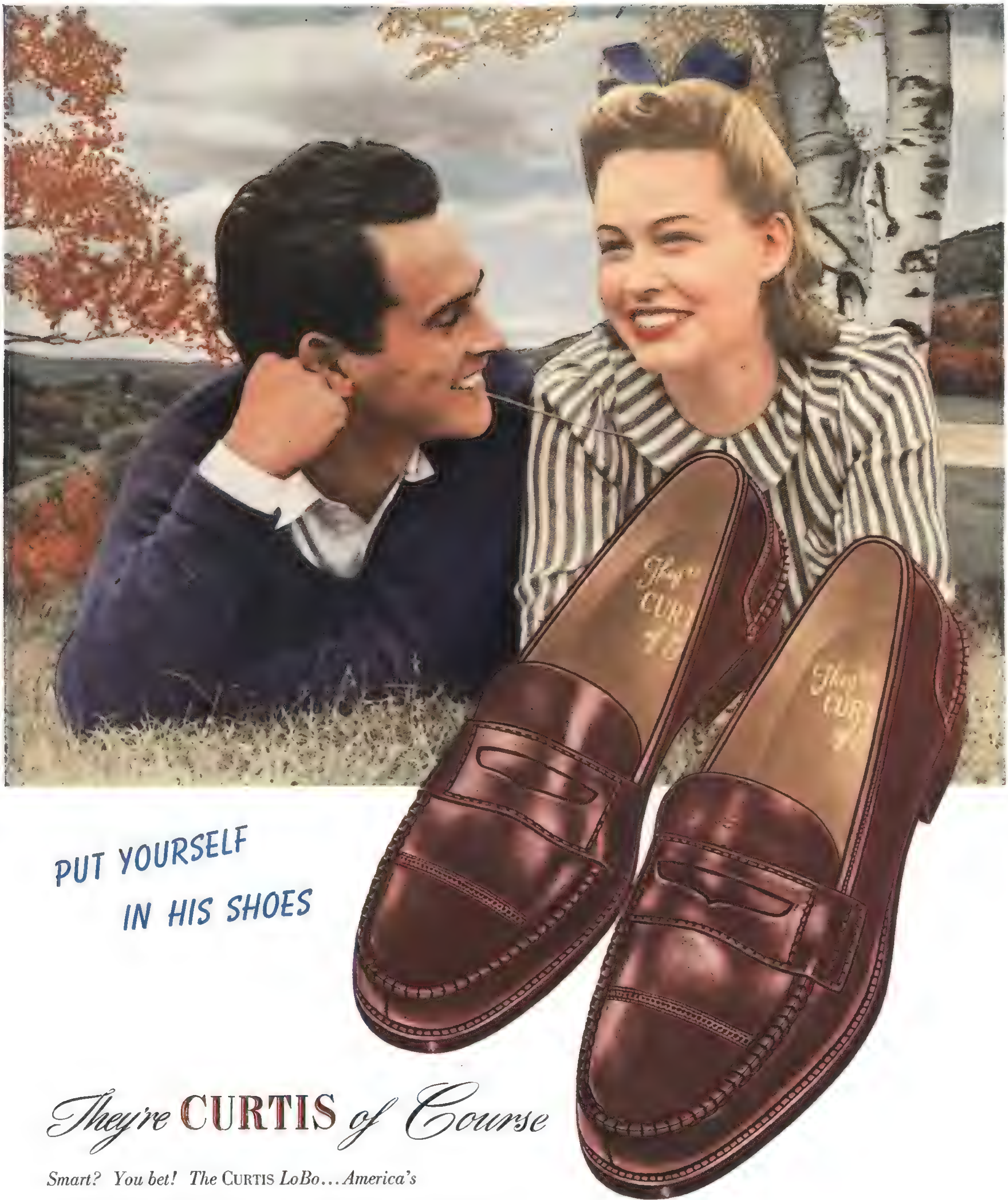

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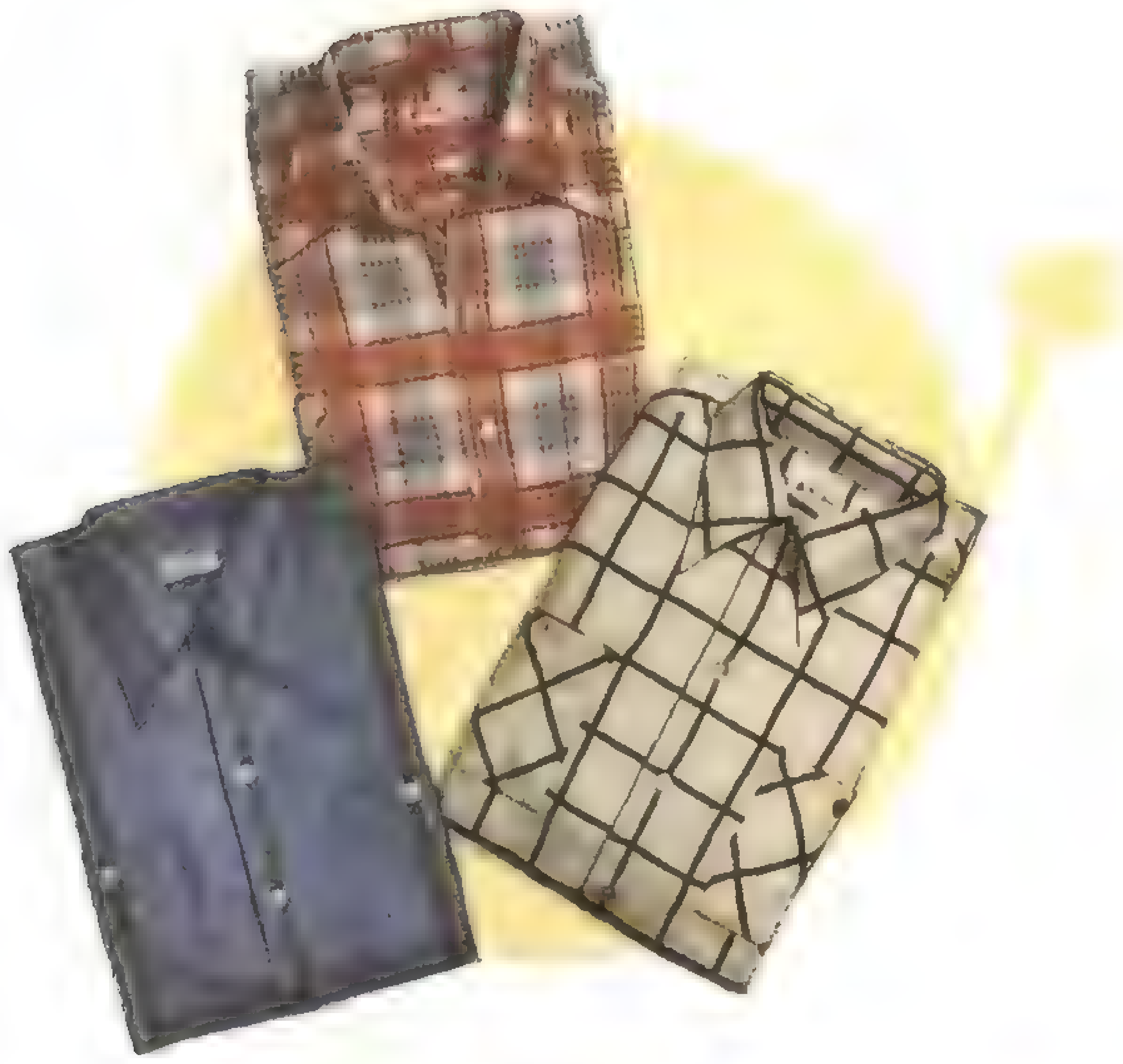

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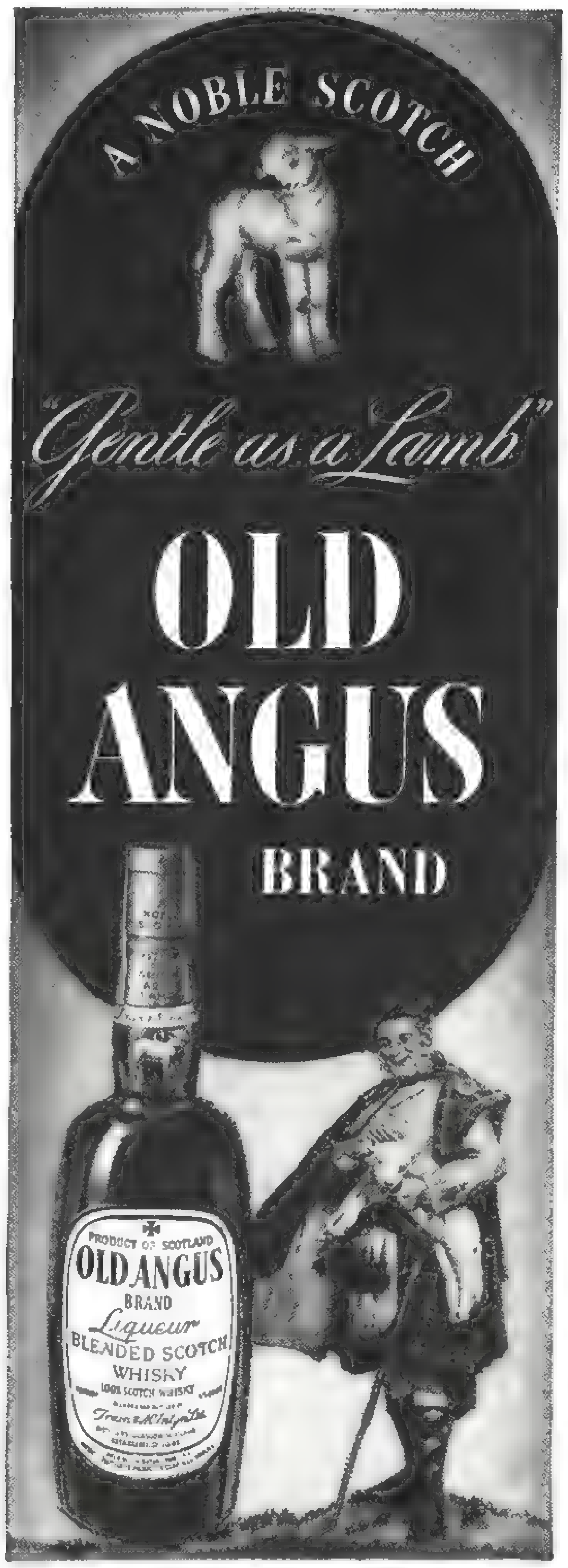

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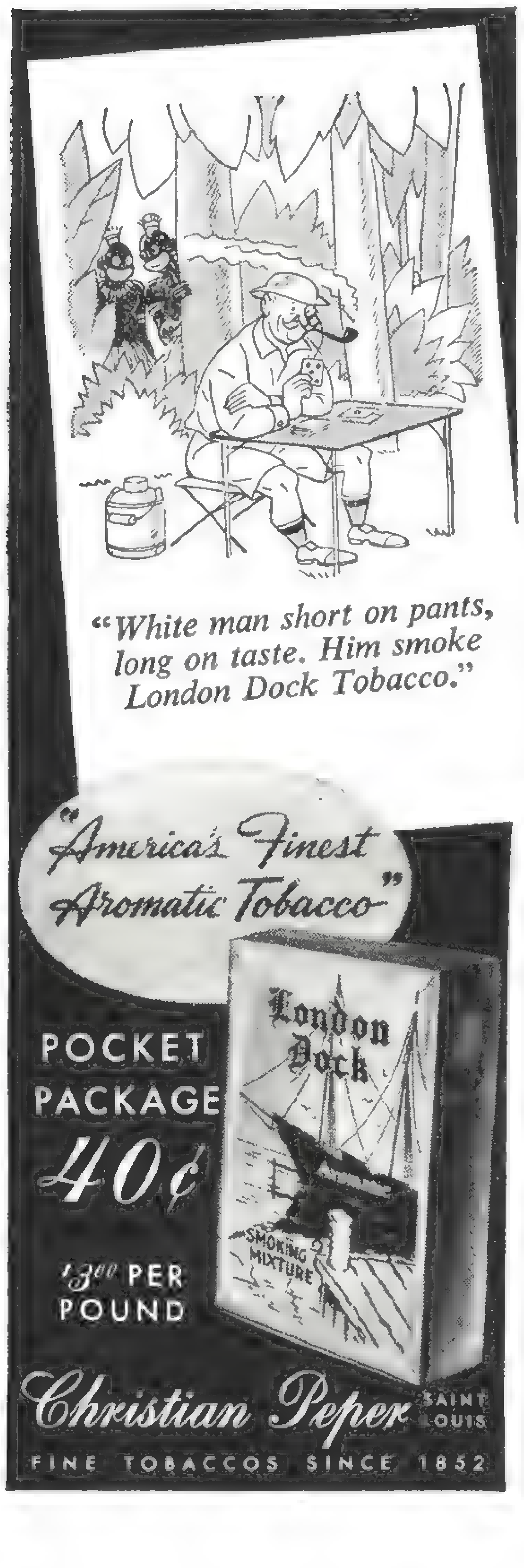

"White man short on pants, long on taste. Him smoke London Dock Tobacco."

Painting the Town with Esquire

SUNDAY IS SPECIAL at David Cowles' Town Penguin restaurant, in the Hotel Adams in the East Eighties'. Country club buffet served afternoon and evening a la Piping Rock in luxurious surroundings thoughtfully provided by Mr. Cowles, who resembles his toy penguins, the restaurant's motif. A huge and lugubrious St. Bernard, Quartus by name, is a favorite with the customers. Go early for dinner. Recommended: Cowles' cream of avocado soup with caviar. Call Alfred Roberti for reservations. No dancing.

THOSE 'BRACER BREAKFASTS' continue to draw the discriminatingly hung-over to the Hotel Madison from noon on, Sundays — something in the quality of their whiskey sours and the excellence of the Canadian bacon and scrambled eggs, the crisp toast and superb coffee. Quiet, companionable piano by George Kent from noon on. Recommended.

THE COCKEYED MAYOR of Kainakakai, the legendary Hawaiian bureaucrat who inspired the song by the same name, probably would take to the food and atmosphere and the music in the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room, now in its eleventh year. Atmosphere is pleasantly bogus Polynesian with palm fronds, drifting clouds, blue night lights and the music of Lani McIntire—or it might be Johnny Pineapple, Ray Kinney or Hal Aloma, other Hawaiian Room veterans, by the time you're here. You'll like their cocoanut-and-rum specialty served in a fresh cocoanut and you may want to dance with a paper lei around your neck. (Some 2,000,000 patrons have bedecked themselves in ten years.) Californians, especially, like this one.

PLEASANTLY BOGUS, too, are Zimmerman's Hungaria in the West middle Forties' and the Golden Fiddle in the west Seventies' — both of them striving for authentic Central European motif. But you'll receive excellent Balkan fare and service, and a reasonable facsimile of Eastern European music, (superb guitar melodies from Mirko Markovich and lusty ballades from Edo Ljuhich at the Golden Fiddle).

SAY IT'S LATE and it's music you're after. Head for Condon's, if it's really hot *music* you want, that is. You'll be certain to hear Georg Brunis' trombone, the educated trumpet of Wild Bill Davison and Joe Sullivan's extraordinary piano, plus Eddie Condon's own guitar. Tuesdays are special, with Jackie Teagarden, Bobby Hackett, Dave Tough and/or George Wettling sitting in. And, of course, Pee Wee Russell's clarinet and Gene Schroeder's band piano (if your ear's keenly enough attuned to ferret them out of the brass). You'll find an oddly-mixed crowd of musicians, painters, newspapermen —most of them suppressed musicians, one suspects—and the usual drop-in customers prowling Greenwich Village for color. Go late. Phone ahead if you like your jazz up close. Bill or Pete will squeeze you in.

IN THE SAME GROOVE, but strictly unforecastable, is that unique segment of W. 52nd known as 'swing street' and comprising the Three Deuces, the Famous Door, Downbeat, and adjoining clubs of interchangeable and alternating names. On almost any Autumn night you'll be likely to find any of the following somewhere within a radius of 200 yards: Mezz Mezzrow, Freddie Moore, Max Kaminsky, Flip Phillips, Chubby Jackson, Jack Teagarden, Ted Napoleon, Peanuts Hucko, Morey Feld or practically any musician who blows, plucks or bangs a musical instrument in the tradition of Chicago or N'Awlins.

SUPPOSE, however, it's late and you're both in a quieter mood. ESQUIREcommended! . . . El Morocco's *Champagne Room*, (Carino) with Viennese violin & piano in a romantic setting; *Blue Angel:* (Arturo), chic, sophisticated supper club with top entertainers . . . *Ruban Bleu:* periodic entertainment of first rate calibre by stars of the stature of Daphne Hellman, Evelyn Knight or Florence Desmond . . . *Spivy's Roof:* Spivy herself, singing her border-line ditties which would not amuse your maiden aunt! . . . *Village Vanguard:* celebrated basement spot which specializes in discovering really exciting cafe society talent. You'll like it . . . And either *Cafe Society*, Uptown or Downtown, provides reliable entertainment and dancing until 4 a.m. weekdays, 3 a.m. Saturdays. Go late . . .

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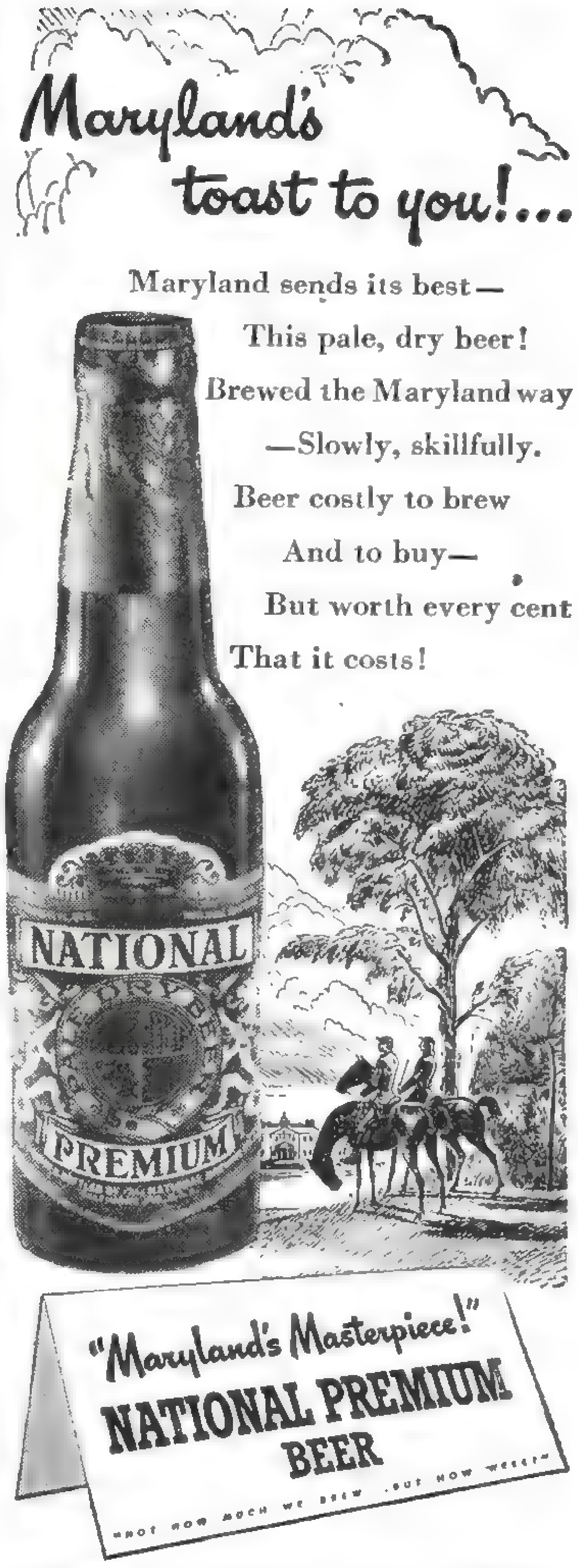

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Painting the Town with Esquire

THERE'S NO BUSINESS like show business to the Sardi family or to Leo and Clara Lindemann who own and operate Lindy's. Broadway folk say that Sardi's catches the successful bigtime producers, playwrights, directors and actors, and Lindy's the smaller fry among the featured and bit players, radio stars and bandsmen. Sardi's is recommended before theatre, especially when you're rushed—Lindy's after, if you like Broadway atmosphere. Both are West side, convenient to the showshops and quickly available as hidy-holes when rain or snow coincides with a final curtain and the taxis disappear — as they always do.

JUST OUT OF TOWN . . . The Dixie Inn, at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., boasts a 27-year-old record of unchallenged supremacy in Southern fried chicken, corn fritters, biscuits, cream gravy, mustard greens, black-eyed peas. (Phone Ada and Hannah) . . . Shep Field's Glen Island Casino (New Rochelle), now open year 'round. Excellent cuisine, top name bands, prices reasonable . . . Hans Christian Anderson (Paramus, N. J., via George Washington Bridge) has splendid Danish-American food, genteel service (by costumed waitresses) and a fine bar. Telephone ahead to Jack Madison (Reservations only!) . . . Also recommended: The Tavern, Newark . . . Charles (East Norwalk, Conn. on Route #136) . . . Villa Victor, (Syosset, L. I.) for Long Island duckling, squab, guinea hen. Excellent wines and mixed drinks. Go early.

CHICAGO's celebrated Pump Room (the Ambassador East) is still the most favored spot with out-of-towners, especially transcontinental train passengers who shun the new non-stop, no-change trains . . . Best wines and liquors, unparalleled service (by waiters in knee-breeches and hunting pink) of superb food; service by wagons, ice carts, heated marmites, Escoffier and roast wagons . . . Music by David LeWinter's orchestra and entertainment by the magician, Bert Allerton. Phil Boddy directs the ubiquitous staff (including ten captains who speak every language, including Zulu) and John Sayad is head bartender—under the oversized mural of Sarah Siddons. The Buttery thru the tunnel across the street is more conventional, with Felix and Leo Martinique, a musical combo thru October . . . Also recommended: (in Chi) Henrici's famous hangout for showfolk . . . Wrigley Building Restaurant . . . for the radio crowd. Best after theatre . . . Schulien's, the old-fashioned saloon on N. Halsted St. Solid food, good drink, and entertainment by Matt Schulien himself . . . Don the Beachcomber features Cantonese food in his usual tropical surroundings. Good after theatre . . . Shangri-la and Hoe-Sai Gai are both excellently, authentically Chinese . . . and the Athenia (Balkan)!

SAN FRANCISCO'S dining showspot is still Trader Vic's Polynesian restaurant located, perversely, in Oakland—but only 25 mins. away via the Bay Bridge. A favorite with visiting celebrities. Try any of Vic's myriad rum mixtures, but not too many! In rums, he features Barbados, Cuban, Demerara, Puerto Rican, Jamaican, New England, Martinique, Haitian and too many others for mention. Vic's barbecued squab and chicken are incredibly good. So, too, with his Cantonese, Javanese and Polynesian specialties. An absolute must.

Also Recommended: (in SF) Izzy Gomez' newspaper hangout on Pacific Street. Izzy's death has made little change in the splendid food, drink and service—or even the atmosphere. Strongly recommended . . . The House of Harris, Tommy Harris' smart supper club, with excellent food, fine wines and liquors and Al Wallace's band. Harris himself clowns and handles the show which includes headliners (one at a time) such as Jerry Lester, Dwight Fiske or Myrus, the mentalist . . . Top-o'-the-Mark (Hopkins) is a must for visitors. Good food and drink with an almost unparalleled view of America's most beautiful city . . . The quiet gentility of the Clift dining room and its excellent food and service . . . And, of course, the congenial atmosphere of the Press Club, its good bar and fine dinners (by invitation only).

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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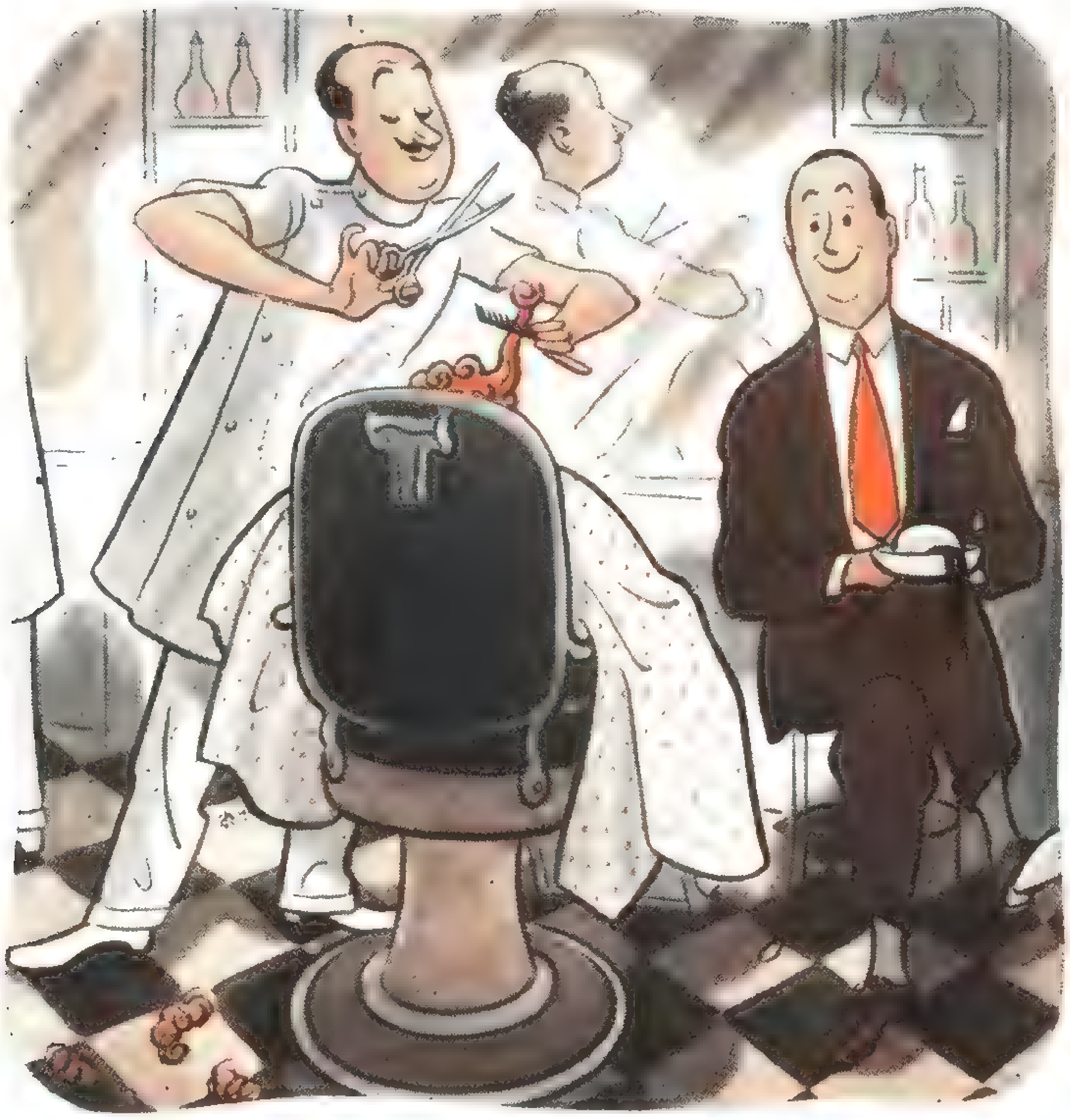

When Junior's curls need cutting off,
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His Daddy firmly takes him to
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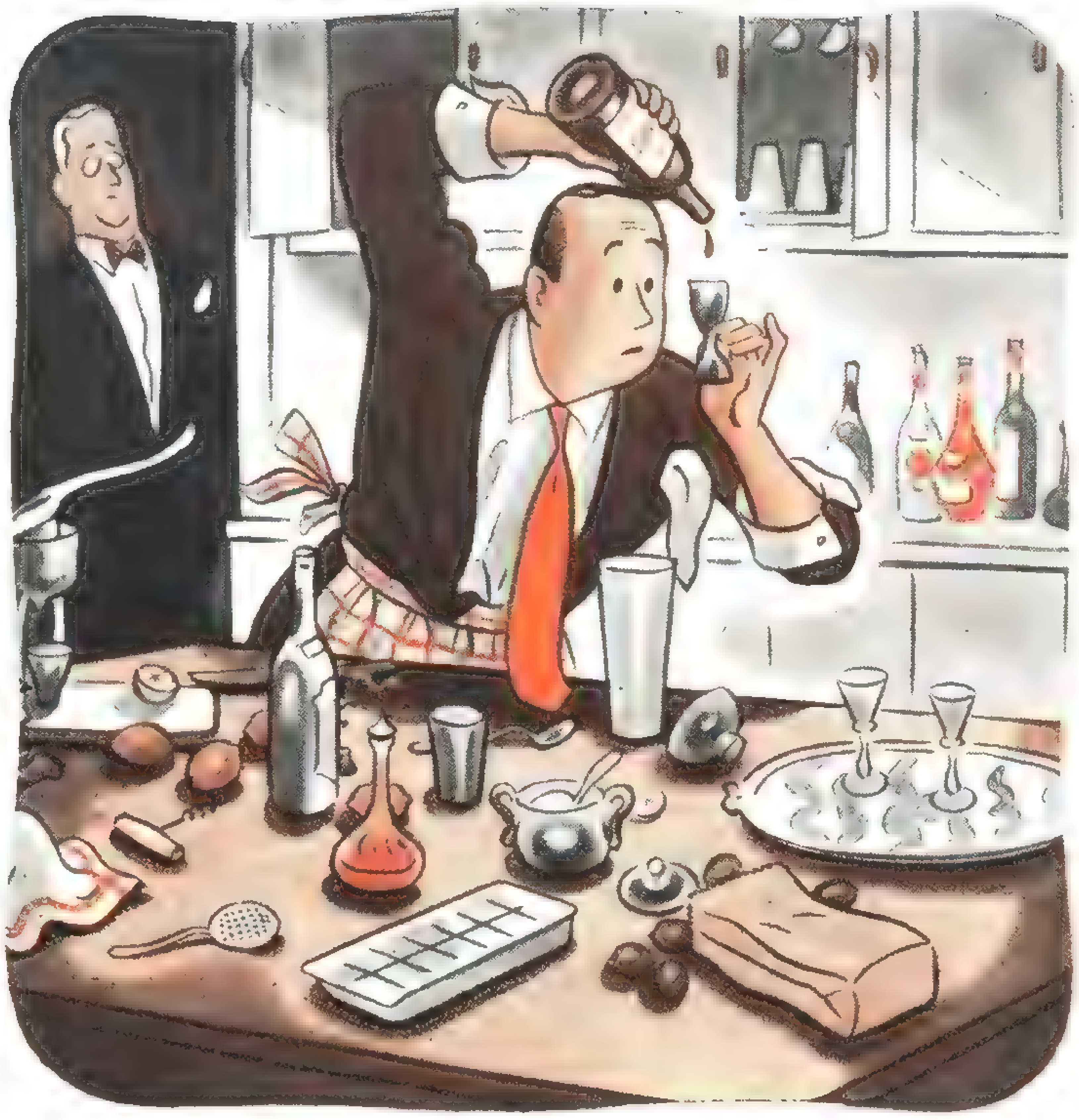

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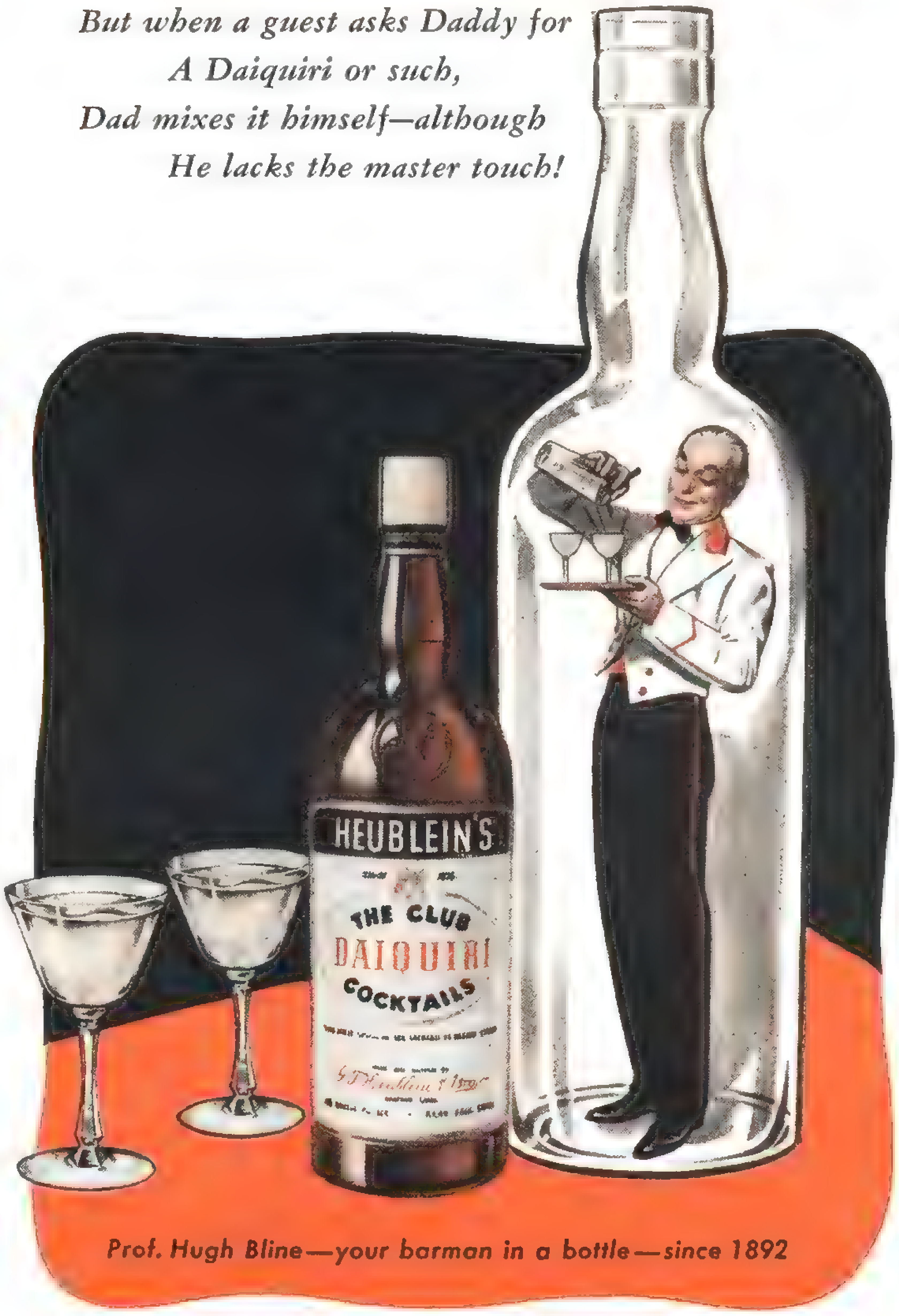

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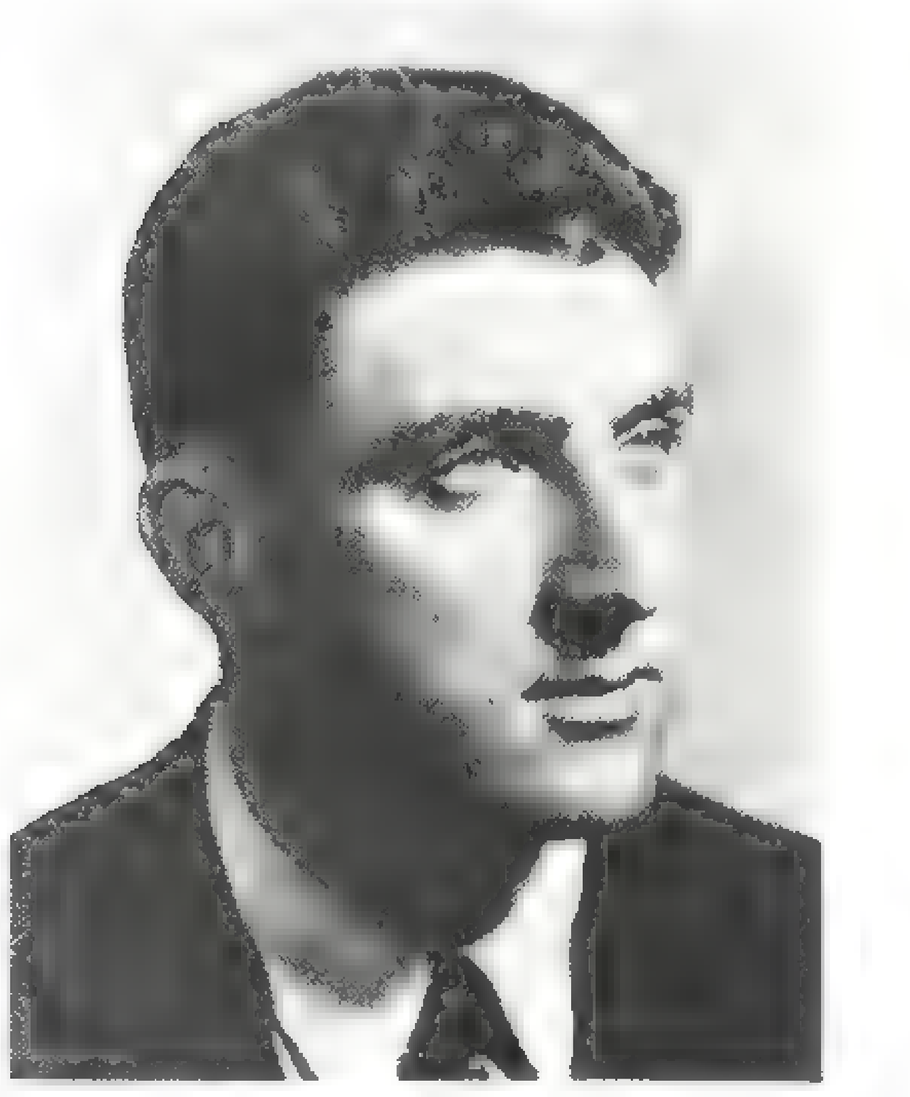
Backstage with Esquire

Nathaniel Benchley

NATHANIEL BENCHLEY attended Exeter and Harvard University, where he followed the course of his father, Robert Benchley, by being editor of the *Lampoon*. Having worked as a city reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune*, he declares, "I frittered away four-and-a-half years in the U. S. Navy, where I learned that a single-screw ship backs to port and that chlorinated water makes only passable lemonade. Went to *Newsweek* last year as assistant entertainment editor and have spent the last year and a half reviewing movies and plays and writing side pieces on assorted subjects." He is married, as you might guess from his current skit, *Are Husbands Helpless?*, which appears on page 75, and has two children.

J. EDGAR GROVE (*A Hell of a Note*, page 69) is twenty-three, has been contributing to magazines for the past four years, lives in Pine Meadow, Connecticut, admits to an incurable passion for growing beards and a rather fractious disposition. He says: "Although my first three books died natural demises in the publisher's office, I have observed signs of pregnancy in my typewriter of late and hope to have a fourth ready for submission soon."


Irwin Shaw

IRWIN SHAW, the distinguished dramatist and short-story writer, was graduated from Brooklyn College with a B. A. in 1934. Outside the classroom he played football, wrote a school-newspaper column and plays for the dramatic society, tutored and ghosted theses for students at New York University. For awhile he wrote radio serials, among them The Gumps and Dick Tracy comic-strip dramatizations. After completing the play, *Bury the Dead*, he quit radio for good and all. *Siege*, his second play, was a gloomy and immediate failure. *The Gentle People*, produced in 1939, was fairly successful, and *Quiet City*, tried out in experimental production by the Group Theatre, was closed before critics were allowed in. He has written many short stories of a high order for *The New Yorker*, *Story*, and *The Yale Review* as well as for this publication, the latest of which is *The Single Brute* on page 64. During the war he served with a motion-picture unit of the Signal Corps in Cairo, England and France.

DICK HOLDSWORTH, author of *Ahead of His Time*, page 124, has written political and theatrical news both here and abroad, and produced color movie commercials. At the present time he is director of public relations for a bakery, and lives in Port Chester, New York.

DOUGLAS CLARK, whose laughs-across-the-sea in an occasional series (*A Long, Low Whistle* appears on page 111) have endeared him to American readers, is a reporter for the *Evening Post* of Bristol, England.

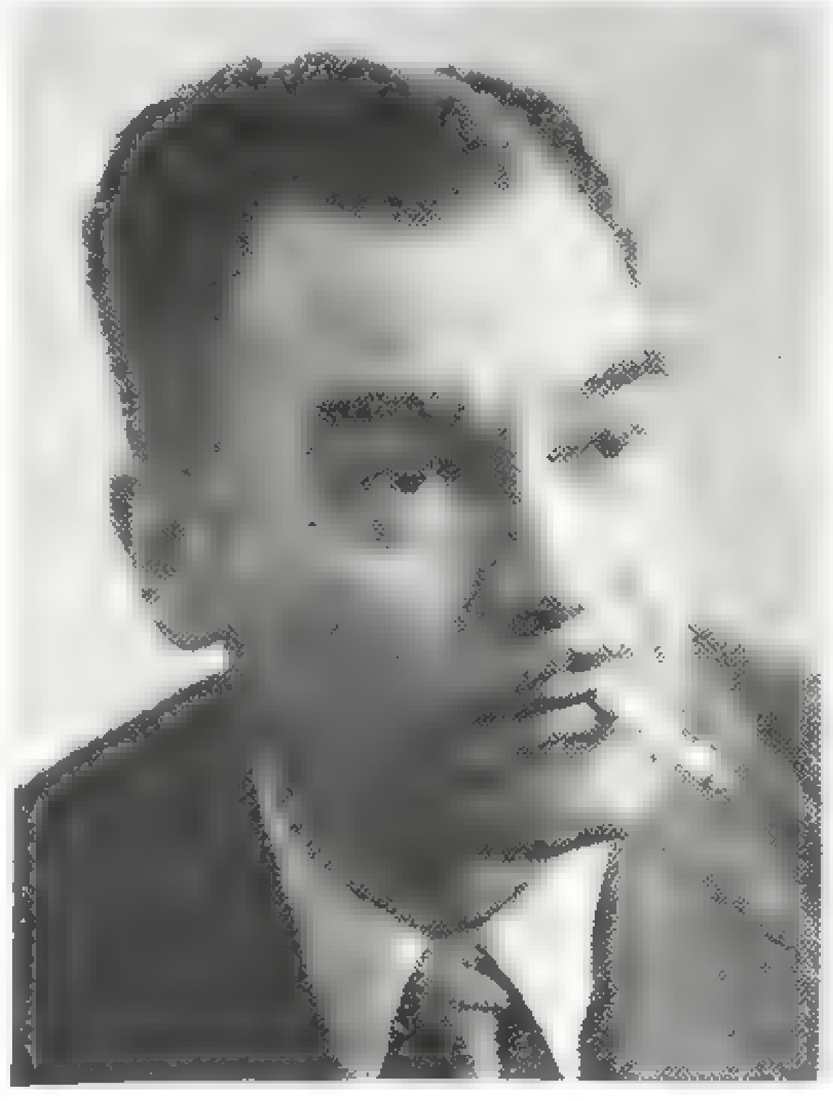
Walt Henry

WALT HENRY, a nineteen-year-old student at Haverford College, in Philadelphia, claims he's a two-timer, "pursuing at a fast canter any course having to do with writing and dramatics. I suppose I belong to the journalistic school of writers, since I do most of my work with people dropping in and out of my room at school, bumming cigarettes, shouting, waiting to use the telephone, and I thrive on this sort of thing, pouring my soul out at the typewriter as the bedlam mounts. I like backstage atmosphere and *The Lights* (page 112) is an attempt to get some of the fascinating montage of sight, sound and smell from that side of the footlights onto paper." How well he succeeded readers may judge. Personally we were amazed to learn that the author of this sensitive and convincing story was a college student—not a seasoned trouper.

Hayden Norwood

HAYDEN NORWOOD, who contributed the sly satire called *The Gaudy Cat*, is the author of several books, most recently a study of Thomas Wolfe's mother, *The Marble Man's Wife*. Since getting a B. A. degree at Lehigh University and an M. A. at Cornell, he has been a librarian at Lehigh and done newspaper work; he is now on the staff of the Allentown *Morning Call*. Possessor of the largest collection of Mozart records in the Lehigh Valley, upon learning of the acceptance of his first book, *Common Sense Etiquette Dictionary*, he forthwith ordered $52 worth of imported recordings of Mozart and Haydn. He has produced considerable ghostwriting, and his stories have appeared in such distinguished media as *Virginia Quarterly* and *Story*.

JOHN C. ROSS (*Robot Wings of Death*, page 66) is a pseudonym for a former newspaper reporter and Midwestern university instructor, who frequently writes on aeronautical subjects. He says: "I am a licensed pilot, but was not in service because of that occupational disease of the writing trade—poor eyesight. I once worked on a small-town daily where we never got enough letters to fill our letters column. So I created JOHN C. ROSS to write letters to the editor on any subject he happened to be concerned about. Ross started out as a somewhat crotchety old boy, but he gets mellower with the years. Now he has turned his attention entirely to factual articles and lets editorializing go by the boards. Maybe his experience is a good way to get started at that."


Joseph Kinsey Howard

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD is a Montana writer who put in twenty-one years on newspapers, mostly as news editor of a daily in Great Falls, where he still lives. After publication of his first book, *Montana: High, Wide and Handsome*, he joined The Montana Study, an experimental project in community education established by the Rockefeller Foundation and the University of Montana. Last year he edited *Montana Margins: A State Anthology*. He deplores the effect of journalism on a writer's imagination, but regards Esquire's acceptance of *It Was Like This Before* as a heartening indication.

"While '*Karsh, You've Immortalized Me*' is the first piece I've sold, I'm not exactly new to magazines," says JAMES L. MCCONAUGHY, JR., "having worked for *Time* for nine years. I started as office boy in New York, was leg man in Chicago and Washington and for the past year and a half have run their Ottawa bureau. I joined the Marines halfway through the war, served as Air Intelligence Captain with a dive-bomber outfit in the Northern Solomons. Somewhere along the line they gave me a Bronze Star, an Air Medal and barely enough points to be home by Christmas. I have a wife and three kids and a tremendous liking for Canada and its capital."

RICHARD ENGLISH, whose *Love on the Half Shell*, on page 82, marks his second appearance in Esquire, reports from Beverly Hills, California, that his first novel, *The Sugarplum Staircase*, will be published by Simon and Schuster in November.

Eduardo Jayen

Speaking in character, EDUARDO JAYEN, author of *Sportsmans in Spain*, says: "I were pitched into these world with invisible means of support by parents roaming abroad. I pursue educations and have monumental success. Latest victory are feathers in my hats because I am ex-honor graduate night school one-year English study at which I excell all other idiots in class. Now I am journalist but gain only small monies from newspaper whereby heart and intestines is sometime filled with misery. However, as prophet Daniel walked safely out of lion's den, I hope sometimes soon do likewise."

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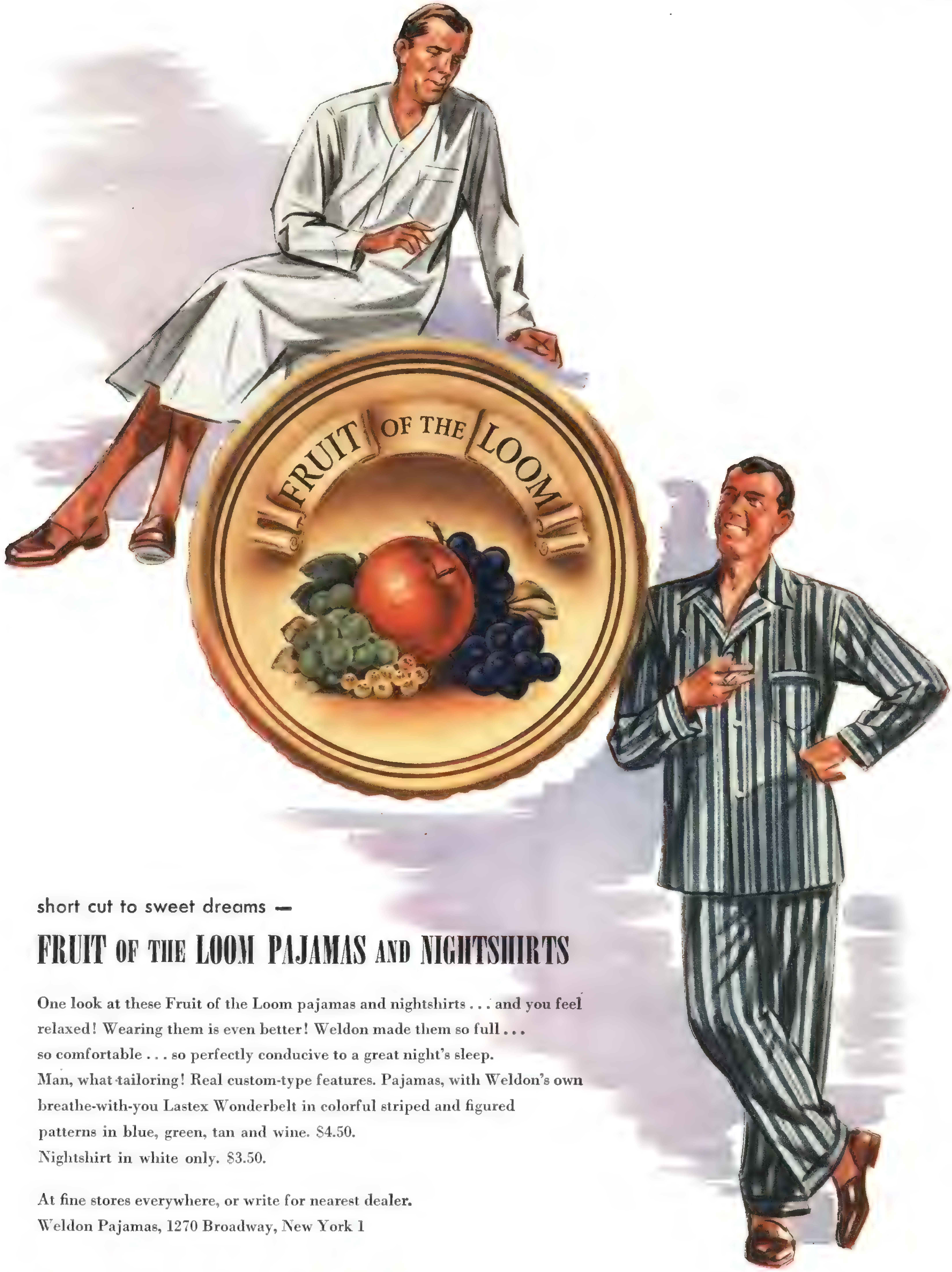

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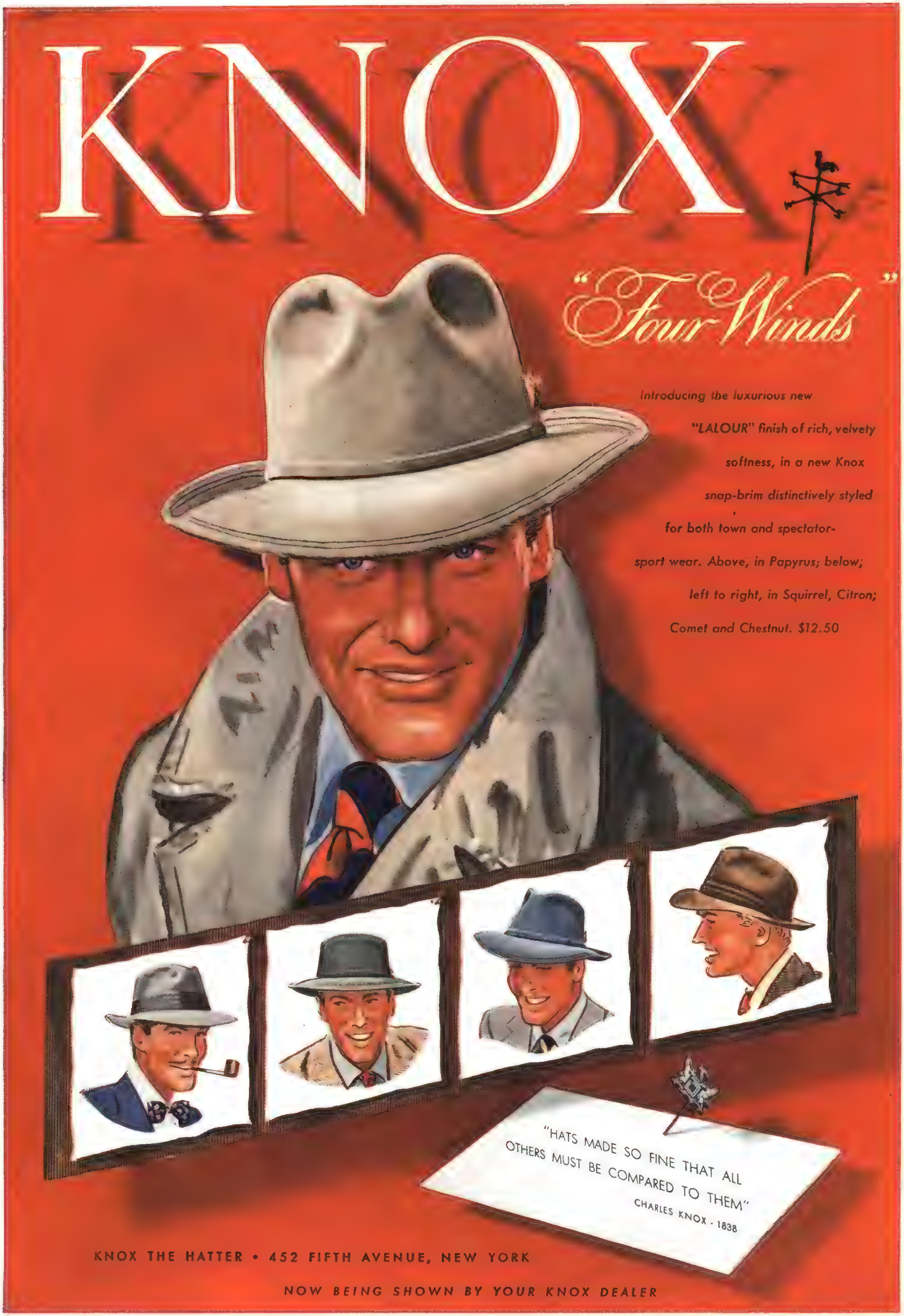

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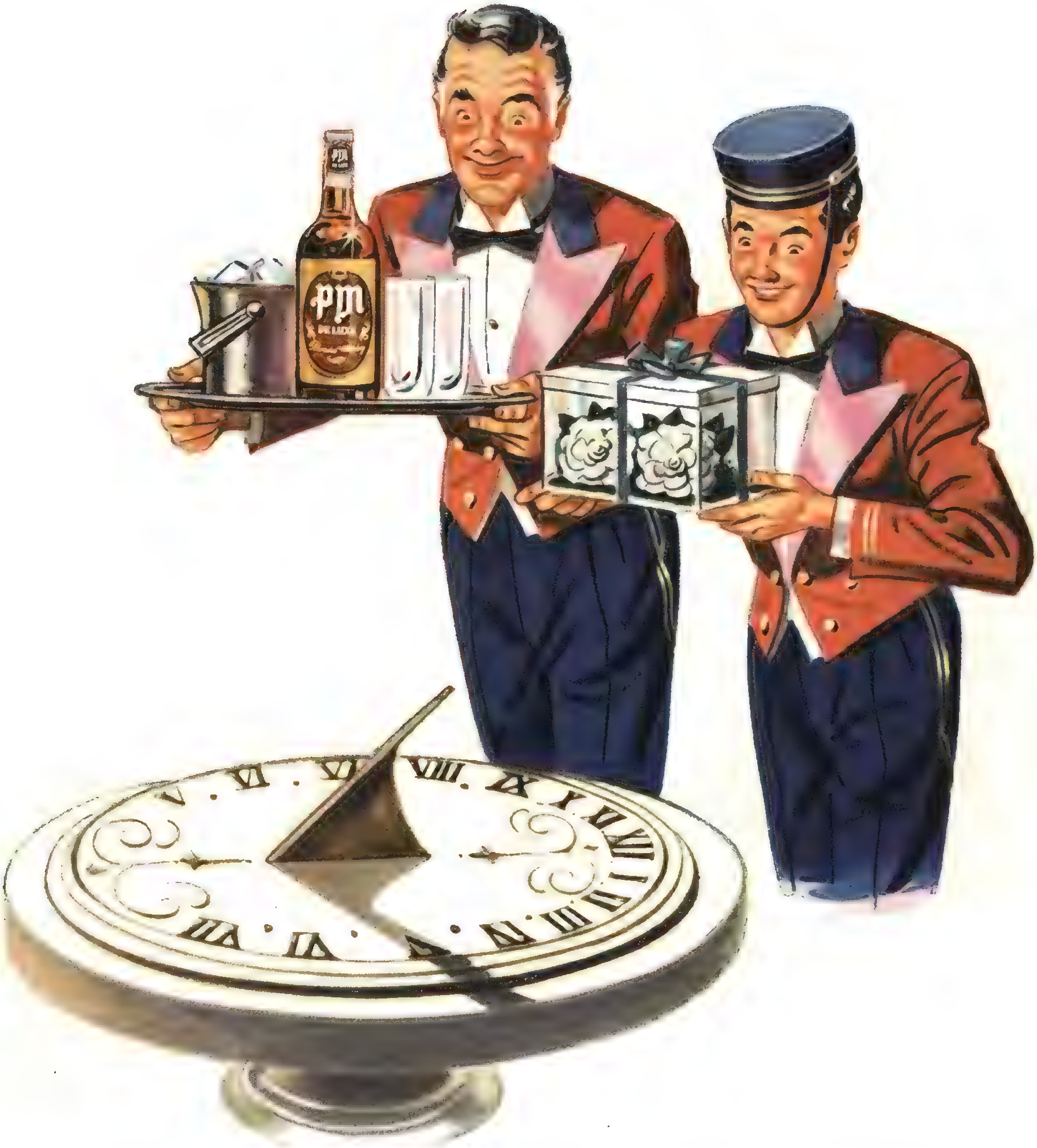

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THIS MAN'S WORLD:

Life in Merrie England

You're sitting pretty while John Bull has a patch on the seat of his pants

by **PAUL GALLICO**

FAULKNER

Count your blessings, my friends, readers, clients and constituents back home, but take stock and count them quickly while you've still got 'em.

Your city, or your home town is not blacked out two years after the war, but London and the cities of England are. Here it is like during the blitz, a dead and gloomy city after dark. Pitch blackness mantles the city, with here and there a dimmed street lamp casting a few yellow rays to the edges of the shadows. The murk is broken only by the changing red and green traffic lights, as it was during the war, and the headlights of the cars are a little brighter. To be on the street is like walking in a cave. Somehow, when there is no light, one's footfalls seem to give off an eerie and hollow sound. The display signs are turned off, the shop windows are dark. Many of the side streets and alleys are lightless to the point of danger. Footpads and thugs who thrive on blackouts are on the prowl in London again. Only when the full moon shines and the delicate spires of the Christopher Wren churches and the crazy chimney pots and old roof lines of the city are silhouetted against its disk is London beautiful.

You can drop into a cigar or drugstore at home when you feel the need for the solace of tobacco, and for less than twenty cents buy your pack of cigarettes, your tin of tobacco, or a cigar. The Englishman cannot—at least not the ordinary Joe Blow Britisher who is barely getting by on his household budget. For his packet of gaspers now costs him seventy cents, an ounce of pipe tobacco is over a dollar, and a cigar completely out of reach at from five to seven dollars apiece. And some of you think that things are tough back home.

You are eating better than ever before and the Englishman worse. No bacon, no fats, no rice, no decent flour, little or no pastes and farinas, cereals rationed, milk watered, creamless and scarce, meat per person weekly about in the amount you would pack for Junior's school lunch every day, sugar, candy, all canned goods rationed so that everybody has a little, but nobody ever has enough—of anything, including proper and nourishing foods, no oranges and lemons, not enough tea or jams, bread on the ration, every meal a struggle.

Gasoline is still rationed here, new cars are unobtainable, new refrigerators and other household appliances are hard to get. Everything that you consider a taken-for-granted part of your daily life—soap, quick laundry, pleasant, easy transportation, ice cream, warmth and comfort—is an unattainable luxury to the Britisher. Your icebox is a necessity to you, but here it is classed as a super-luxury item and carries a 66⅔ per cent luxury purchase tax on it.

In your town, you can buy new clothes, underwear, shirts, ties, suits, dresses, shoes, overcoats, handkerchiefs, sports clothes as you need them and can afford them. The English family is bedeviled with the point system and rationed dry goods. He may have the money, but if he hasn't the points, the goods remain tantalizingly behind shop windows.

His railroads are falling apart; he must stand up in train corridors for eight or ten hours when he takes a trip. He must stand in line for busses, food, movies, theatres, even for a sandwich or a cup of tea when he goes out of town on holiday. His newspapers have been cut down again in size and there isn't enough paper for the books he would like to read.

Comes wintertime this year and the lights in his home will be turned off after nine o'clock, cooking gas will flow but a few hours a day, and he will not be allowed to use electric current for heating or cooking appliances. Coal will be rationed by the bucket instead of by the ton.

His hotels are shabby and run down, there are no more dishes, towels, or table silver, no paint to freshen up cracked and peeling walls, no wood and timber to make repairs.

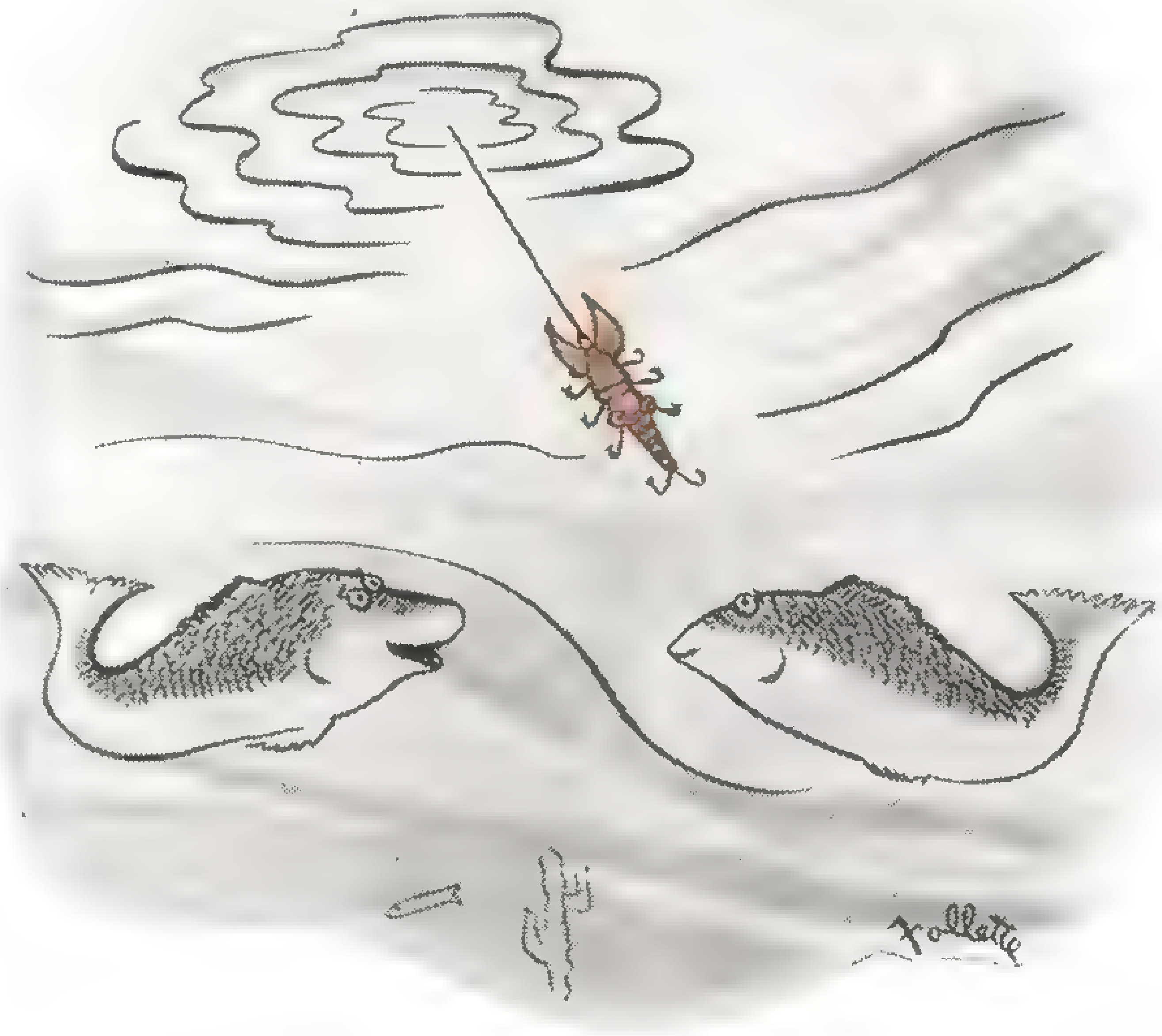
His entire standard of living from top to bottom, in every field of existence, has undergone a sharp and tragic decline. His economy is wrecked.

Traveling about and living in England, you think back of life in the United States and wonder how we would like the same standards. And you cannot escape the thought that all we need do is keep on the way we are going and pretty soon we can have them.

England got this way as the result of two wars. We are fixing to do it to ourselves. All we have to do is keep on knocking down production and hollering for less work at more pay. Strike at the slightest provocation, listen to and fall for sucker foreign ideologies like Communism or Fascism, continue the big grab for the immediate buck and stick to the inflation spiral of higher wages, higher prices, more money and less work and we will achieve the miseries of the English living standards by methods as certain as fighting and winning a major war.

Fight your neighbors, set capital against labor, labor against itself, class against class, section against creed, creed against creed, and the beautiful and secure mansion of the United States of America will come tumbling down about our ears. It couldn't happen to us? That's what the British thought.

Spend a few weeks in England and you will become reaffirmed in your conviction that we have the greatest country and the finest system of government as yet devised by man, and that we are busily engaged in ruining both. We're on the right track, chums. Just pick up your home morning paper and read the latest speech of your narrow-minded congressman or senator, or the big power-crazy labor leader, or the backward, (Continued on page 136)



"Gosh! Those things are getting as silly-looking as women's hats!"

The Single Brute

Tower's world seemed out of tune and the roguish defiance of Sergeant, his lively Irish setter, punctured his self-esteem

by **IRWIN SHAW**

It was that melancholy time of year when all memory of summer seems to have vanished from the frozen land. Here and there, in the ditches along the road, there were sandy drifts of snow through which Sergeant plowed when he came bounding back from his swings through the woods. But for the most part the rolling tough ground was bare and brown, and the stripped, rigid branches of the trees were brittle with frost, winter-stunned and dead.

Stuart Tower walked slowly along the road, Kate trotting dutifully at his side, oblivious to Sergeant's baying invitations to explore the splintery underbrush. Kate and Sergeant were Irish setters, large, thin, red dogs with soft eyes and lolling ears. Tower had bought them as puppies and when he and Cynthia had got the divorce they had tossed a coin for the dogs, because they did not wish to break up the faithful and happy union. That was more than two years ago, and by now Tower was a little sorry that he had won the toss. Kate was a delightful dog, well-mannered, grave, affectionate, obedient. But Sergeant chased cats, howled all night at the full moon, growled ferociously at the mailman, dragged dead rats and rabbits into the living room, wandered off with a grinning, brute, sly pretense at deafness when Tower called him to heel, and in general gave Tower a sense of inefficiency and impotence by his rowdy and independent ways.

But today Tower did not pay much attention to the dogs. He had brought down a great deal of work from the office with the pretense that he needed the quiet of the country to go through it all; but the real reason for his solitary retreat into the large, empty house in the Connecticut hills was that he wanted to think about what to do with Madge. Tower was a large, slow-moving, methodical man, who carefully examined all sides of a problem before coming to any decisions. And Madge in the last two weeks had slowly developed into a problem. Item, he thought, scuffing his heavy hunting boots in the hard dust of the road, she is a very attractive woman, not so young as to be silly, not so old as to be desperate. Item, he thought, the eleven years with Cynthia which had ended in the Nevada court had left him no great admiration for marriage. Item, he had found himself restless, bored, unable to read or amuse himself in the last few weeks when he was not with Madge in the evenings. Item, the two years of bachelorhood had been very pleasant, easy, relaxed, free, in a way he had forgotten existed; and even the occasional hours of loneliness had given him a sober and thoughtful sense of pleasure. Item, there was no doubt about it, Madge was beginning to expect a declaration from him, one way or another, and . . . There was a wild roar of barking beside him and Sergeant streaked past him toward the crossroad twenty yards ahead, brushing heavily against his leg and nearly tripping him. A horse and rider appeared at the crossroad, the horse trotting slowly, the rider, Tower saw, young Barbara Reilly, whose father owned the adjoining property.

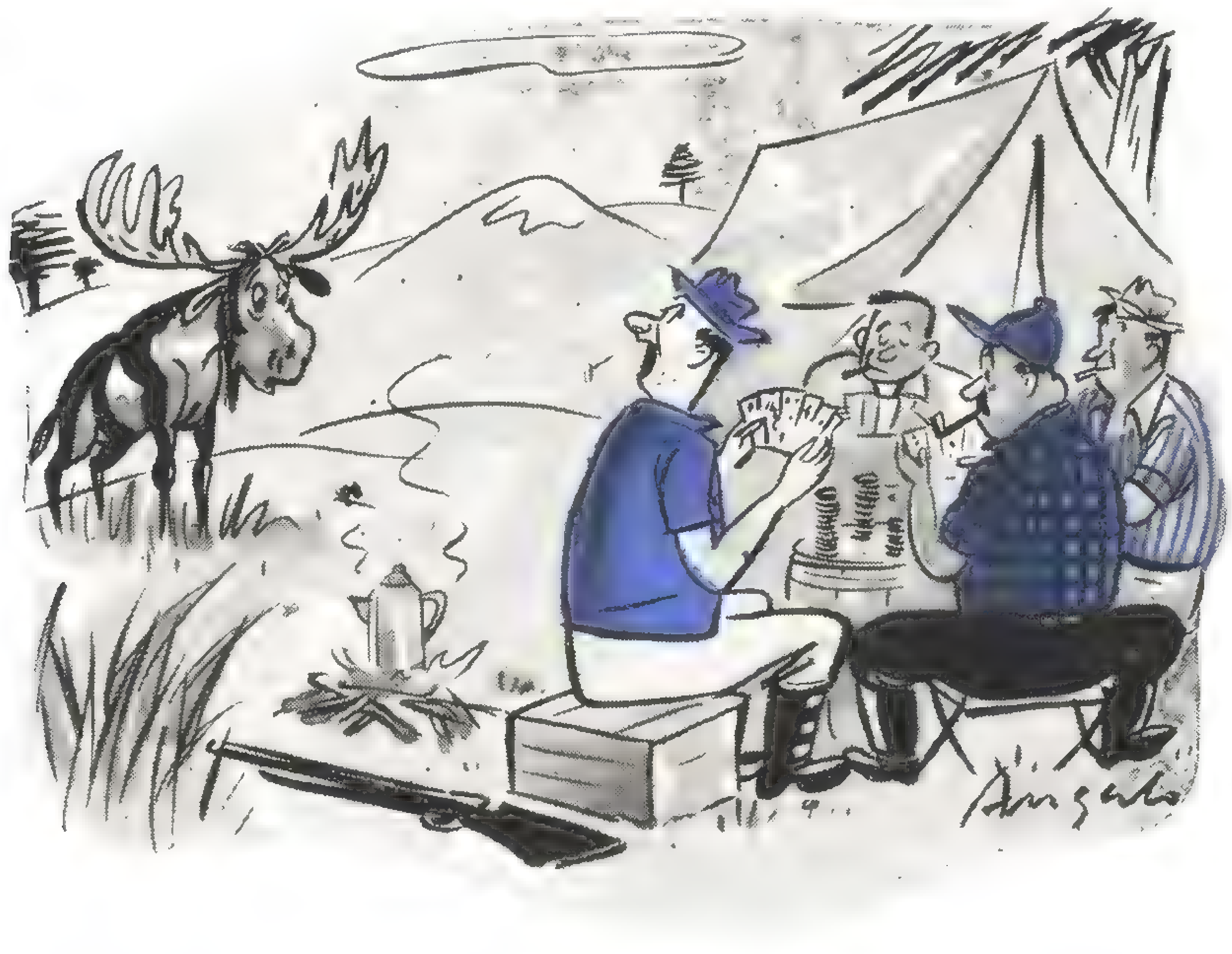
"Sergeant!" Tower called loudly, starting to run after the wildly barking dog, who by this time was worrying the flickering heels of the saddle horse. "Sergeant, come back here!" But it was too late. The horse danced nervously in a tight, tense circle, with the large red dog snapping in and out between the hoofs and the twelve-year-old rider pulling anxiously back on the reins. Sergeant barked furiously, leaping up at the horse's muzzle. The horse, a tall brown colt, reared back and Barbara nearly fell off. Then the colt jumped ahead and bolted down the road, with the young rider stretched forward, out of the saddle, desperately clinging to the horse's neck.

"Sergeant!" Tower shouted. "Sergeant! Stop that!" He ran to the junction and looked down the road. The horse was still going at a dead gallop, his hoofs making a harsh clatter on the frozen surface. Barbara, thank God, was still aboard. Sergeant, his tail waving high and gay, was in dancing, loud pursuit, his baying coming back menacing and musical over his soft, fleet, russet shoulders. Kate kept demurely at Tower's heels, watching her mate with ladylike interest, but restraining herself from the glories of the chase. The colt took a fence, Barbara somehow managing to hang on, and Sergeant stopped. He stood at the fence, barked twice, challenging and triumphant, then turned and trotted back, his jaw hanging open, with an air of righteous enthusiasm.

Tower peered across the fields where Barbara was slowly bringing the colt under control. Then, satisfied that the girl was all right, but knowing that there would be an unpleasant scene that night with Mr. Reilly, a large, untidy man who grew pugnaciously drunk by six-thirty each evening, Tower turned back to Sergeant. The big red dog was stretching lazily, his forepaws extended deep before him, his mouth wide open, the red tongue and dead white teeth showing in lazy, pleased self-satisfaction. Sergeant wasn't even looking at Tower, but had his eyes keenly, and with what could only be described as a look of vanity and amusement, on Kate. Kate minced slowly over toward him, and for a moment they brushed muzzles, side by side.

"Get over here!" Tower called angrily. "Heel! Sergeant! Heel!" He felt his arms trembling with nervousness as he thought of what could have happened to the Reilly girl. "Sergeant!" Tower said taking a step toward the dog. Sergeant stretched magnificently, deep red and handsome on the grey road, looked up once, insolently, at Tower, nudged Kate gently and fleetingly, then turned and trotted easily off into the woods. Kate glanced after him, then walked in a dignified and proper manner over to Tower and sat obediently down at his feet.

Tower called once more, but there was no sound or movement from the woods into which Sergeant had disappeared. Tower shook his head, feeling depressed and beaten, thinking, as he had so often before, that he should do something about Sergeant, but not quite certain about what it should be. He leaned over and patted Kate's silken head and



"G'wan, beat it!"

started back to the house with Kate swinging along placidly at his heel.

Rigorously he kept himself from thinking about Madge. He was too disturbed by the dog's behavior, too jittery, to be able to consider anything seriously, and he told himself that any decision he arrived at now would be hasty and improperly balanced.

Clem was coming out of the barn with a bucket in his hand when Tower passed the barn on the way to the house. Tower stopped and said, "Hello," hearing his voice still trembling a little and annoyingly out of control. Clem was a man of nearly sixty, who lived with his family on a small house on the property and farmed Tower's land for him in exchange for the house and three-quarters of the produce of the land. He found time, too, to do odd jobs around the house and in general take care of the place when Tower was in town. He had lived on the property ever since Tower had bought it seven years before and a quiet, reserved friendship had been built up between the two men in the time they had known each other.

"Evening, Mr. Tower," Clem said. "Had a good walk?"

"Good enough," Tower said, "until Sergeant started acting up. He nearly killed young Barbara Reilly."

"Ah," Clem said gravely, putting down the bucket. He had a rough, farmer's face, with a big nose, and wrinkled, weather-worn skin. He spoke very little and had an air of competence with animals and machinery that always reassured Tower when he watched Clem working about the farm.

"I was a $40-a-week bookkeeper, and decided to be a $10,000-a-year embezzler"

"She came riding by on that brown colt of theirs," Tower said, feeling he was speaking too fast and in a tone of unreasonable complaint, but not being able to slow himself down, "and Sergeant lit off after her and made the horse bolt. I thought she was going to be brained against a stone wall."

"Ah," Clem said, "that's too bad, now."

"She's all right," Tower said. "She hung on. But I'll have to call her father and you know what he's like."

"It will be a bad ten minutes this evening," Clem said, grinning.

"That dog," Tower said. "He's getting impossible. Every time I take him for a walk, I'm involved in a neighborhood scandal."

"It is true," Clem said gravely, "he does chase after things a bit."

"Horses," Tower said, "cars, people coming by the house. And he only obeys when it suits him. I asked you to take him in hand last summer . . ." He was surprised at the querulous and accusing tone of his own voice.

Clem glanced at him momentarily, then shifted his weight and stared down at the bucket. "The dog," Clem said, "does present a problem. I tried with him, but I haven't been very successful."

"You've been pretty damned unsuccessful," Tower said quickly and angrily, "if you ask me."

"Ah," Clem said, "I suppose you might say I have. Still, it's not so serious really, is it now, Mr. Tower? He only makes a fuss on his own property and he never really bites anyone, does he? You ought to be thankful for that, anyway."

"I'm not thankful," Tower said, "I'm not thankful at all. I don't know why you can't do something with him. You've got a dog, that big collie, and you seem to be able to handle him all right. He never gets into any trouble at all."

"Different dogs, Mr. Tower," Clem said, "different natures. It's a lot like people, you know."

"I'd prefer," Tower said stiffly, "to get a little less philosophy and a little more results."

Clem picked up the bucket slowly. "If you want, Mr. Tower," he said, "we could calm him down completely."

"Of course I want," Tower said. "How?"

"Well," Clem said, "I could spay the animal."

"What?"

"Spay him. He'd be as gentle as pie in a week. It's the maleness you know, that makes all the trouble."

"Clem," Tower said loudly, "you're a damned fool." Somehow he felt himself outraged and shocked by the farmer's suggestion. "Don't you touch that dog." He turned on his heel, leaving Clem standing reflectively, an old, worn man in his shabby winter clothing in the frozen barnyard. Tower walked heavily toward the house, thinking, it's disgraceful, a free house for him and his damned family, and thirty acres of good land, and no return, no return at all . . .

He went into the house, Kate trotting quietly beside him, and had two drinks, fast, then went over to the phone heavily, and asked for Reilly's number.

Sergeant did not come in for his supper, nor did he appear all evening. But after Tower had gone to bed and had finally dozed off, bruisedly going over in his mind, in a disorderly jumble of images, the loud, unpleasant conversation with Reilly, and the various problems of freedom and spiritual profit and loss connected with Madge, there was the clear, unmistakable deep baying below his window, wild, independent, mocking on the cold dark air, as Sergeant paid his nighttime respects to Tower trying to sleep within, and to the civilized world he disdained, and to all struggling, baffled humanity.

Finally, Tower had to get up and take a pill, and even then it was a long time before he fell asleep, with a clear, brute voice brazenly disputing the moon outside his window in the chill wilderness.

Two weeks later a call came through from Clem to the office. Tower was in the middle of a conference with one of his assistants, Albie Jenkins, and he was annoyed when the phone rang and his secretary said, "Mr. Tower, it's a long-distance call from Danbury. Your home there. Mr. Clement Hoag."

"All right," Tower said, irritated, "I'll talk to him in a moment." He turned back to Jenkins who was standing before his desk with a report in his hand. "I don't know what's come over you recently, Albie," he said coldly, continuing from the point at which he had been interrupted by the telephone call, "but I must tell you, in the last six months your work has fallen off miserably. That report you have in your hand isn't worth the paper it's written on. You can talk to me, Albie . . ." He tried to make his voice pleasant and helpful, although he had grown more and more irritated with Jenkins in the past few months and he didn't feel at all pleasant or helpful. "What is it? What's the matter with you?"

He saw Jenkins, who was an earnest young man of thirty, and who had been back with the firm for over a year now after returning from the Navy, flush sulkily. Jenkins crushed the report in his hand and said, "Nothing's the matter with *me*, Mr. Tower." Then, amazingly, Jenkins wheeled and slammed out of the room. Tower looked after him speculatively, thinking, icily, the damned war has made maniacs of everybody. But even so, if he does anything like that once more, I'm going to hunt me up a new man. And I'm going to let him know it, too, this afternoon, without beating around the bush at all. As he reached for the phone, he found himself rehearsing, with harsh pleasure, some of the cutting things he was going to fling at Jenkins' head later on, things like, "You're not working for the government any more, Albie, you've got to produce here or get out," and "There are thousands of young men who'd give their right arms for your job. I don't have to stand for any nonsense from you or anyone else . . ." Good, he thought with bitter satisfaction, as he reached for the phone, that will calm him down a bit. It was too bad, he and Albie used to be so friendly and had worked together so well, but if Albie was taking advantage of him, he'd have to face the consequences.

"Hello," he said into the phone. "This is Mr. Tower."

"Mr. Tower," Clem's voice came through the slight suburban buzzing, remote, a little too loud, as though Clem had never really got used to using the telephone. "This is Clem Hoag."

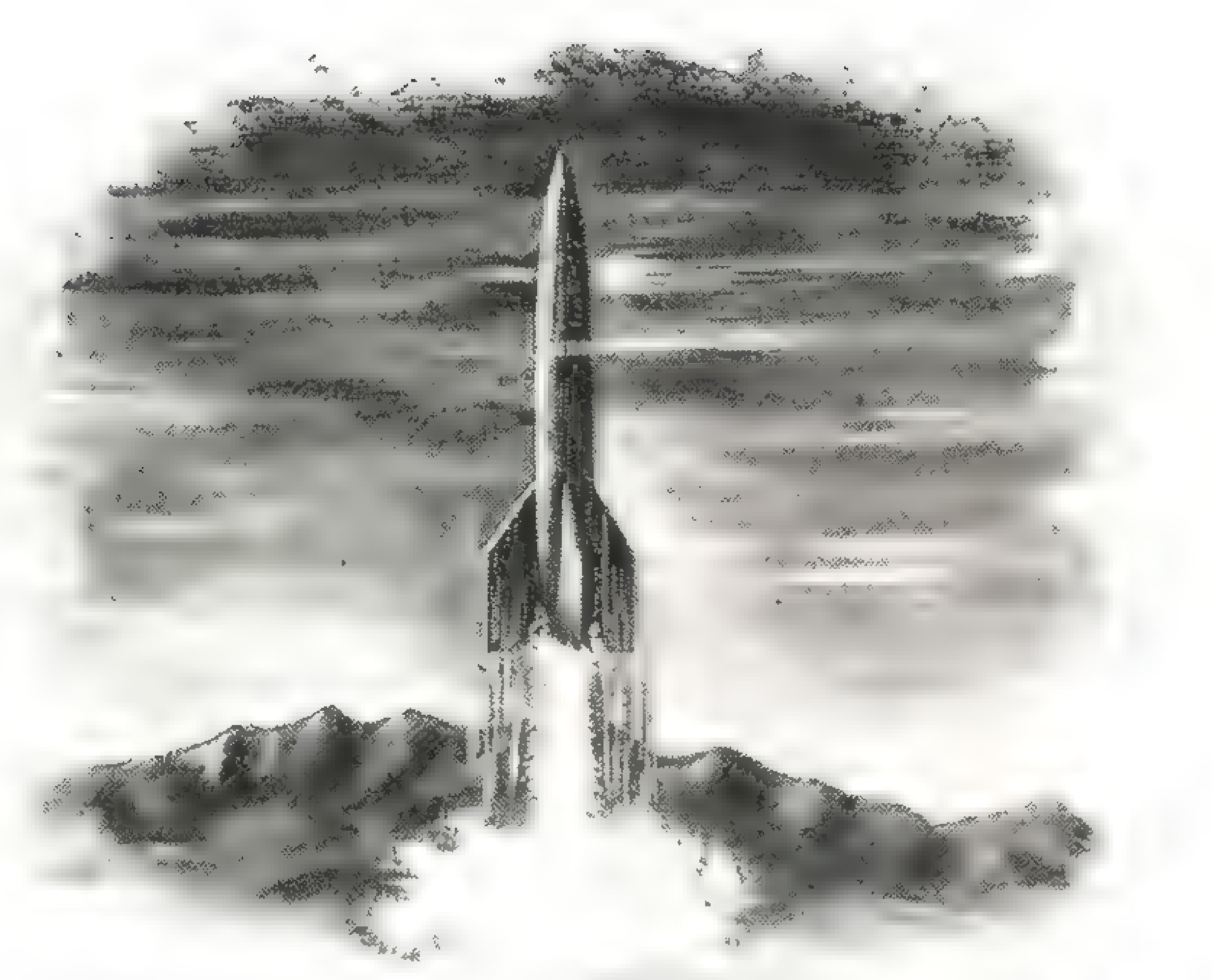
"Yes," Tower said. "What's on your mind? I'm very busy, Clem."

"I don't like to bother you," Clem said, "but I thought you'd like to know. Kate died this morning."

"What?"

"Kate," Clem said. "The bitch. She fell (*Continued on page 147*)

Reminder that today's weapons are tomorrow's museum pieces, and our best defense against guided missiles lies in more and better ones



FAULKNER

Robot Wings of Death

by JOHN C. ROSS

The clouds were low. Visibility was near zero. Hidden beneath the overcast on this day of December 10, 1944, huge concentrations of German armament were moving with impunity across Northern Italy. The Nazi transport had suffered terribly under relentless Allied bombing in recent days, but today the Germans felt safe. Even the Norden bombsight cannot see through such an overcast. *Nicht wahr?*

The engineer of the train crawling along the Fidenza railroad bridge across the Po River could not hear the roar of Mitchell bombers beyond the clouds. German listening posts heard them, though, and probably thanked their Nazi gods for bad weather. Then the bombs came down through the clouds. Unerringly they found the bridge, wrecked it, and hurled the train into the river below.

The magic guide to those bombs was SHORAN, a revolutionary form of radar navigation. SHORAN (a coined word minted from SHORT RANge NAvigation) is one of several devices already guiding the robot weapons of tomorrow. While far from perfect they are much father advanced than most of us realize.

"If the Germans could accurately reach London with a rocket in 1944," says Lieut. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, Air Staff Chief, "you can be sure another five years will make possible a missile guided over 5000 to 7000 miles and aimed at America's productive capacity."

The forerunners of such bombs are here. We have glide bombs, glide torpedoes, jet-propelled bombs, bomb gliders, and radio-controlled bombs, bombers and target planes which can be preset or guided in flight to any target within their range.

These fantastic weapons fall into three classes: preset missiles, controlled missiles and homing missiles. In preset missiles, the controls are set before launching. Controlled missiles are guided in flight by radio, radar, or electrical signals from control wires. Homing missiles seek out heat, light, sound or electrical sources such as radar stations or magnetism.

The controlled missiles mostly depend on electrical impulses to actuate their control surfaces—rudder, elevators, ailerons—through tiny motors hooked up to an electronic autopilot which receives the messages and interprets them to the controls. They can be aided by television transmitters mounted in their noses which describe the terrain beneath to their controllers miles away.

Glide bombs used by our forces were a clumsy prelude to supersonic rocket-powered devices, but their results were devastating.

In late 1944 a flotilla of Japanese vessels was anchored in a sheltered harbor, apparently well protected by heavy antiaircraft gun emplacements. A small formation of American bombers roared in low and as the first Jap guns began firing, the bombers swung away and headed back to sea. It seemed the planes had been repulsed. Then small winged objects began dropping into the harbor. Within seconds several ships had been hit and a carrier set afire.

All these silent little gliders were Azon radio-controlled bombs. The word "Azon" stems from the fact that the bombs could be controlled in direction (that is, in *az*imuth *on*ly). More accurate radio-controlled missiles called Razon bombs were developed too late for combat. Razon bombs were named for the fact that they could be controlled in *range* as well as in *azimuth.* Under good conditions Razon bombs can strike consistently within 50 feet in range and 20 feet in direction when dropped from 15,000 feet.

At least 15 different types of glide bombs have been developed. GB-4 carried a television camera and was controlled by an operator in its parent aircraft who watched the telvision picture of the terrain ahead of the bomb unfold as it glided toward its target with 2000 pounds of explosives.

GB-6 is a heat-seeker designed for use against marine targets, steel mills, blast furnaces, power plants. This weapon heads directly for the warmest place within range of its sensitive instruments. GB-7C is tuned to the frequency of the enemy radar antenna we wish to abolish, and homes directly to that antenna when released within range. GB-12 is built for use against surface vessels. GB-13 homes on brilliant light sources at night. GB-14 transmits a radar signal and homes on the reflection from the target.

Some glide bombs were amazingly successful. GT-1 (Glide Torpedo 1) was released by a bomber as far as 25 miles from its surface target. It glided down at 260 miles an hour from 10,000 feet among a group of ships in a harbor or convoy. On striking the water, its glide wings and harness blew off and it entered the water clean, where it was preset to travel in ever-widening circles or to zigzag into a target. Later developments of this device cause it to head directly for the nearest ship.

These are but a few of the glide bombs which we have developed. Their comparatively slow speed was soon made up by powered missiles—solid- and liquid-fueled rockets, pulse jets and ram jets, and gas turbine and turbojet engines.

Notable among the rocket missiles is Tiamat, designed for research on all guided missiles and not specifically intended as a weapon. By studying Tiamat, scientists will determine the kind of control surfaces needed, kinds of propulsion, homing equipment, warheads and such. Tiamat is a remarkable machine. It is 14 feet, four inches long, weighs about 600 pounds and flies about 600 miles an hour; new motors will probably drive it faster than sound.

POST
Colliers
Eric Ericson

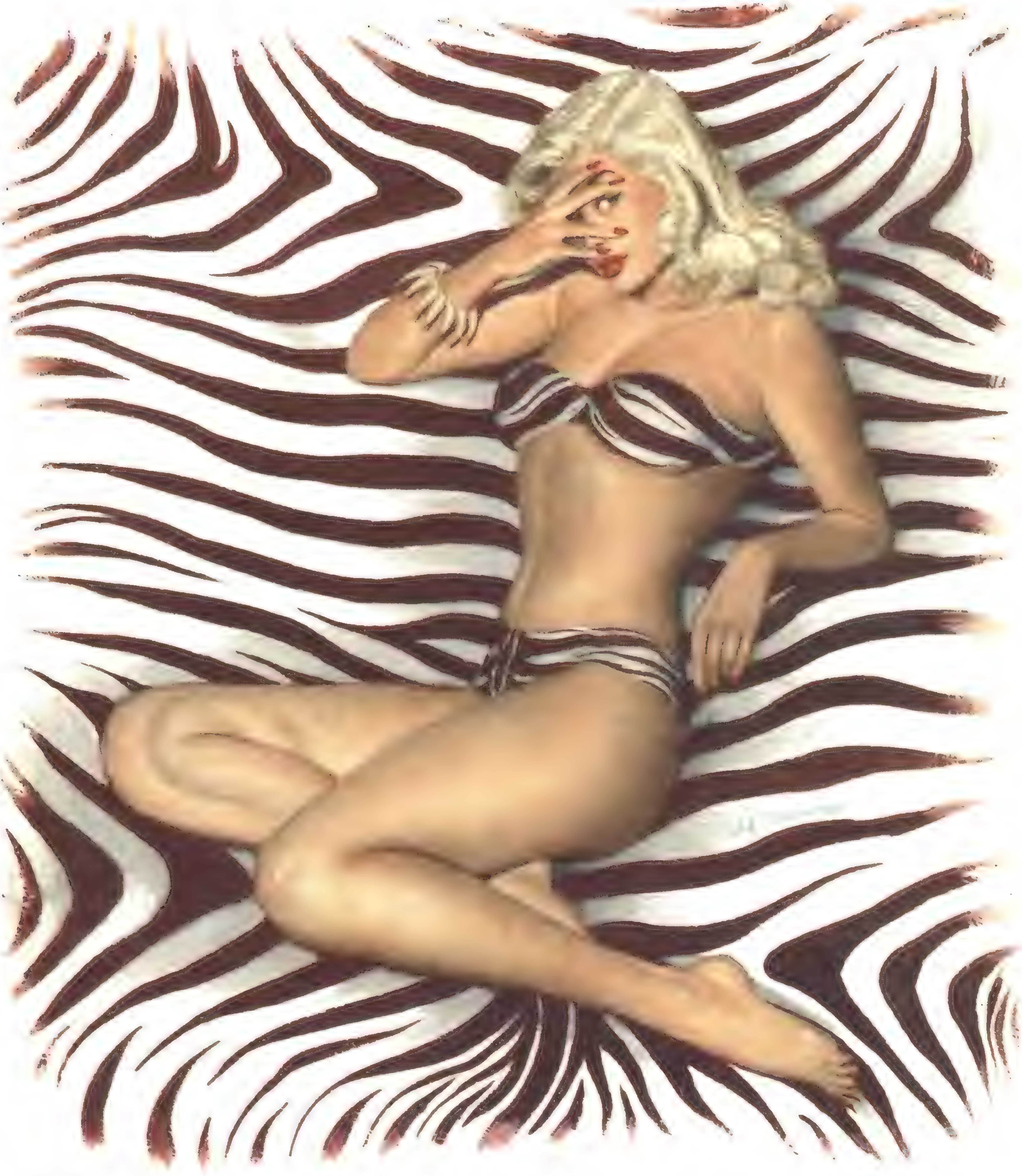
"A copy of Holiday, *please"*

Wartime developments included several types of jet-driven guided bombs. One of the oddest is the Navy-built Gorgon, which resembles a freak white-tailed shark. The Gorgon 11-C carried 1000 pounds of explosives at 400 miles an hour.

The development of guided missiles began with model-plane builders. A former movie star, Reginald Denny, was an early promoter of this venture. When the tiny gas engines were first used to power model planes, the planes flew so fast and far that many of them were lost.

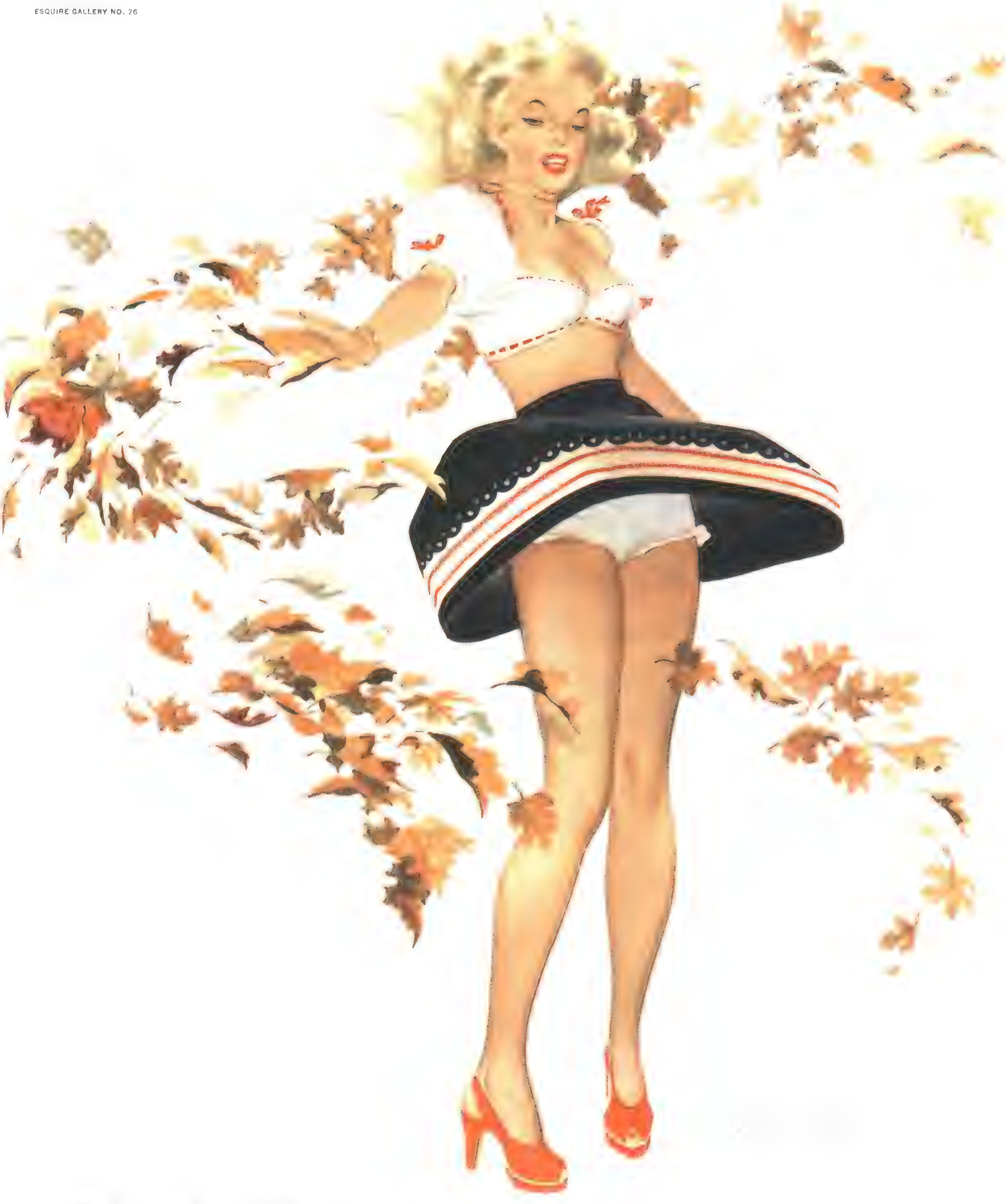
Denny and his partners reasoned a radio-control mechanism would permit model builders to control the planes' flight. They were finally awarded a Government contract to build three radio-controlled target planes, to be flown under the control of a ground operator while antiaircraft gunners whetted their marksmanship by trying to shoot them down. The first models had a wing span of 12 feet and flew only 85

(Continued on page 217)



Girl by AL MOORE

What can a man write with zebra stripes in his eyes? What words can a man put to paper to describe a picture worth twice ten thousand words? What words that even his best friends will notice? Say this Esquire Girl reminds you of the jungle and you will be right. Perhaps less of the African jungle and more of the zebra-striped jungle at El Morocco, but say she is the sultry essence of the African jungle and you will be accurate. This is woman, as basic as Eve, and there is nothing you can say, no gift you can place at her feet, that has not been said and placed by poets more gifted than you a hundred times before. This is a girl on a couch. You have eyes in your head to understand the rest.



Weather Forecast by FRITZ WILLIS

As any man who has ever gone to a ball game in the rain or carried an umbrella through a perfect October day knows, the vested weather authorities are to be trusted only with reservation. There is, however, a small man with pointed ears, dressed entirely in green, residing somewhere just beyond the view of this picture, who is known to be infallible. Consulted as to the portent of Mr. Willis' charming display of the autumn elements, he had his usual ready answer. It's an ill wind, he said, that blows nobody good. This no one could deny. And, he added, I predict that there will be light breezes followed by Esquire Girl with swirling skirt followed by every man in the house.

He knew he should have made with the chloroform, for that redhead was sure trouble clear up to here

A Hell of a Note

by J. EDGAR GROVE

This is all about me and The Rock—Rocky Malone—who would be the best second-story man in the business today, but for that henna-haired cookie with the baby-blue eyes. If them eyes affected him like that, okay. Nobody's going to blame him if he goes simple for a few days, long as he snaps back. But The Rock stays simple. It makes me ashamed to admit him and me used to work together.

It all started down in Greenwich one night when I see this setup coming with a gold chain like an anchor and it's too good to miss and I'm telling him, "Don't move," when I hear another voice say, "Don't move," and I'm thinking I never knowed an echo to get so boisterous, when I spot this other footpad with his rod out.

It's a humorous situation. I've got a rod in his right ribs and this guy's got a rod in his left ribs. The guy looks at me and I looks at him and we both look at Petrified Pete and—break down and howl. The client puts it in high and The Rock says, "Well, there goes the four-minute mile, shot to hell." We size each other up by matchlight. The Rock is a steady customer with a sensitive face, and when he says, "Well, the night's young. I know a place we got no right to be, and I got an awful urge to be there," I tag right along. It's a two-story frame in the suburbs and we have to commute by bus, but there's a guy as trusts old shoes more than banks and we come away loaded. From then on it's me and The Rock, together.

We cut a few capers and I see I'm working with a master. The Rock has got a way with windows, and when one gives tongue with a scrape The Rock says "Shhh" to it and damn me if that window don't shut its teeth like a baby. As for his inside work, there was cats in them houses made more noise than he did.

Things go along smooth for months and then one night we crawl into the wrong house. The Rock was put out about the window being unlocked, as he has got a simple streak in him about working for his money, but he eased it up and we crawled into the parlor.

I'm working with the sack when the lights go up and there is a broad standing there, with her hair dyed henna and all the standard articles crammed into a tight-fitting negligee. The Rock is pricing things in a corner and when he spots this baby he does a double take. She gives us a looking over and says, "Hello, boys, make yourselfs to home, as if I had to ask you," but I'm too busy with the chloroform bottle to notice the shaking up The Rock is taking.

The trick is to clap the bottle on her snout and dump her outa the draft, and I am moving up when The Rock sweeps off his hat and says, "Sorry to have disturbed you, madam. We are the assessors."

The assessors, he says. Here we are caught by a broad who is going to start screaming her head off if we don't shut it for her and we are the assessors. The Rock gets this off nice and easy, and before I know it he is going around assessing like anything. There is a silver punch bowl in my hand and The Rock cocks his head at it and says, "How much do you figure it is worth?"

"It is solid sterling," I says, "but as to how much it is worth you will have to let Freddie the Fence be the judge of that."

When he sees me peering at the floor he says, "What's the matter, are you assessing the rug?"

"No, Rock," I says, "I'm looking for buttons because you are sure as hell dropping them all over the place."

"Such talk," says The Rock, his eye on The Broad. "You'll have her thinking we're a coupla second-story men."

The Rock is looking at The Broad and The Broad is looking at The Rock and if anyone present is interested in me I've got a pretty good idea what his name is and has been since I was a very small boy. The last I see of The Rock he is trailing henna-hair to the icebox and telling her he takes sugar in his coffee. I know for sure what's going to happen and it happens.

The Broad sneaks a call in between loading him with sandwiches and when The Rock reaches for the mustard a couple of boys in blue reach for The Rock. He gets thirty days and I am back doing solos, but by the time he gets out I have lined up a month's work.

Right away there is a look on his face that throws me. Sort of sickening sweet and syrupy. You'd think with The Broad turning him in and him doing time on her account he'd of been studying over ways and means of cutting down on The Broad's breath supply, but it wasn't like that. He had seen the light, The Rock said. He was going to make something of hisself. Said she'd gave him back his self-respect. He said—and you'll just hafta take my word on this—that she reminded him of his mother.

When I told him I couldn't get no sense out of that he just laughed and said I wouldn't understand. If I could have seen his mother, he said, I'd understand. "Arnold, she used to say," he says, "Arnold—" and I'm in with my oar.

"Hold," I says. "Hold hard. Who is this Arnold?"

"You're holding speech with him," says The Rock. "You don't figure I was sprinkled to the tune of Rocky, do you?"

It made me shiver. The Rock admittin' all this Arnold stuff and goin' on about his old lady.

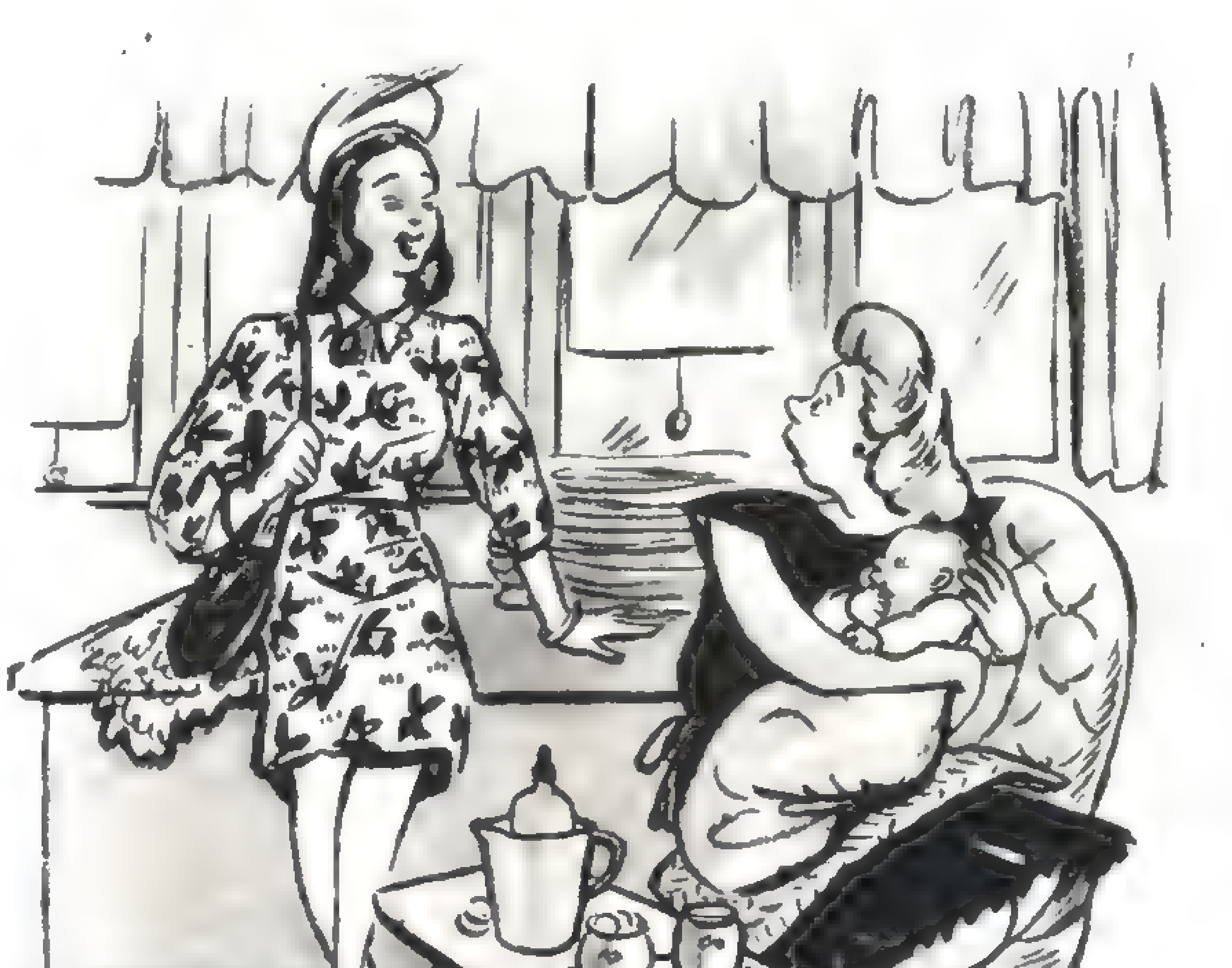
Well, I guess you figure he married henna-hair and lived happily ever after. I thought so myself, but no. All this time he'd had a wife he'd run out on and instead of latching onto henna-hair, who was a looker even if she did rat on him, he turned hisself over to the wife who was as mousy a creature as ever boiled an egg.

Henna-hair, by reminding him of his mother, brung out the good in him. It is all very involved and a creep pronounced Frood has a finger in the pie and I would rather not talk about it. All he wanted of henna-hair was to call her Mama and for her to call him Arnold. When they pass on the street he says: "Hello, Mama," and she says: "Hello, Arnold." There ain't a simpler pair of saps anywhere. He's back with his wife, and straight as a die.

That ain't all, either. He's got hisself a job. I gag on the words, but I got to get it out. He's in charge of the cash register in a grogshop on Third Avenue. The Rock in charge of the on-the-square cash money! They still call him The Rock, only they pronounce it like he was a pillar or something.

I see him last week when he stopped to drop a half in a peddler's cup, and I edged up to see if he'd took three or four bucks change, but he hadn't took a cent. Every night now he's perched behind his cash register happy and smilin'. You can see him there.

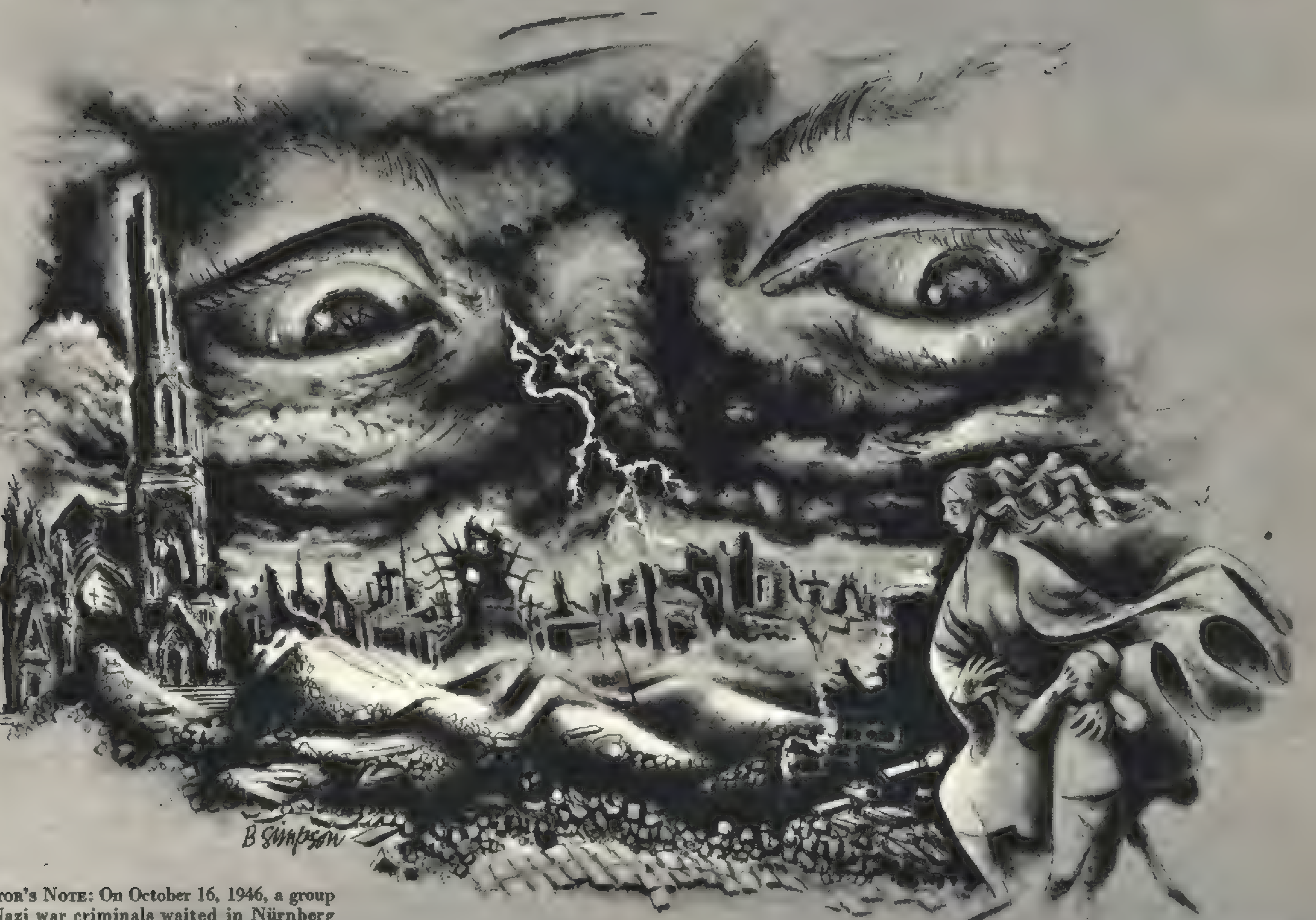
Me, I can't look at him. ⌗



"Just think—someday he might be president!"

Nürnberg: A Hymn for Ghosts

by JOSEPH E. SHANER



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD SIMPSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: On October 16, 1946, a group of Nazi war criminals waited in Nürnberg Prison to be hung. One, Herman Göring, cheated the rope by taking poison. But from 1:01 a.m. to 2:45 a.m. the trap was sprung ten times.

I

This moody, mid-October night
Fits the circumstance; any ghost
Could tell you that. Rain on the rubble
In Nürnberg, sharp fingers of wind
Slashing jagged holes in jagged clouds
And sending them shuddering
Across the cold,
Black,
Black,
Sky.
We could stand a little music though!

It's a good night for murder, do you mind?
It's a good night for murder,
A very good night for murder,
A very, very good night for murder,
And we don't mind,
We don't mind murder at all,
Not at all.

The large rats are dead;
Down the ratholes they were driven into,
Choking on rat poison, very nicely,
Sweetly,
Beautifully,
Dead.

Say, lady, do you or any of the kids
Know the Hallelujah Chorus?

These are the jackals;
Slumped in the cells they were driven into,
Choking on Justice, very nicely.
Bitterly,
Regretfully,
About to die.

If you know it, lady, sing it out.
Some of us have forgotten how to sing.

These are the jackals:
1 little, 2 little, 3 little Nazis;
4 little, 5 little, 6 little Nazis;
7 little, 8 little, 9 little Nazis;
10 little Nazi jackals.

We sure feel like singing, lady:
Are you sure you don't know the words?

II

"... Tod durch den Strang"

Meine Herren, we ghosts congregate tonight
To supply you the service of convoy
Into the ethereal nothingness,
Where winner, loser, conqueror and king
Shake hands with Forever; shed politics,
Size and shape of heads, noses, faiths and flags.

A shopkeeper, of course, from a nation
Of shopkeepers, has provided the rope,
New, steel-strong Manila, nothing *ersatz*.
The sergeant, standing near, will introduce
The age-old efficiency of long line,
Neatly looped. Has he your weight correct, Herrens?
The plan is to break your necks, quick
Death, not fitful, tongue-black strangulation,
Since those who fetched you here lack the stomach
For dishing out pain.
They can take it, though,
These, the people, the innumerable,
The countless, the never-ending supply,
... Of people. They can take it, and yet rise
When time cries out, and send thrones tottering,
Hurl their yokes in the faces of tyrants,
And come out on top, the people, on top!

III

Wo ist Der Führer? Snows of yesteryear?
Where are your leaders now, this cold, wet night?
The bleak wind howls high through the shattered walls,
Sweeps the ancient moat, the broken tower,
Sobs not even an echoing, "Sieg, Heil!"

The large rats are dead, down in their ratholes
Your Führer, your Goebbels, and your Himmler
Crunched the poison phial with their bloodstained teeth,
Reeled, gasping, and let the gallows to you.

Even now your Göring lies in the smell
Of bitter almonds, the yellow skin green,
In resplendent uniform, pajamas!
Well, it saves those who hate blood on their hands
The trouble, but we, the ghosts, don't mind blood;
We the ghosts of Buchenwald and Belsen,
Of Dachau and Gotha, don't mind at all.

IV

This is not vengeance, blood calling for blood!
Not one life, nor ten nor a thousand lives
Pay for the dry grass that is now Lidice.
What's life? A rocket's momentary flare.
Death? Long silences at the edge of space.

This is a monument: restoration
Of dignity, the conscience of man.
This is a warning to jackals and rats
Everywhere, in brown shirts, black shirts or hoods,
A warning: Let the little guy alone.
Black or white, yellow or brown, you can't beat
The good out of man. In the end, he wins.
There are just too damned many little guys.

Meine Herren, if you don't mind grisly jokes,
There are thirteen steps up to the gallows.

Your bellies are full; sausages, cold cuts
And tea, you who never fed a loser . .
Auf Wiedersehen! May God pity your souls!

V

Oradour-sur-Glane

I begin with the name of my village,
Fair Oradour-sur-Glane. You've forgotten,
Herr von Ribbentrop? So much death, you can't
Remember it all? The people running
Down alleys and back streets, blind in the ruins
Left by the Third Reich's foreign policy?
We heard the clomp of SS men's boots . . .
First died the men of Oradour-sur-Glane,
Mon père, my uncles, my brothers, my love!
Boys, grabbed by their necks in streets they played in,
Hauled wide-eyed and wondering to the wall,
To stand with Frenchmen, and fall with Frenchmen . . .
Boys machine-gunned at Oradour-sur-Glane.
Mothers, children were yanked from their kitchens,
Cuffed in the mouth for asking a question,
And jammed in the church, doors barred save the one
Leading to the lane where the killers waited,
Machine guns ripe, if we ran out the door.
Then came gas, the black of suffocation . . .
Thus Oradour-sur-Glane's seven hundred,
A whole village, met one day with Kultur,
Every man and woman, every child, dead.

Come, Herr von Ribbentrop, they're ready now.
The wind that whips the clouds, ruffles your hair.
The sky's weird pattern shifts. Your lips are pale.

VI

Stalingrad

General Keitel, sir; Schmidt, sir; Karl Schmidt;
Unteroffizier, Panzer Division;
Excuse me, *bitte*, for not saluting—
My arm, sir, I lost it at Stalingrad.
A real fight there! They were too ignorant
To know they were beaten, the stupid fools!
At Dunkirk it was, we drove the British
Into the sea; in Italy, in Crete,
Across Libyan sands, we were winners;
In Poland, *ja*; in Rotterdam, in France,
In Denmark, in Norway, *ja*!
The next time . . .

I will tell you, General, that these fools
Go further in trickery than we'd thought.
Hiding behind a tree stump, Hans and I
Shot three Russians, but a fourth one, lurking,
Killed Hans and left me dying in the snow.
Then they sent this Man, wearing sandals, robes
White-flowing as the snowflakes. The gashes
In my side throbbed cold, my arm twinged and bled;
The snow grew warm, turning from white to black.
This Man, Herr General, said He was Christ,
Said He had come for me! I reached out
For my gun, shot at Him and shot at Him—
I cursed Him, and He vanished in the snow.
General, your sleepless legions await.
Lead us! Our Valhalla we're searching still.
We're lost! We cannot find our way. Our eyes
Are ice; Our tongues are flame. *What did we do?*

VII

Dortmund

I died quickly, the shock by far too great
When my fingers were severed with the knife
Used for cutting meat. Revolving, it tore
Through bone, muscle and tissue; first one hand
And then, though I'd fainted, the other hand.
I've often wondered if by my silence,
If by the two stumps once graced with fingers,
The bombing crew made it back to England?

Herr Kaltenbrunner of the Gestapo,
Do you hear fingers on the cell window,
The Devil's tattoo of bony fingers?
Fingers clutching at the cell door, fingers
Gnarled, shredded, slashed and bruised, fingers
Lopped off that have come back to grasp your throat?

What did your neighbor say? Nein? Let me put
Your fingers in this adjustable vise;
Now we wind it. Slowly. Crunch. More. Crunch!
You scream, you have your tongue. What did he say?
Ach, then! Fritz, rip off his shirt. Sponge his back
Well with gasoline. Stand back, Fritz. I'll throw
The lighted match.
Das Mädchen, she won't talk?
Lash her with thongs, Fritz, and if she remains
Stupid, salt in her wounds may make her bright.
The bookkeeper there, give him the helmet,
See if he'll talk while his ears are frying—
Electric shots for that old railroad man—
Drive needles under the grocer's fingernails—
Put the big man into the little cell,

Where he'll neither sit nor stand. Burn the light
Straight into his eyes. In a few days, ja?

Fingers reach out, touch the hangman's device!
The trap drops. The rope creaks. Fingers! Fingers!

VIII

Warsaw

Philosophers of all time and all lands
Rail from their tombs against you, Rosenberg.
I, a priest, speak for them here. They agree
All philosophy errs, but the error
Premeditated is crime beyond crime
Fear and distrust, these are your masterworks.

Truth is not arrived at when the answer
Comes before the question. No carpenter
Constructs his roof first, and then builds
The house to hold it up. Christ as a Jew
Breaks too many party rules, so claim Christ
As Aryan. The swastika for His arm
Falls in ashes, so Christ as an Aryan
Will have to go. The Bible's wrong. Burn it!

Nazi is a word for an old, old crime,
The way of bullies to power and pomp;
Turn the people upon one another;
Turn Protestant on Jew, turn Catholic
On Lutheran, turn white man against black;
Make them suspect one another, make them
Fear one another, make them hate, hate, hate!
Nazi is a word for an old, old crime.

Herr Doctor, I was a priest in Poland,
Shot, with other priests, 10,000 Russians
And unarmed Jews in the Wilno Ghetto
At Minsk; 10,000 butchered in two days!
The Belgians know. They had Louvain Town, Bande,
And Stavelot. The Dutch had Vught. I could
Go on . . .
Come, let's not detain the hangman,
Nor the host of bones waiting to greet you.

IX

Maidanek

I was a schoolteacher, teaching children.
I have a stunt for visualization
Of dull statistics, Herr Frank. Stand by now,
The guard will come soon. I speak with children:
Is Arizona or Colorado
Your home? Suppose we kill all the people
Of these two states, you included. Or, then,
Take the whole populace of Maryland
And murder them all. That's Maidanek's dead.

I repeat, the total equals all men,
Women and children in Idaho and Maine,
Plus Delaware; or all living persons
In Montana, New Hampshire and Vermont.
All the people living in Nevada,
Wyoming and New Mexico combined
Aren't as many as died at Maidanek.

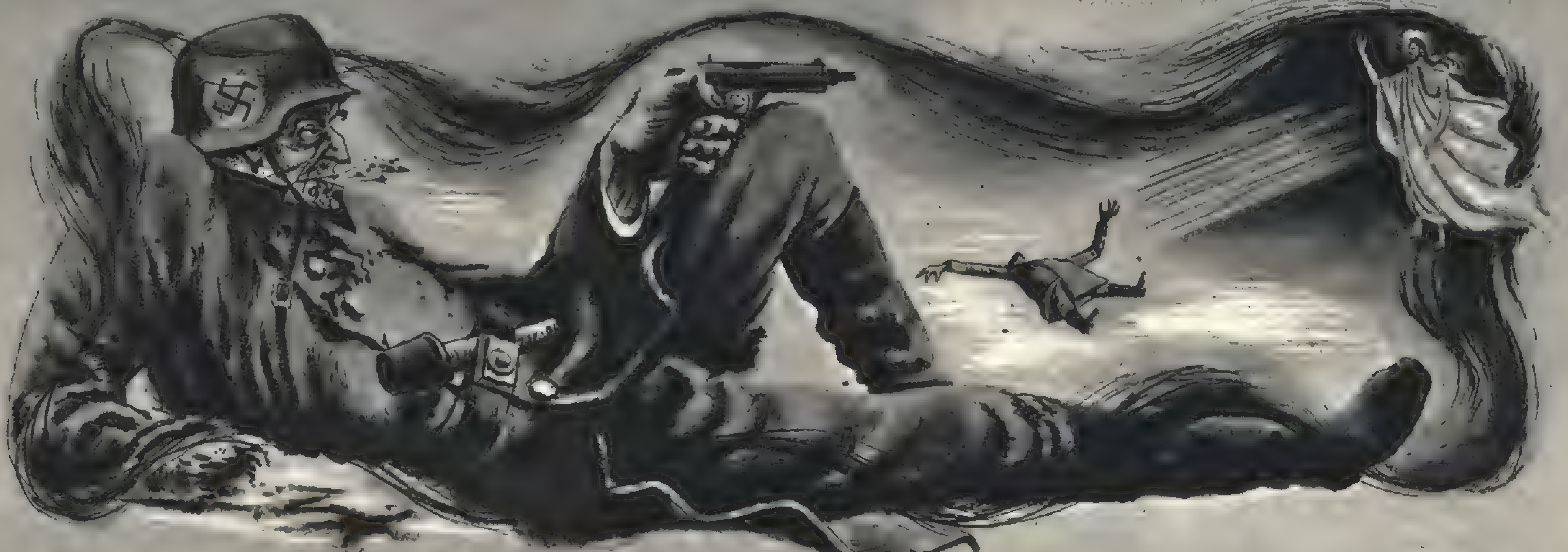
Pardon the grue, kiddies. Let's take a hand,
Lay it on the ground. Pile on some more hands.
These hands have no bodies with them. They make
Just a small heap. Take five or six corpses,
Pile these together. Take a dozen more.
Take a hundred more bodies. Take that pile.

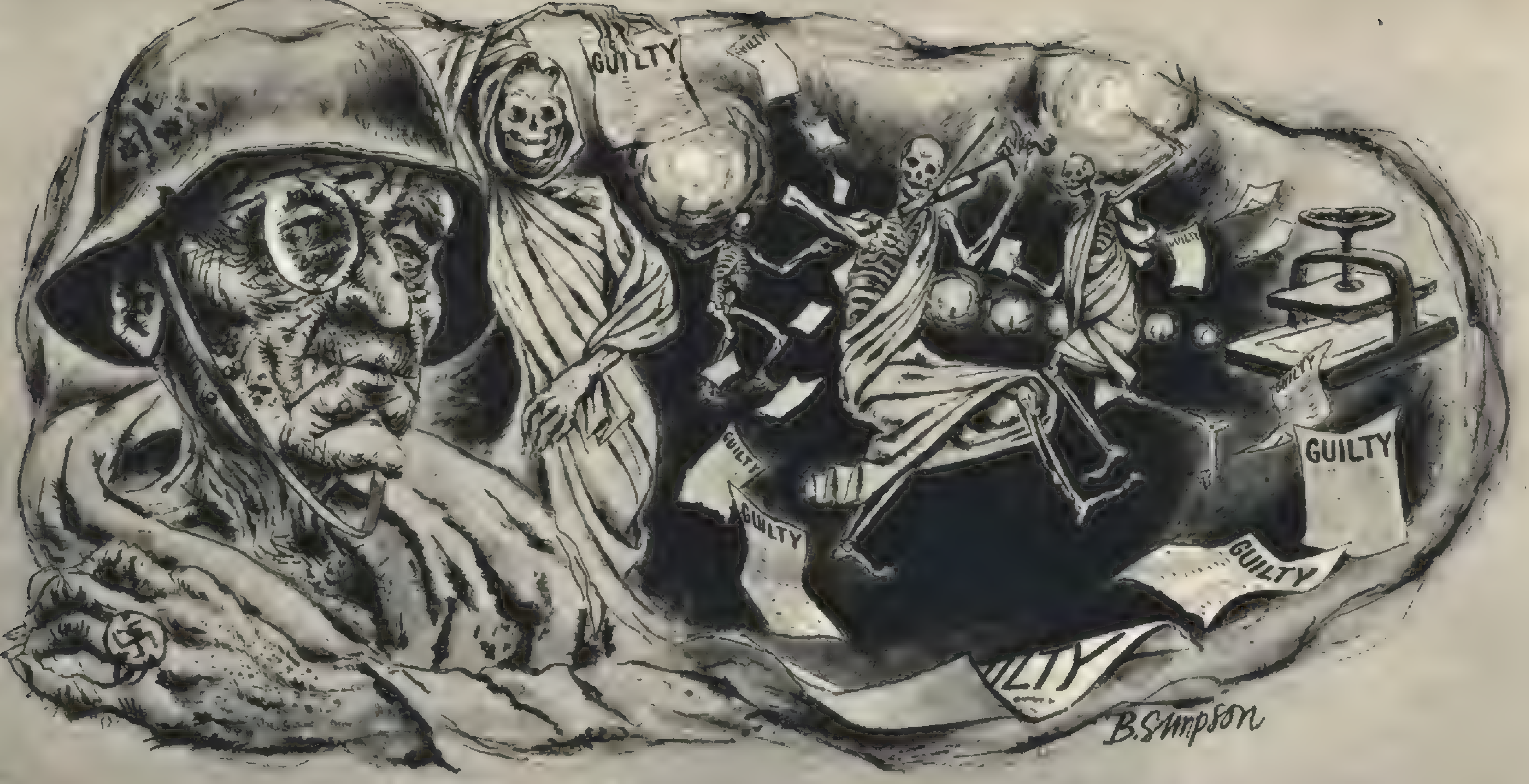
X

The Bulge

To the Unknown Soldier long peacefully
Sleeping, desolately I cry, Buddy,
Move over! When an arm is found which fits
The socket in my shoulder; a jawbone
That might be mine or somebody else's;
Part of a nose, I'm crawling in with you.

To you, Herr Frick, pacing your dingy cell
Frightened of Death; to questioners who asked
Why boys went away and old men came home,
I define a word only soldiers know:
War is slime and blood seeping through your socks;
War is cold coffee in your belly; mud
The guy next to you falls into, his face
Blown off; war is the sons-of-bitches back
Eighty miles, writing home that war is Hell;
War is the sons-of-bitches who stayed home;
Dreaming (you do) of them on your sheets, your
Wife turned whore, nude, singing on your pillow;
War's being scared to death you're gonna die,
And trying to keep *that* a secret. You
Wish to Christ you'd lived clean: the next minute
You wish you'd had your next-door neighbor's wife
Before you came over, wanting to kiss
Your own sister's breasts and hating yourself





For what a bastard you are, you call your mother
A slut that she ever bore you.
War is when you want to cry out to God
To hold firm your stung nerves and sizzling brain,
But you can't because someone might see you.

What is it to kill? Like drowning kittens. . .
Does one forget? You remember kittens,
Herr Frick, you who fought your war in Berlin,
Shuffling papers; old ladies and small boys,
Others from home who pester men asking,
While they grow sick, bitter remembering—
That's what war is. I know. I was there, too.

XI
Armageddon

I reach out my right hand to touch the hands
Of poets in the centuries to come.
They will understand me, if poets live,
Or people, in the centuries to come.
This man deserves no epitaph, no name;
So loathsome is he that other killers
Dying with him, loath him. Need more be said?

The human race is a minority.
There are more ants than are human beings.
There are more rats than are human beings.
There are more snakes than are human beings.
The human race is a minority.

Every person is a minority.
Each group they join is a minority.
Each faith, each nation, each race of mankind,
Ends up in the end, a minority.

When one minority kills another,
All the minorities had best beware:
Your minority may be next to go . . .
First Jews; then Baptists, then all Catholics—
Next Russians; black men; all Americans—
Yellow men; all blue-eyed men and women,
Until all the minorities have gone.

If this is not true, I write on water:
The eyes of no future poet shall gaze
Upon these lines nor ever understand;
Rats shall gnaw at the pages of this book;
Ants shall file across, seeking crumbs of flesh;
Snakes shall lie on it, basking in the sun,
For the ants, the rats, the snakes shall have won.

XII
Birkenau

The door of the smelly freight car opened.
We crawled down, legs wincing, into the glare
Of the hot sun, falling in at the end
Of the long line, sweating in the grim dust.
Ahead, Birkenau—and no turning back.
I was not a Jew, but—I—looked—like—one
I broke from the line, running . . . A girl ran
The machine guns spat, and I fell, writhing.
The girl fell. Her body rolled over me,
And the blood of Judea's breasts dropped
Into my face and eyes, and on my lips.

Herr Sauckel, I come now, hating laughter,
For laughter rang in my ears, in the dust—
The historically miscalculated
Laughter of our time, echoed in my ears,
And now I am a ghost, hating laughter.

The little man was no joke, the mustache,
The goose-stepping phalanx, no joke at all,
Especially the minute *I* felt it.
Had I the power, I would ban laughter
Dare a Superman raise his head again.
But come, Herr Sauckel, dour though I may be,
The world's hanging you shows there's hope somehow
That people can do a job together,
Like killing jackals. I smile . . . a little.

XIII
Cassino

I am the right hand of a Yank who stepped
(Just when we were used to one another)
On a land mine, parting company, we two,
In the rain at Cassino, General Jodl.
I am a hand, the good right hand of Joe
(I forget his name). I am a symbol.
While they're throwing the hood over your head
And adjusting the rope, watch Joe with me.
(Remember, I'm a hand, a mere symbol.)

That's Joe there in the third row, listening
To the concert. He's all right now, but wait . . .
The prodigy will play the violin,
A solo, *Pathétique*. One time this Joe
Was a prodigy and I bowed for him.
Here comes the boy. The crowd applauds. Watch Joe!
The boy's set; the sorrowful strain begins.
Back of Joe, a perfumed lady whispers
Praises for the splendid young musician.
Joe is crying. Joe *was* better than that.
He stands, General, runs up the aisle
Past the startled eyes into the foyer,
And with the metal hand they provided
To take my place, he smashes the window
Of the case on the boy's picture, reaches
In with his claw and tears the boy
And his paper violin into shreds.
(Remember, I'm a hand, a mere symbol.)

XIV
Vienna

Spinning from my hand went a translation
Of Milton's *Areopagitica*.
You know its theme, of course: Tom Paine's theme, too.
I died quickly, my teeth crushed, splintered
By a rifle butt jammed into my face,
Falling in my blood on my bookshop floor.

Evil's awesome foe is the printing press.
Evil knows this; you know, but may forget.
I do not want you ever to forget:
The printing press is Evil's awesome foe.

Evil's first step is to silence the press.
Evil always gets its best licks in then.
Then it can crush truth and smother your dreams.
When men's songs are stilled, the rest is easy.

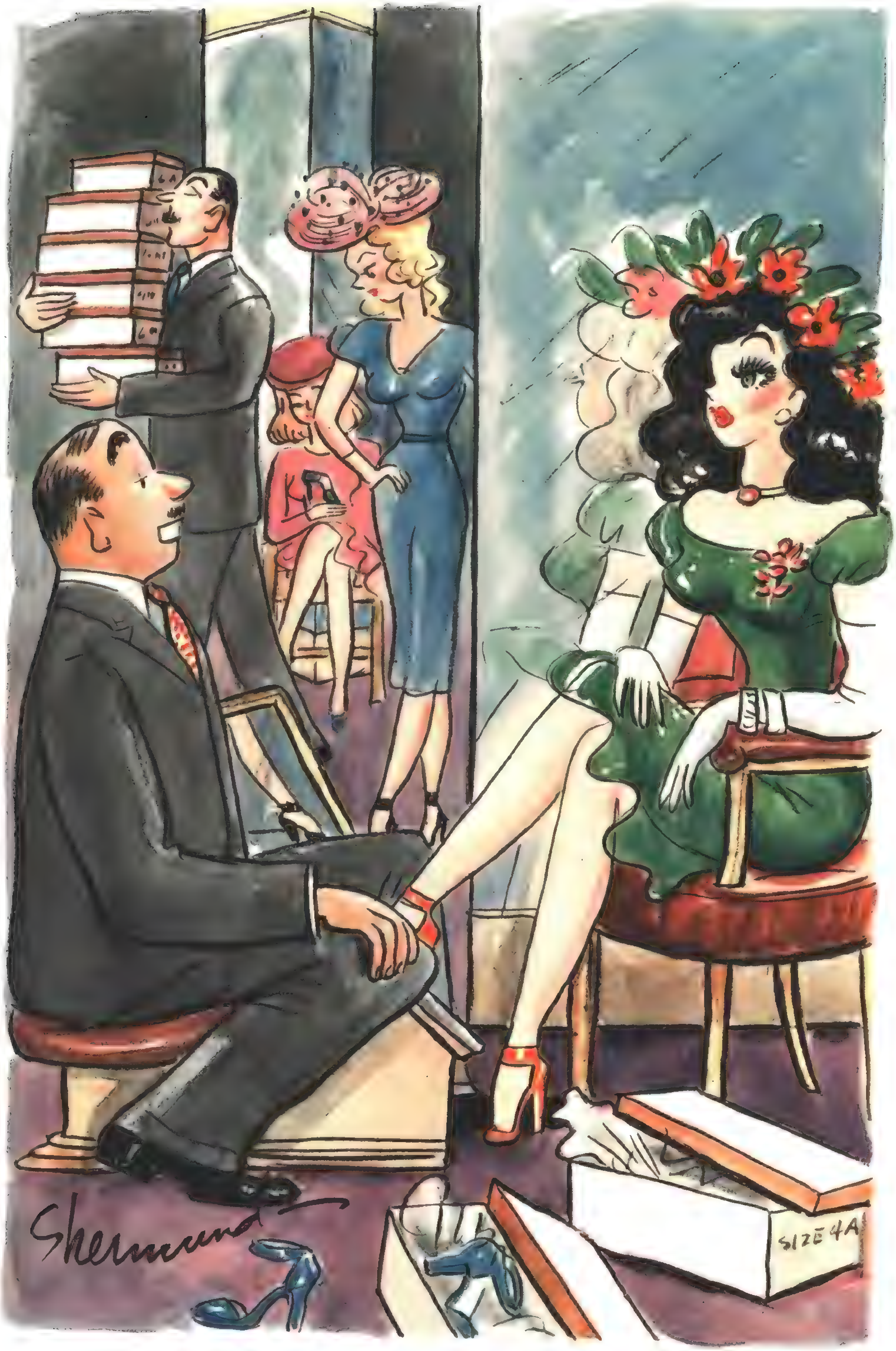
I use no fancy words to tell you this.
I do not want you ever to forget:
The printing press is Evil's awesome foe.
The printing press is Evil's awesome foe.

Herr Seyss-Inquart, you who led the mad horde
To Vienna, are last to die tonight.
It's nearly two hours we ghosts are here.
The wind has lessened; the cloud-flecked sky
Clears in the east where dawn's slender fingers
Reach through the heavens, disturbing the night.
The day will be cold, but the sun will shine.

XV
San Francisco
A Hymn for the Living

We swear by the poets, philosophers,
Old friends on the kind pages of old books:
The merchant prince lies forgotten in dust
In the grey, becolumned mausoleum.
Pharaohs in their tombs are dust. The tyrants
Have come to dust. Kings, generals, women
Of high birth and low who fed them at breasts,
Rich with milk flowing from the ageless dark
Of nowhere into life; once warm, are dust.
Only the poets, touching stars, live on.

More men died heroes than you could reckon
In Man's dark hours, dying for a dream,
The one hope that someone coming after
Would find at least one light upon the road.
Yes, these days are dark, but days were darker
When men shivered in skins, but Man came through.
Live on: Life has great joys to yet unfold;
Push on, there's hope: The next to lave Man's grief,
Leave a light upon the road, may be you.


Shermund
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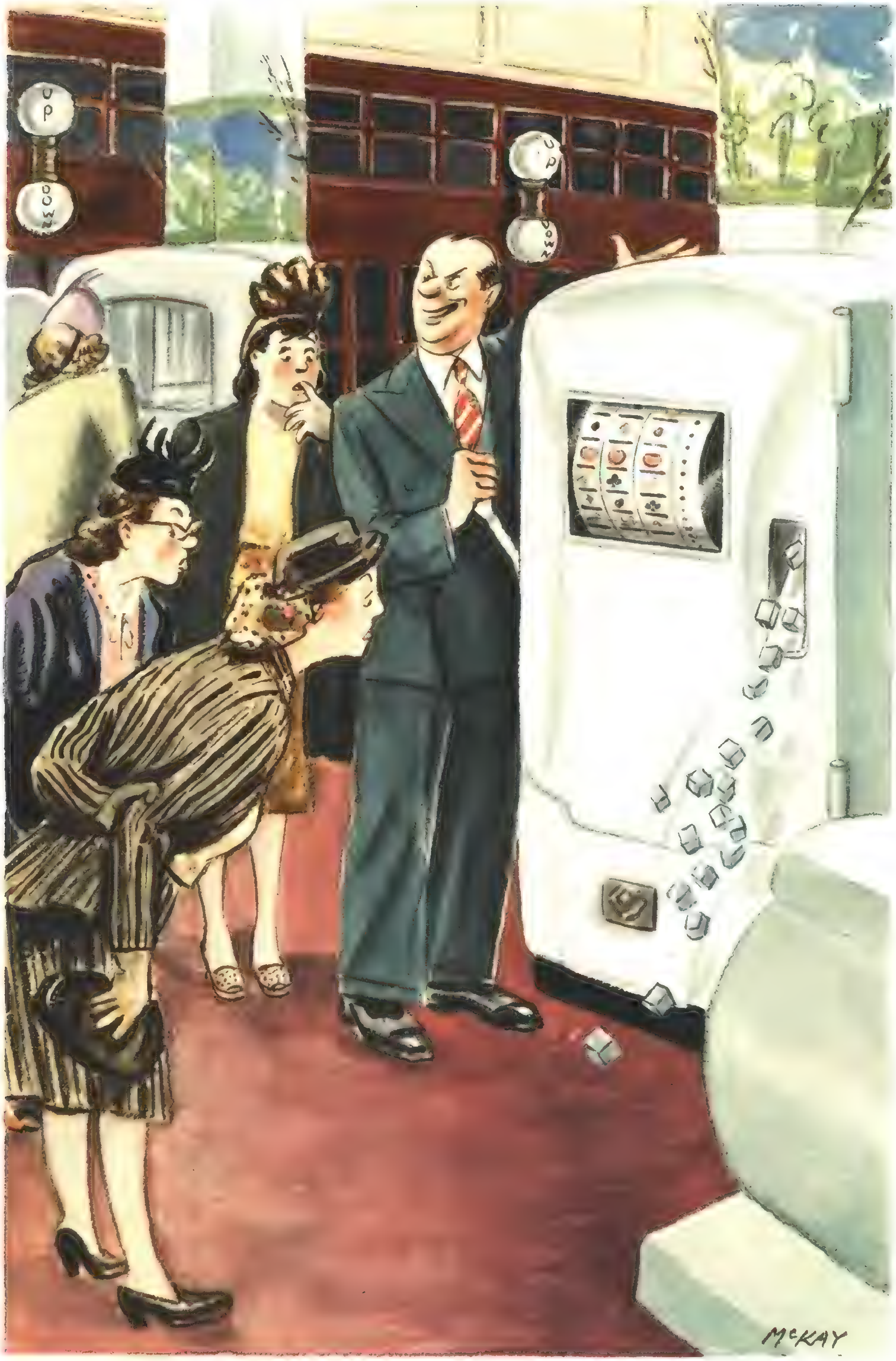
"Do you do much walking?"


UP
DOWN
UP
DOWN
McKAY

"It's the postwar icebox"

Are Husbands Helpless?

Alarming account of one man's struggles with those household horrors that trap the unwary when the little woman is gone

by **NATHANIEL BENCHLEY**

The other day, while studying the morning paper in order to keep from going to work, I ran across the following item, buried among the end-column blurbs about the length of the Amazon River and the climate of Formosa:

> *Yonkers, N. Y., April 8—Albert Prentiss, 38, of 567 Euclid Avenue, was found dead in the kitchen of his home early this morning. Gas was escaping from the stove, and Prentiss was lying under a pile of empty milk bottles, tin cans and garbage. Police decided he had become trapped in the debris while trying to reach the stove. They notified his wife, Mrs. Dolly Prentiss, 34, who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Millard Nape, in South Orange, N. J.*

The key to the disaster lies in the phrase, ". . . his wife . . . had been visiting . . ." From the accumulation of junk in the kitchen she obviously had been away at least a week. Prentiss was a victim of Moritz' Law of Nonsurvival, which states: the domesticated American male has one chance in three of surviving any prolonged absence of his mate. If not killed outright, he may either lose his mind or move out of the house and into a hotel, where he will eventually come to no good.

Moritz holds that there are more than three hundred things a wife does around the house of which her husband is ignorant, and their importance is evident only when they are not done. Some of them are mere conveniences, others are vital parts of our social structure. For example: how many married men know where their extra soap, tooth paste and razor blades are kept?

Let us suppose that your wife decides to go away for a couple of weeks, say to take a vacation or have a baby. The first night she is away you look up an old school friend and get middling drunk, and bluster about how you will surprise the little lady when she returns by having the house just as she left it.

You don't really miss her until the next morning, when you awake at 10:30 and realize that she is the one who has been setting the alarm clock. The morning can be written off as far as work is concerned, so you call your office and say that you are at the doctor's, and won't be in until after lunch.

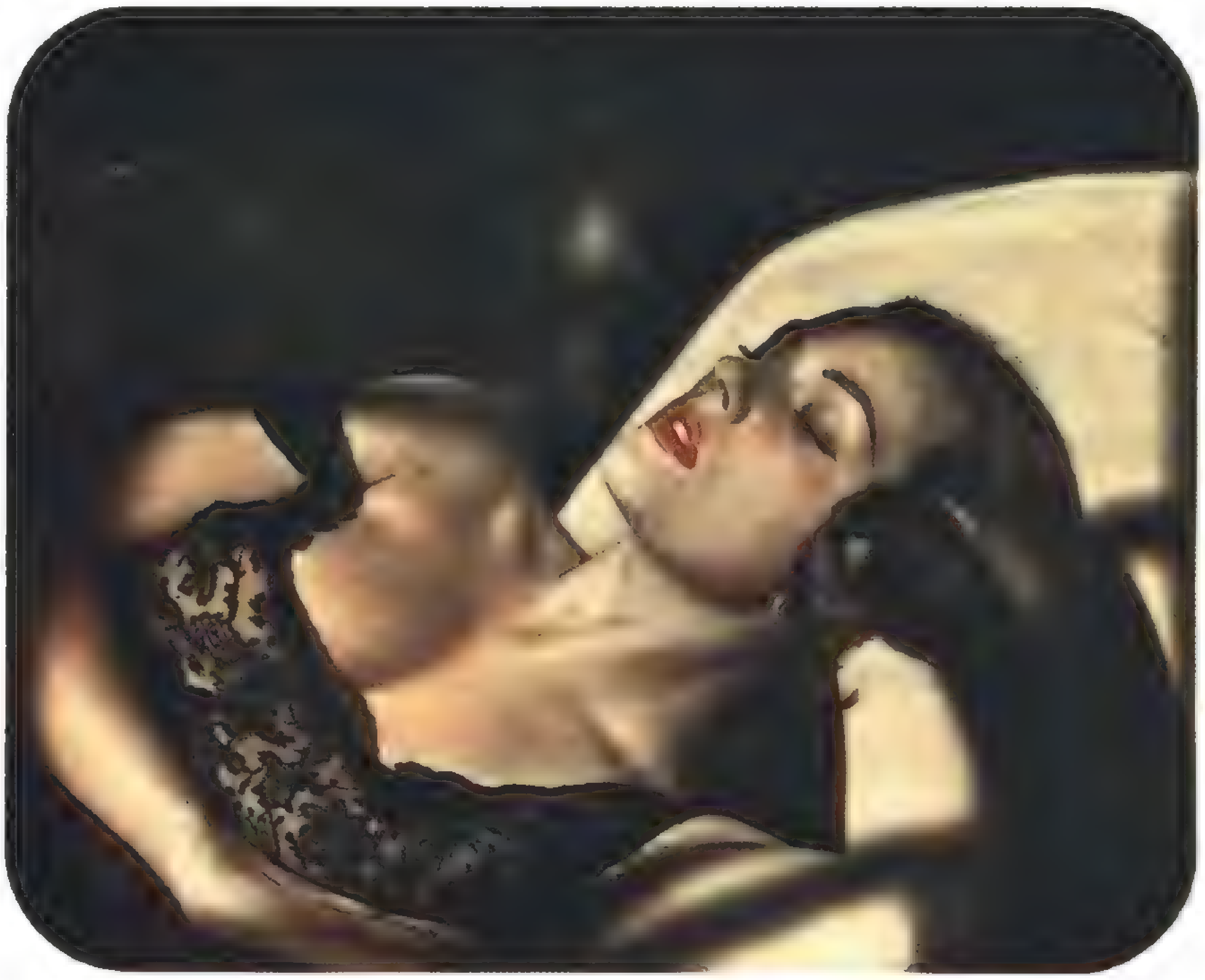
Then there is the matter of eating. The first couple of days you may make yourself a full breakfast, but inevitably you get down to canned grapefruit juice and a cracker and coffee, if you can find where the coffee is kept. In my house it is kept in the tin marked "Flour." Eventually you run out of provisions, and the day comes when you find nothing but a bunch of radishes in the icebox, and in the food closet a tin of plum pudding left over from last Christmas. This will require your taking a day off to do the marketing. My marketing makes for about as balanced a diet as you would get on a life raft. I once spent an hour in a self-service market and came out with six cans of chili, a bottle of synthetic lime juice, a dozen apples, some ready-fried potatoes, and a slab of smoked herring wrapped in cellophane.

As for making the beds, you have three choices. You can make you own bed as you get into it every night; you can sleep alternately in every bed in the place and make them all every few days, or you can sleep in your unmade bed. If you pretend you are camping out, this last choice isn't so bad. So bad as camping out, that is. If, however, you elect to make the beds, you will find that a supposedly made-up bed with one wrinkle in it is far less comfortable than one that is pleasantly messed up. Changing the sheets won't occur to you until the man comes around for the laundry, and he usually comes when you are out.

There are any number of tradesmen and peddlers who come to a house during the course of a day, and if you are there to answer the door the odds are five to one you can't tell the milkman from a daring sneakthief. I once let a man wash the windows and wax the floors to the tune of $45 because I understood him to say he had been sent for. Actually, he had just asked me if I wanted it done, but he asked it in an awfully authoritative tone.

My brother had a similarly jarring experience when his wife was away last summer. She told him to pay all bills, but that if something that looked like a bill came from the department store to be sure *not* to pay it, since it would be a credit slip for a rug she had returned. Around the twentieth of the month, when the bills toppled off the desk into his lap, he noticed the one from the department store. Remembering that his wife had stressed this one, he mailed a check on the spot, thereby doubling their credit and throwing the store's accounting department into a daze from which it never recovered.

A man finds that little things tend to accumulate, such as cigarettes in the ash trays, socks under the bed, bottle tops in the sink and, naturally, dust. I am told it is good for a house to open the windows now and then to let in some *(Continued on page 202)*



Hollywood Body and Soul

B and S being plainly the property of twenty-two-year-old Hazel Brooks of Hollywood, and the new Enterprise picture, titled, by strange coincidence, Body and Soul. *Her brief appearance in* Arch of Triumph *won her a feature role in the John Garfield film with the reminiscent story about a fighter who gets asked by his gambler chums to go into the tank. Playing opposite the rough, tough Mr. Garfield is a break. Movie moguls being the people they are, Miss Brooks languished in Hollywood three years, retired without an appearance on the screen. A bit in the Boyer-Bergman vehicle brought her back and this time the boys on the Coast seem to have gotten smarter. South African born, Miss Brooks migrated to the U. S. at four, attended fifteen assorted schools and colleges, modeled, married Cedric Gibbons.*

Far be it from some people to say anything mean to those nice Nazis, who are *so* efficient and co-operative

Report on Mr. White

by A. J. LIEBLING

FAULKNER

“Premature anti-fascism” was considered an unfavorable notation in the reports compiled during the war on civilian applicants for commissions, and for that matter on fellows who wanted to be accredited as war correspondents. (The war that beat the Germans, as everybody who can read knows by this time, was fought right here in America by the F.B.I. The operations of the Ground and Air Forces were a mere feint designed to mask the direction of the main effort.)

“Premature anti-fascism,” a vague term, might have meant that the applicant had publicly expressed disapproval of Hitler or Mussolini or even Franco (which would imply he was an atheist too) before Pearl Harbor, or had said he didn't like the Nazis, or concentration camps, or race murder. We have now arrived at the stage where a guy who admits retaining any hard feelings against our late opponents will be marked down as a chronic or retarded anti-fascist.

Historians are now trying to delimit the time during which it was permissible to be an anti-fascist without revealing yourself as a goddam Red. The right answer seems to be the week of December 7-11, 1941.

W. L. White's book, *Report on the Germans* (Harcourt, Brace, $3), is like the sharp voice of teacher calling the class to order after a recess during which the boys have been ganging up on the school bully in the schoolyard. It is time to shake hands and make up with the Germans, Mr. White says; they didn't know what they were doing, and if we aren't nice to them they'll do it again.

“If we *permit* a free and democratic Germany to emerge from the present chaos, in which this *industrious* and *talented* people may work and enjoy the fruits of their labors on an equal basis with other nations, as Woodrow Wilson did in 1919, they will then look back on Hitler as a madman who dominated a nightmare, who squandered the blood and wealth of Germany in a senseless war,” Mr. White writes, summing up what he thinks is the lesson of his book. “But if we repeat the mistakes of the twenties, if we *allow* the Germans to putrefy in poverty and idleness, then we would do well to break what is left of their strength . . . Because by 1957 they would undoubtedly look back at the Third Reich as at the Golden Days . . . Göring's testimony at the Nürnberg trial would be their Holy Writ, *just as was Napoleon's St. Helena testament for France in the last century . . .*

“It is for *us* to say what Germans will think of Hitler in 1957. History's page is blank before us, the pen is in our hands.”

All the italics are mine, because I wanted to mark a few of Mr. White's highly personal uses of words and ideas. The verb “permit,” for instance, implies that Germany will be free and democratic if we just let it. It had the full permission of the rest of the world, including us and our Amerindian predecessors, to be free and democratic at any time during the last ten thousand years, but it never has been. This is like saying “if we permit this bed of poison ivy to bear apples.” It puts the blame on us.

Then, “industrious and talented people.” The German people has included some individuals of talent and others who were industrious. So has every other nation of record. It has also included millions of mediocrities and loafers; Mr. White in one sentence has echoed two articles of the eternal German credo: that Germany is a choice dish, but the boys just won't let her be good.

“If we allow the Germans to putrefy in poverty and idleness,” however, implies that here we have an obligation to do something positive. We should just “permit” them to be free and democratic, if they want to, but we must prevent them from being poor and idle—presumably by providing them with money and jobs. (We have, incidentally, acknowledged no such obligation to large sections of our own people.)

I underlined the clause about Napoleon's testament being Holy Writ to illustrate another of Mr. White's idiosyncrasies—the business of slipping in an inaccuracy as if it were an unquestioned fact which it isn't worth bothering to explain. Bonapartism had little currency in France during the nineteenth century; there have been Royalist intellectuals, supporters of the House of Bourbon, but almost no advocates of a restoration of the Empire. There was, it is true, the innocuous regime of Napoleon III from 1851-71, but it was not militaristic. If it had been, it might have won the Franco-Prussian War and saved the world much subsequent trouble.

As for Mr. White's “It is for us to say what Germans will think of Hitler,” a restrained answer would be, “It is like hell. It is for the Germans.”

Hitler promised them the world, with the privilege of walking on other peoples' faces. Unless we give them that they will always think they have been cheated, and that Hitler was a right guy.

Mr. White leaves no (*Continued on page 195*)

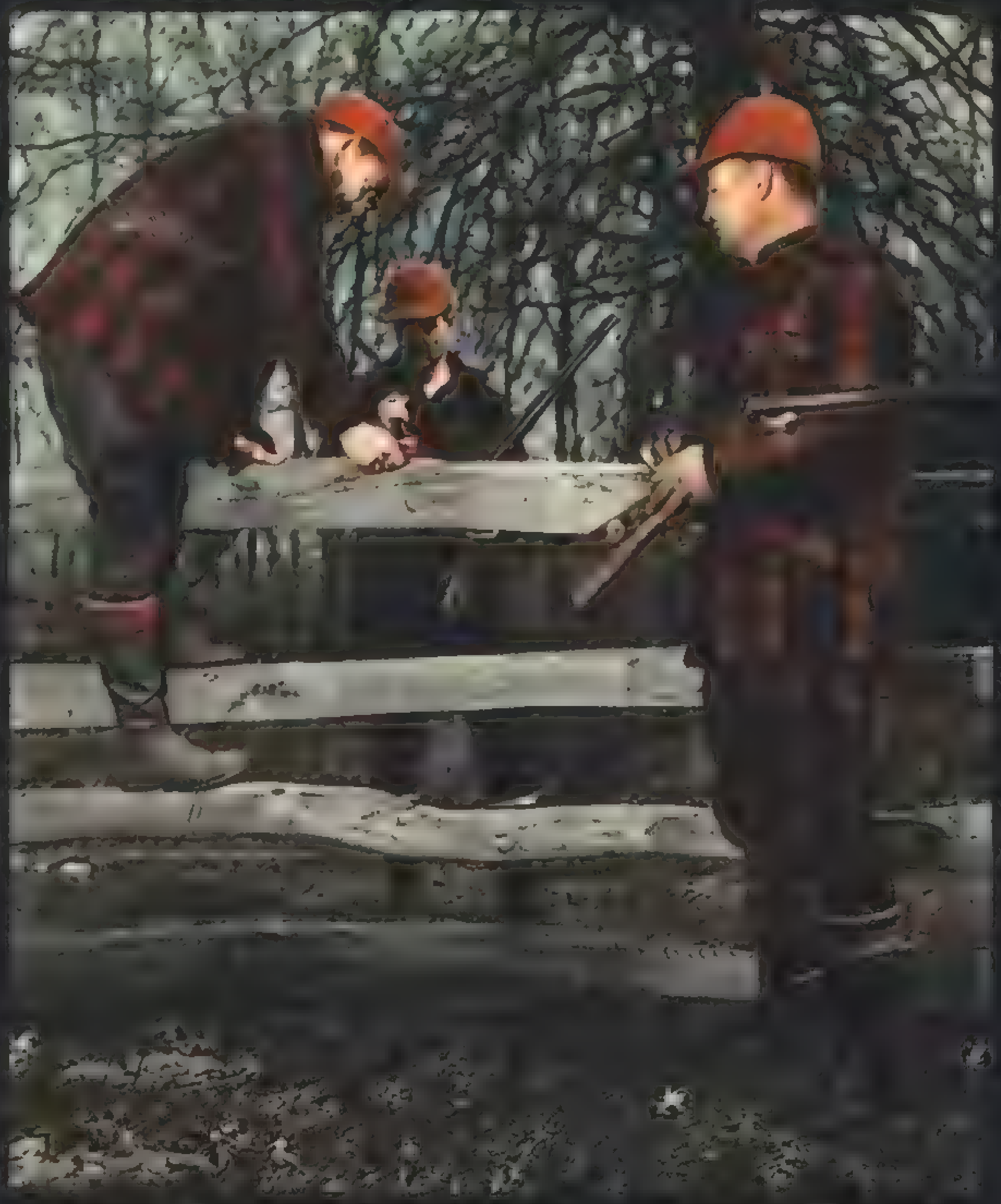
GLANTZ

Working Press: Louis Kronenberger

A drama critic with an amazing record for calling shots on new plays, Louis Kronenberger plies his trade for Time *and* PM. *His reputation for toughness is well earned; ditto his reputation for fairness—he slams them all when they deserve slamming. A former book editor, translator and novelist, Kronenberger first broke out in a writing rash as a kid back in Cincinnati. After three years at the U. of Cincinnati, he hooked on with publishers Boni and Liveright. A novel, several edited anthologies and positions with* Fortune *and his present employers followed. Today he is a leading spokesman for drama lovers who favor a repertory theatre devoted to the production of established plays “so as to constitute a gradual education in good drama instead of an occasional flirtation with a good play.”*

Safety with a rifle begins before you reach the field. If you enjoy life, keep rifle unloaded in the car.

Another way to demolish friends is to handle your piece carelessly as you walk. Above is proper car-



riage. There are two ways to cross fences. The safe way is pictured. Even when you sit down to relax,

keep alert. A rifle is a lethal thing and you would rather have birds than your friends for trophies.

HUNTING ETIQUETTE

Photographs by Arnold Glantz

About this time of year the outdoor man begins to feel the annual urge to get next to nature. This generally takes the form of a sport known as hunting which involves living on overdone bacon and underdone coffee, sleeping in dank spots and rising at five a.m. If called upon to do this as a daily duty, the cries of our hero would be pained and plaintive. But under the circumstances he loves it and tells his friends that it is the only life. Be that as it may, the annual bag of deer and duck hardly exceeds the human toll. Not being a part of man's organized effort to wipe himself out, this seems a bit wasteful. Above: four New York State game wardens, equipped by Stoeger and Abercrombie & Fitch, show how to preserve your fellow hunters for another day.

Cowboy with the Trick Rope

Will Rogers spun his lariat and talked a little and became an American legend

THE stage is a place of make-believe and the great performers are the ones who pretend best to be what they are not. But the man in the picture was born in the Indian Territory before it became the State of Oklahoma and he never pretended to be anything but the cowboy he was.

The first time he came to New York he was a fancy rider and roper with a Wild West Show and he was called the Cherokee Kid.

He was very serious about his talent with a rope but later, while he was playing the Keith circuit, he discovered that the people in front of the footlights would rather hear him talk.

By that time he was being billed by his real name, which was Will Rogers. He would come out on the stage twirling his lariat, with his battered hat pushed back on his head and a big wad of gum in his cheek, and talk with the customers in the nasal drawl of the cow country.

He never gave up his rope tricks, but they didn't matter very much after that. If they were received well he would say, "Well, I guess I made my jokes and tricks come out even."

And if something went wrong, he would grin shyly and say, "I only got jokes enough for one miss. I guess I either got to practice roping or learn more jokes." People liked that even better.

"Well, all I know is what I read in the papers," he would say, and then he would talk about the news of the day and make jokes about the politicians and diplomats. He talked about them so well that for the rest of his life at every presidential election several thousand people would write in his name on the ballot for President of the United States.

He never rehearsed a line, except toward the end when it was a requirement for the movies, and he never bothered to comb his hair or wear make-up or to learn to speak grammatical English, but none of this seemed to make any difference to people. Or perhaps it was because of this that he became so universally accepted.

While he was still alive he became as much an American legend as Abe Lincoln or Billy the Kid.

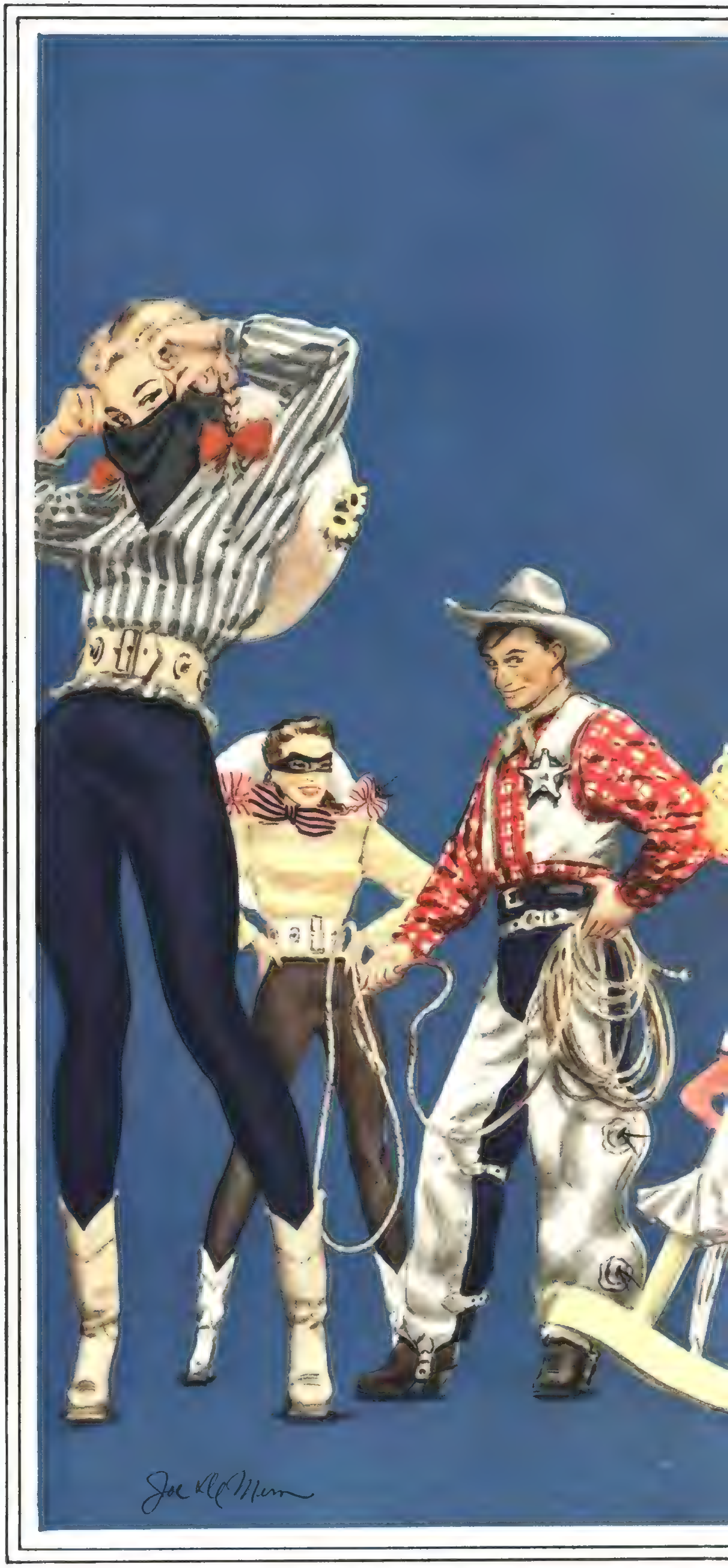
You see him in Joe De Mers' painting surrounded by the lovely girls of the Ziegfeld *Follies* in which he starred three decades ago after Ziggy had to call him in to bolster a dull show.

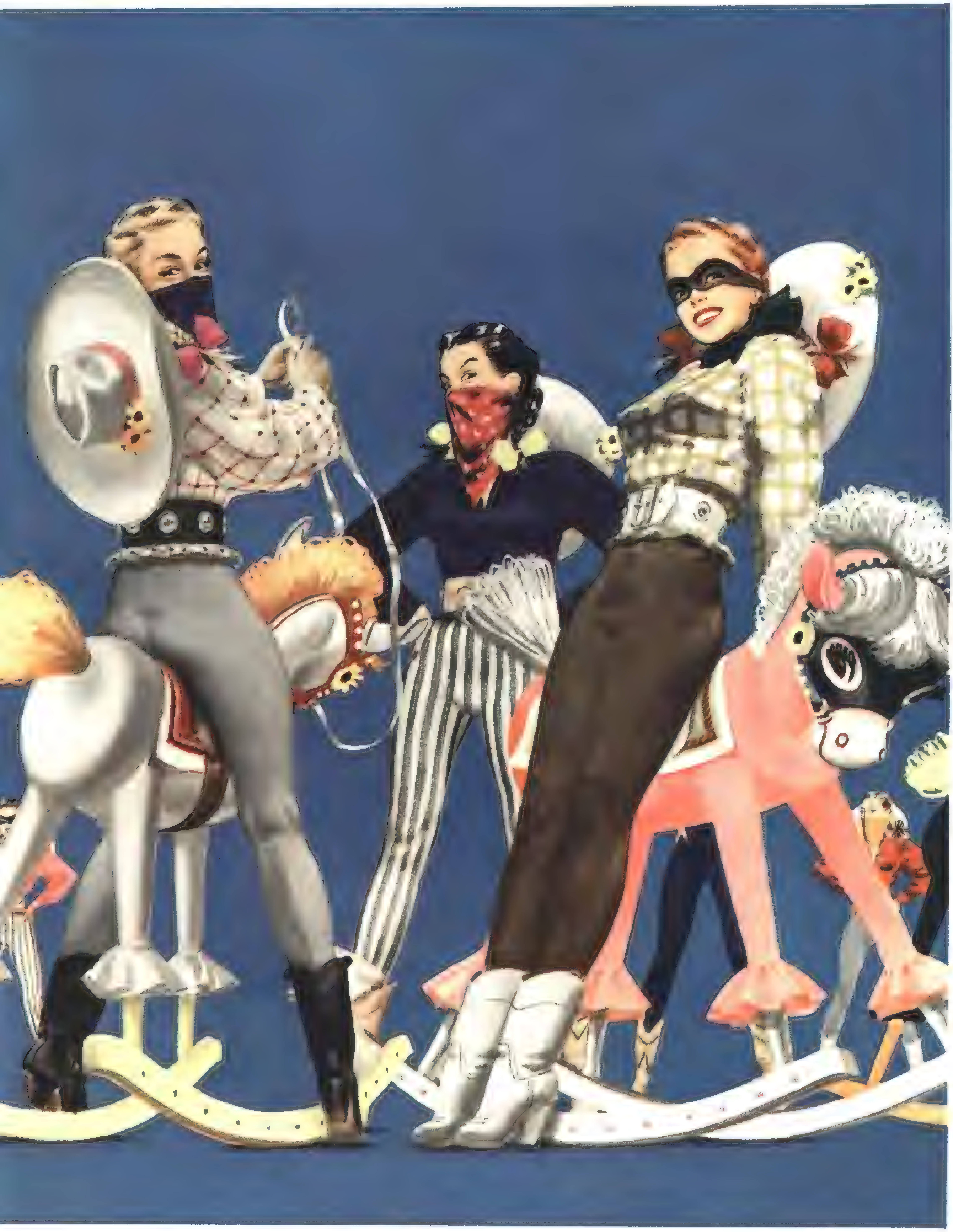
Ziggy is a legend too and it is difficult for anyone to believe now that there ever was a *Follies* that was not perfect.

It was Will himself who once wrote, "A funny thing about the *Follies*, people never spoke of it in comparison with other shows. It was always 'It's better than last year's,' or 'It's not so good as last year's.' The *Follies* always stood alone. Ziegfeld's greatest opposition was himself. If he had been new to show business every year and that particular *Follies* was his first show, why each one would have been heralded as a masterpiece."

But Will's memory, like everyone else's, was not so good over the years. No doubt a juggler named Fields and a banjo-eyed comic named Cantor were his costars, no doubt there were Bert Williams, Fanny Brice, Ann Pennington and all the beautiful girls coming down glittering staircases. But the truth is that Ziggy was human and some of his shows were slow, just like any other producer's.

That was the way it was in 1916 until the night that Ziggy let Will wander through the acts with his hands in his pocket and his hair down across his forehead. Then it was a hit and people began to say again that Ziggy never missed. ⧺





PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY JOE DE MERS

LADY WITH A FUTURE

Nancy Saunders

Photograph by Ned Scott

Don't let anyone tell you different. To be a movie star is not an easy thing. It isn't enough to be just the most beautiful girl in your home town. Hollywood hamburger drive-ins are full of beautiful girls. It isn't enough to be able to act the lead in your high-school play. You can be beautiful as Technicolor and act like Kit Cornell, but if you haven't got that something that sets you apart from the crowd, you'll never make the grade. What is that something? Nobody's ever been able to put it into words but for an illustration take a gander at Columbia's Miss Nancy Saunders, a California girl, discovered by a talent scout at the Cocoanut Grove, first seen in cowboy films as the kissless heroine, and currently appearing in *Her Husband's Affairs.*

Panic in Paradise

Hollywood has so wearied moviegoers with studies of female psychotics that a film like *The Hucksters* is a welcome surprise

by JACK MOFFITT

Prophecy should have foresight. Noah would have been a very wet seer had he let the deluge get ahead of him. All wiseacres, probing the future, should speak months before the events they predict. This gives the public a chance to forget if the event fails to come off. The forgetfulness of the faithful is a great aid to the batting average of oracles.

Picture the embarrassment, then, of a movie forecaster attempting to display his foresight under conditions when half the new pictures are old pictures—reissues. The third grand revival of *Gone with the Wind* looks so much like the first that any critic exclaiming over it sounds a little like a keyhole columnist letting you in on the love life of Tommy Manville. And even the new pictures turn into old pictures before the magazines get a look at them. The long continuing movie strike and the difficulty of getting prints make all film bookings as unreliable as appointments in the Flying Dutchman's date book. Pictures announced for October suddenly come out in July, whenever the printer can get his hands on a fresh stock of celluloid which is not being used for bathtub ducks. This is tough on scribes who salt their style with bits of timely whimsy. It is silly to speak, on Halloween, of Clark Gable's "jack-o-lantern grin" if he's been flashing it around since August.

Unless the movies come under some sudden stabilizing influence (such as an earthquake in Culver City) it is probable that, by the time this is published, every picture discussed here will be old stuff in some American city. By which I mean it already will have been shown there. And, unfortunately, many are old stuff even without being shown. The current offerings aren't loaded with originality. If the harvest moon is up to standard this year, a hayride will offer more ingenious entertainment than most of the fall movies. At this writing, it seems that October's bright blue weather will harmonize with some deeply indigo pictures.

The Hucksters

One of the most rewarding is *The Hucksters.* For months Metro, like an uncle in an Alger book, has been promising a rare October treat for all good boys and girls. But, as we go to press, "a special pre-release" is announced for a number of eastern cities. The studio may hope to brighten the ominous midsummer's business sky with a cast of stars that includes Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Adolphe Menjou, Sydney Greenstreet, Ava Gardner, Keenan Wynn and Edward Arnold. Or it may be trying to get its money back before the box-office barometer falls still further in the dream market.

Due to this confusion a dual tone seems advisable in discussing *The Hucksters.* For readers west of Chicago, I will strive for the excited accents of a frenzied Paul Revere. But for those easterners who've already been exposed to the new epic, I'll try to be gently knowing and reminiscent—like an old gentleman who comes across a forgotten poison-pen letter while editing his memoirs. These somewhat divergent attitudes can be summarized by saying, "Don't miss *The Hucksters*!" and "Don't you wish it was better?"

"I said, 'Stick 'em up'!"

The picture is always interesting. It is never a flop, but it never quite achieves real importance. Metro uses Frederic Wakeman's novel to tell the story of how Clark Gable suddenly goes sane. He does it the hard way, in the radio-advertising business. After our hero's somewhat garrulous search for his soul in *Adventure*, there are those who feel that such a quest for reason comes none too soon. *The Hucksters* is a better audience picture than *Adventure*, though it stresses the same theme—the necessity for a man to preserve his individualism.

The Wakeman story told of Vic Norman, a war veteran who almost became a jello-spined yes-man under the pressure of a fantastic native American tyrant named Evan Llewellyn Evans. This time Gable isn't overarticulate. In his three big scenes with Evans he hardly gets a word in edgeways. Sydney Greenstreet (not to be confused with "Dreamstreet") is the image, one might say the "spitting image," of the book's Evan Evans. After his first appearance, the picture might just as well be called *Great Expectorations.* Imperiously turning every ridiculous cliché into an even more ridiculous charade, he throws his hat out the window to illustrate "a straw in the wind" and brandishes his removable bridge when he tells his employees to "get your teeth into it." This is a villain's picture. Greenstreet tops all his fellow celebrities as the millionaire sadist who uses his power to rob other men of their self-respect. He's the factor the public will talk about. But if you're dependent upon a capricious boss, you'd better drink plenty of milk before subjecting yourself to his art. He won't be good for your ulcers.

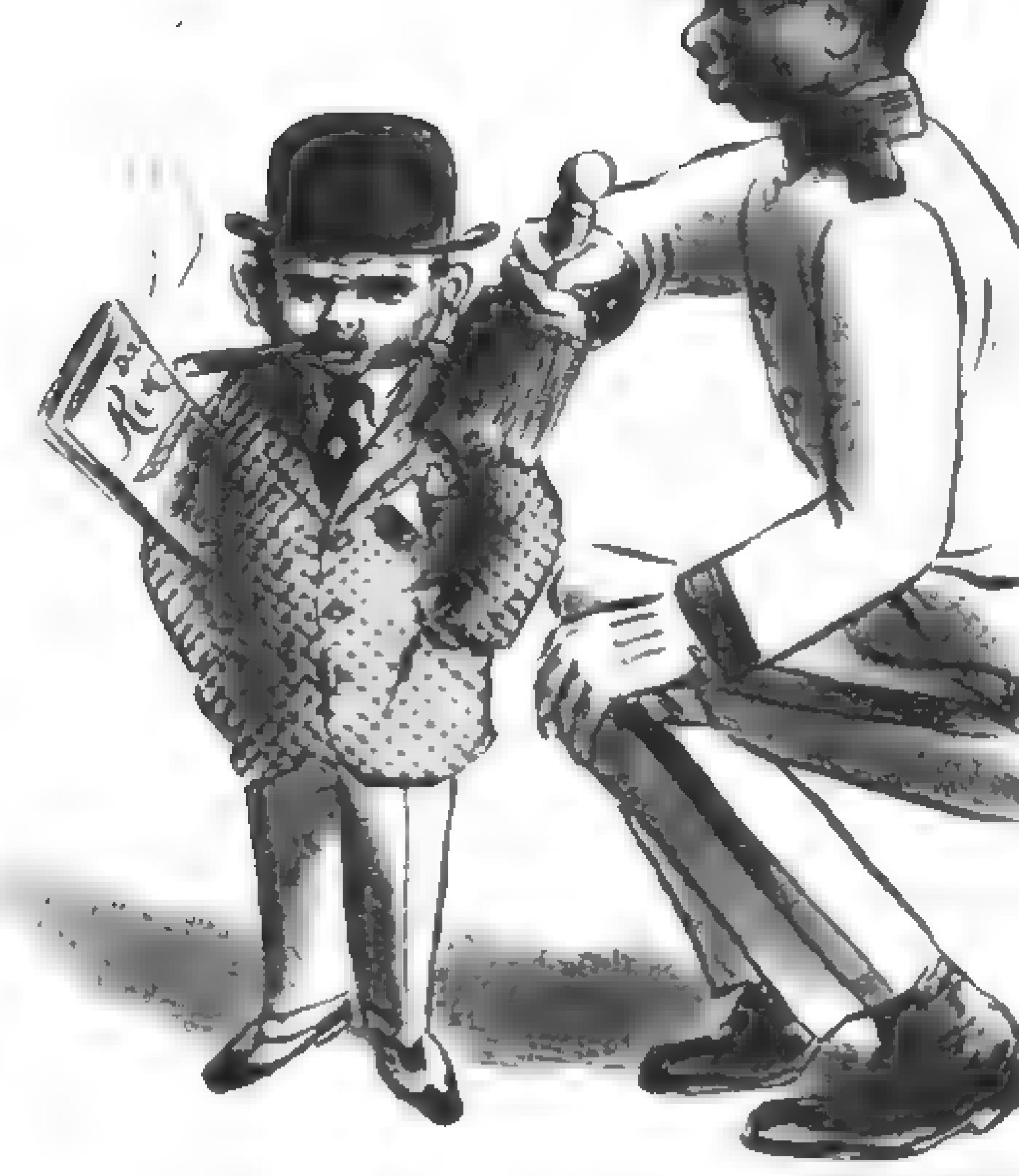
Adolphe Menjou is excellent as Kimberly, the most prosperous moral wreck in the wake of this ponderous one-man juggernaut. To compensate for being his employer's worm, he becomes his wife's tyrant. Kimberly represents what all Evans' stooges soon become. Vic Norman's efforts to resist such a fate constitute the main story line of the picture.

During most of the action, Gable makes a perfect Vic Norman. He hits just the right cynical emphasis when he sets out to buy a "sincere necktie." But there are moments, at the opening and near the finish, when he strives a little too hard to be buoyant. A few of his light touches have become a bit too roguish with the passing of the years. Now and again Clark tries too hard to be the prewar Gable. He should relax. The postwar Gable is a very attractive guy. His best scenes in *The Hucksters* are those in which he acts most mature.

Some of these develop when Evans sends Vic to Hollywood to sign up a stinking radio comic (played with frightening fidelity by Keenan Wynn). In the course of this he runs into contract trouble with a theatrical agent named Dave Lash. Lash's fine public character makes it easy for Vic to secure the ghastly comic by threatening the agent with social blackmail. Gable is surprisingly good in delineating the helplessness of a man of action when faced with a dilemma that can't be solved with his fists. He makes you feel the self-contempt that sweeps over a man when he deliberately lets his boss turn him into a heel.

It takes a heap of women to make a louse a hero. For this reason, the producer, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., (*Continued on page 174*)

As a papoose of thirty summers, Roscoe Bates was the biggest little thing that had hit Hollywood since Shirley Temple



Love on the Half Shell

by RICHARD ENGLISH

THERE are parties who claim Hollywood has a heart the size of a walnut, but Roscoe Bates is not among them; he will testify that Hollywood is a soft touch for a tiny hand, a cooing gurgle, the damp feel of an infant. He often remarks, the pix industry's love of little children shouldn't happen to a papoose.

Mr. Bates, a carnival star in his own right, always regarded the cinema as a passing American whimsy, a place you dropped in when no good carnival was playing in town. And, accustomed to the spotlight himself, his western trip on the Chief was marred by the loud presence of several picture persons, whom he had marked down as profiles in search of a mirror.

He had no idea, as he rose in the lounge car so the porter could brush him off, that Hollywood would soon clutch him to its great mother-heart.

"George," he said in his rasping soprano, "there is something aboard this train that gives off a decided odor of ham. These Hollywood characters lack size. They lack dignity. Now take me—"

He looked at the reflection of his three-feet-six in wholesome admiration. His tiny nose, tack-sharp eyes and bland pink baby face which contrasted with the *Racing Form* stuck in the pocket of his checked suit, all met his complete approval.

"Now, take me. Do I rush out to take a bow at every whistlestop? No. The jerks can lay out their dimes if they want to see me."

"I see what you mean, suh," George said, faintly. He had never carried a midget before and he had had his fingers crossed all the way out of Chicago. "I ain't brushing too hard, am I?"

"What do you think I'm made of, chicken wire? You ought to read *Billboard*, boy. Last July in Cincy I stopped a midget with one punch. That's one thing Joe Louis and I have in common—we can both lick any chump careless enough to make our weight."

"Yessuh," George said, "that Joe Louis, he's a lot of man, too. I carried him once. I carried a lot of big shots in my time, Mr. Bates. Got one right up there in drawing room A—that redheaded Miss Noren—they calls the Bonfire Girl."

"If she's in pictures you can have her." Mr. Bates was racking his derby at just the right angle. He was sharp, all right. "You want to get a load of some real class, George, just take a gander at the little lady who's meeting me in Pasadena."

"I sure will," said George, pocketing his tip. "I—I suppose the lady's kinda on the petite side herself?"

"Three-feet-two and, believe me, every inch of it enough to make Rita Hayworth go out and shoot herself. This little lady already happens to be my wife, you see. It's just that we've been somewhat separated lately. We couldn't see eye to eye on my personality."

His eyes were pensive as he swaggered toward his drawing room. Helen's leaving him still hurt. They had been married almost three years and every day had been a happy one till that business in Cincinnati, when Tiny Jack Wilens had wanted equal billing. It had taken two policemen to pull them apart and when Roscoe's next personal appearance was in night court Helen had left him flat. Well, another half-hour and she would be in his arms. That is, if his letters had really convinced her. He had sworn that now he was a reformed prima donna, no more brawling in public places, no more poker games and dice parties. But most of all, no more cop-fighting.

He was so filled with high resolve that he practically dropped his teeth when he threw open his door. A brassy, long-legged redhead, in a filmy blue negligee, had moved right in on him.

"Lady, you got the wrong drawing room," he piped. "I'm a broad-minded guy, but I don't like strange tomatoes thinking I'm running a powder room. My wife's not that broad-minded." Jerking his head, "You'll have to blow, Red. I'll wait outside."

The redhead had spun around. For the past week she had been fighting off a cold with champagne and it was a second before she was convinced this was a man and not a mirage.

"Who let you in?" she shrieked. "It's got so a girl can't even get dressed for you autograph hounds! And don't give me any of that little boy stuff, Shorty. I know a wolf when I see one!"

"Shorty?" he shrilled. "You get fresh with me and I'll really give you trouble, Red. Now blow before I call the conductor!"

"*You'll* call the conductor?" She grabbed up a champagne bottle, "Nat! They're after me again!" She hurled the bottle.

It splintered the mirror right over Roscoe's head. Then he was seized from behind and jerked high in the air by Nat Talbot, the publicity man who guarded Miss Nada Noren's every personal appearance. Crying with rage, he struck out wildly, and caught the conductor right on the nose.

"I'll swear he crawled right out of the wall!" Miss Noren sobbed. "I was dressing when I looked up and there he was, leering at me."

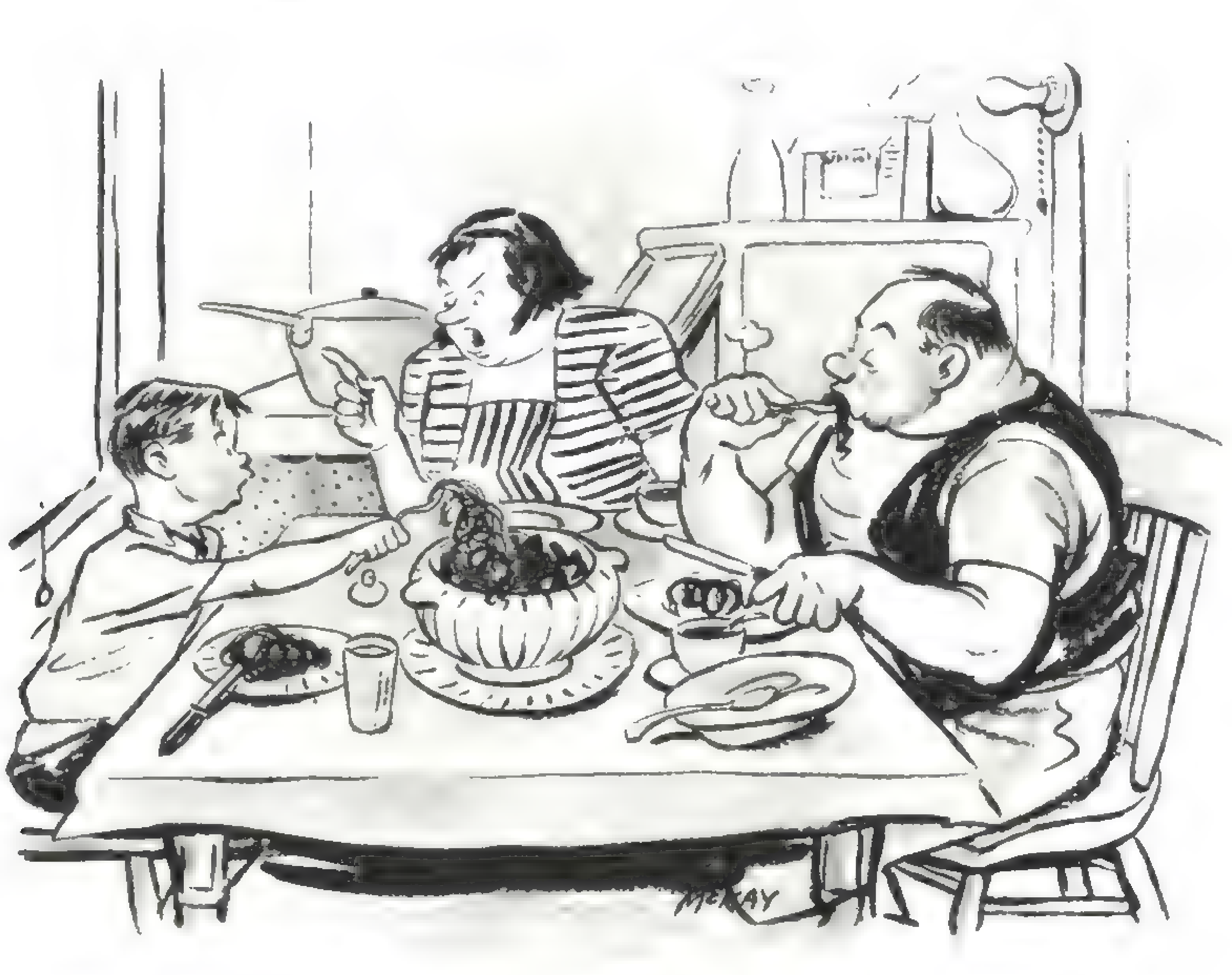
"Leering at you?" Roscoe howled. "Who do you think you are? I've seen better faces in side shows!"

At Pasadena, Roscoe, still kicking and screaming like a furious child, was hustled off the train. Two station police were waiting. He clipped the bigger one a dandy, even while his bag and baggage were being thrown out on the platform.

The press, awaiting Miss Noren's arrival, had a field day. "It was just too much for him, fellows," Nat Talbot explained reverently. "He burst in on her, wanting just one minute alone with his dream girl. It happens all the time, you know. Naturally we won't press charges. He can't help the way she affects men."

"Who won't press charges?" Roscoe panted. "I'll have you all scrubbing floors! I'll sue the railroad, I'll sue the cops and the studio, and you too, bladder-face!"

Another flash bulb went off then. By the time order had been restored and it was established that Roscoe had got into the wrong drawing room, Miss



"Stop eating so much spinach! Do you want to grow up to be a big muscle-bound ape like your father?"

Noren, pleased with the publicity, had been swept off to the studio.

Not till the crowd broke up did Roscoe catch a glimpse of the only woman he would ever love. His tiny wife had been swept under a baggage truck in the first wave and was crying in wounded dignity.

"It's no use, Roscoe," Helen sobbed. "I never thought I'd be caught in a riot started by my own husband. You don't care who tramples me, do you? You don't care about anything except fighting policemen and getting your picture in the paper!"

"But you don't understand, Helen! This wasn't my fault! I didn't even know who she was. I was just minding my own business—"

Her little jaw stubborn as his own, Helen choked, "I was crazy to think you'd ever change! I—I wouldn't come back to you now if you were the last midget on earth."

Four hours and seventeen dollars later a cab deposited Roscoe at the gates of Jupiter Studios. The administration building, a huge white edifice of Taj Mahal—Early Building and Loan design, glistened in the late afternoon sun. Roscoe glared at it as he paid off the cabbie. His welcome to California seemed complete when he found his luggage had been carried off with Miss Nada Noren's.

His face set much like a frozen quince, he landed on the Bonfire Girl's stage a few minutes later. When the cop at the reception desk had coarsely refused to grant him the professional courtesy of breezing right in, he posted himself at the auto gate. When no one was looking he darted through. He instantly regretted it on coming to grips with Miss Noren's current Technicolor epic. In *Lily of the Plains*, an Indian picture, Miss Noren had just taken the first Sioux bubble bath. Now the inspired braves were scalping the palefaces. That intrepid plainsman from the Theatre Guild, Mr. Brice Mayo, was leading the fire from the imperiled wagon train and Roscoe was struck by a flaming arrow. Leaping into the nearest buffalo wallow, he glared over the brink as the firing ceased.

Perfumes
DEDINI

"This is our newest—we call it 'Meal-Ticket'!"

"Whoever heard of an Indian in a derby?" the director screamed, pointing at that wallow. "It's not enough the horses won't stampede on cue! No, I've got to cope with front-office spies, too!"

The set was immediately plunged into a vain search for the Indian with derby and Roscoe, somewhat shattered by this welcome, dodged into the nearest tepee. Not until the director stormed from the set did Roscoe have a chance to creep up on the portable dressing room marked "Miss Noren."

The Bonfire Girl was lovingly touching up her make-up when her mirror revealed Roscoe's cold face. Before she could scream again, he said stiffly, "Let's keep it dignified. All I want from you is my luggage, Red."

"That's twice you've called me 'Red' today," she said slowly. "I'll bet you're a real three-by-three killer with the ladies, aren't you? Well, I'm not buying any. You'd better get out of here quick before I have you thrown out!"

"Let's not get personal," he said. "All I want is my pigskin bag."

"Now," she said, "I've heard everything. In New York it was a Brazilian orchestra who had lost their maracas; in Chicago it was an Eskimo looking for his seal. With you, it's luggage. Take off that derby and tell me all about it, big boy."

He was about to make it plain that he only removed his hat in the presence of ladies when Nat Talbot called, "Nada! Are you decent? Martha Murray wants to see you!" All the rest was a horrible blur. Roscoe never had a chance.

Miss Noren had sprung to her feet, clutching her dressing robe with one hand, knocking over a chair in her panic. "Martha Murray!" she gasped. "She'll have it in her column that now I'm running around with midgets!"

Roscoe was seeking a closet. What little chance he might still have with his tiny wife would be forever lost if Helen read he had been caught twice with Nada Noren on one day.

But the next thing he knew Miss Noren was hurling him on the divan and covering him up with a pink silk quilt. Roscoe barely had time to pull the quilt over his face before the door was jerked open and Nada dashed over to it, crying, "Why, Martha, darling!"

Miss Murray's cool glance swept the room. "I'd swore I'd heard a man's voice in here, baby. I'd hate to think you were holding out on lil Martha. Only this luncheon Liz Bowen was saying she hadn't seen you at Romanoff's with an attractive man in simply ages."

"Liz Bowen!" the Bonfire Girl snapped. "After seeing her last picture I thought she was already planted in Forest Lawn. If I didn't have any more future than she did . . ." Then she caught Nat Talbot's warning glance, and smiled, "But after all, Liz is a darling, isn't she? And at her age, too!"

Miss Murray's laugh was distilled vinegar. A thin anvil of a woman, her enemies would have filled Hollywood Bowl.

"You girls!" she tinkled. "Just because you're always after the same men you'd think you were lifelong enemies. But, as I always say, a few broken bodies never hurt any column. Now tell lil Martha all about your tour, honey. Who gave in New York?"

Miss Noren was about to launch into a lurid account of her triumphs when a violent sneeze shook the divan like a cocktail shaker. With Nada to think was to emote and she flung herself beside the divan.

"My itty bitty fellow!" she cried. "Is his blanket bothering my little Indian boy?" And covering him even more firmly, she cooed to her startled audience, "I only wish you could see him, he's so darling. Running Water's playing my little brother in the picture, you know. I'd take his blanket off if I hadn't promised the director to be careful with all this flu around."

Nat Talbot's mouth came apart at the hinges.

Miss Murray's agate eyes widened. "But how sweet! I never dreamed I'd see the day when you'd be crazy over a baby, let alone an Indian one!" Her maternal instinct on the rise, she insisted on chucking him under the chin.

Obviously something was expected of Roscoe.

"Kitchy koo," he said bitterly.

"Why, he talks!" Miss Murray marveled. "He speaks English and everything! How old is he, sweet?"

"Three," Miss Noren said fondly. "I'm simply mad about him," she confessed. "If everything goes all right I'm going to adopt him and everything, aren't I, Nat?"

"Now isn't that sweet?" Miss Murray demanded. "I think it's just shameful the way Hollywood has neglected Indian children. After all, they are our own little refugees!" Her glance flew to her watch. "Heavens, I'm due at the office in twenty minutes. I'll talk to you later, Nada. Bye, Nat!"

Nat Talbot couldn't wait to rip that quilt back after the door closed behind her. He was a big flabby man who lived on B shots and he recoiled, flinching, at the sight of Roscoe.

"You're a witness to this!" Roscoe stormed. "You slug me on a train, you call the cops at Pasadena, you cost me my wife, and now this tomato steals my pigskin bag. If you don't give it back this joint'll be jumping with lawyers in another five minutes!"

It was six o'clock before his bag was found and a studio car dropped him at a Hollywood Boulevard hotel. Roscoe was so spent with his all-out welcome to cinemaland that after dinner in bed and a good cigar he fell asleep without even scanning the *Racing Form.*

It was a restless slumber with Helen's tearful little face part of every dream. She had written Roscoe that she had been working out of Central Casting the past few months and he could just see her, after the divorce, staying in this loathsome industry. It became a nightmare with Roscoe, growing old and unloved, playing tank towns and Helen settled on a tiny ranch, raising small oranges and bantam chicks.

After such a night the hammering at his door next morning was almost welcome till he found himself staring into the ashen countenance of Mr. Nat Talbot. Mr. Talbot was an unlovely flounder grey, and sweating from every pore. He leaked fear.

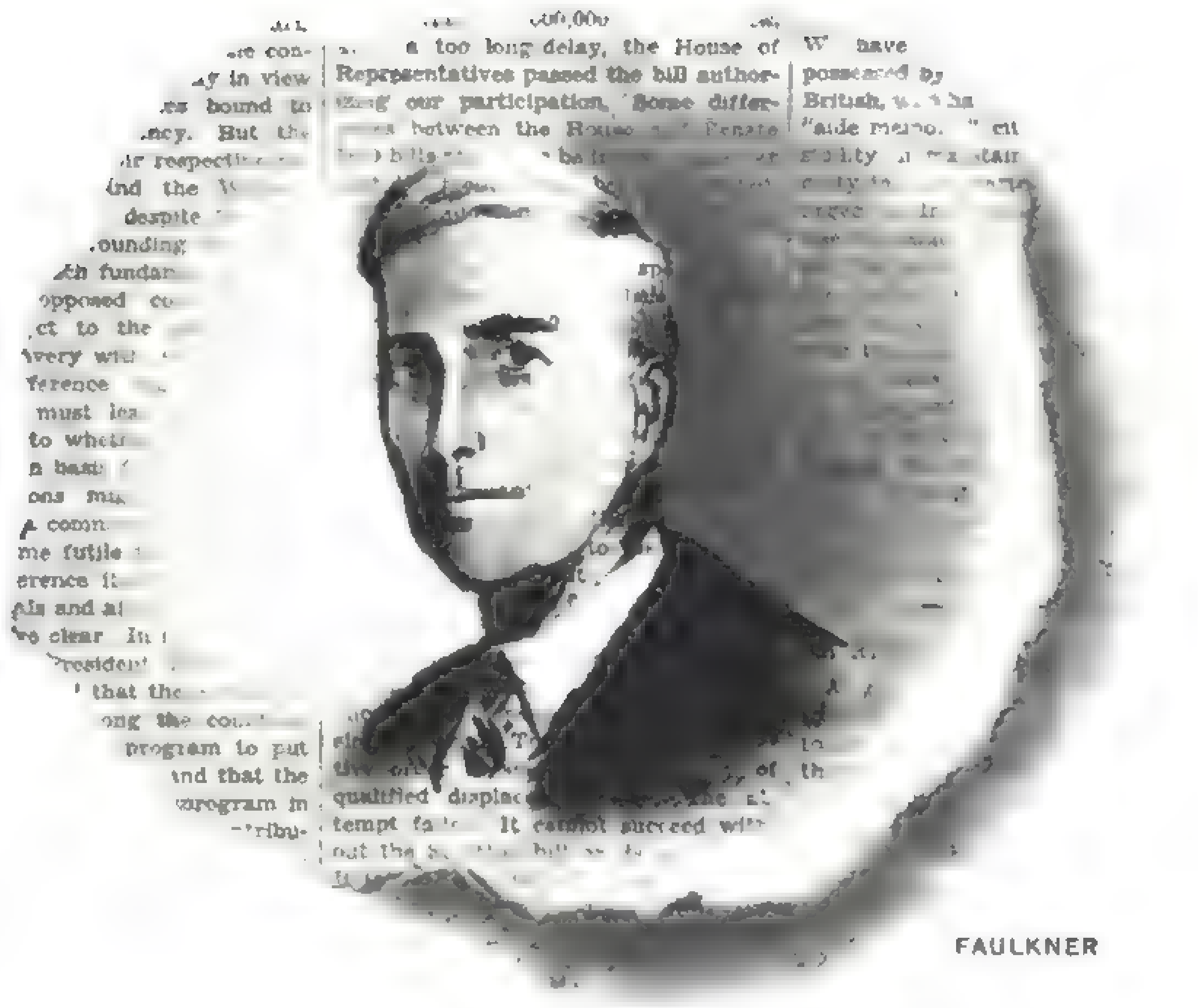
"You've got to help us," he quivered. "Nada's in trouble, awful trouble. Did you see Martha Murray's column this morning?"

"Look," Roscoe said with finality. "All I (*Continued on page 171*)

In the roaring twenties, when newspaper editors were erratic, the strangest of all was Holcombe

Salute to a Clay-Footed Titan

by STANLEY WALKER



FAULKNER

When old newspapermen get together, the talk often turns to managing editors, their eccentricities and erudition, their blind spots and their magnificent hunches, their cruelty and their generosity. Among managing editors are many famous names, some beloved and some not: O. K. Bovard of St. Louis, James Crown of New Orleans, James Keeley of Chicago, Chester S. Lord, Keats Speed and Carr V. Van Anda of New York, and so on through a rather formidable list.

Rarely if ever recalled is a man who in life always fascinated me; even now, when he has been dead eleven years, I often think of him with amusement not unmixed with a sort of horrified astonishment.

His name was Armstead Richardson Holcombe, and he was managing editor of The New York *Herald Tribune* from June, 1926, until October, 1931, when one chilly day he humbly offered his resignation, admitting that the stresses and strains of metropolitan journalism, the character-eroding impact of New York life, and the ever-present temptation of the bottle were a bit too much for him. He went to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, to a town called Berlin, and passed the rest of his life—fairly happily and comfortably, I am told—as the editor and publisher of a small paper, *The Eastern Shore Times.*

Holcombe was a tall, grey-haired, tight-lipped, stiff-jointed figure, a solid Puritan at heart, not very quick on the uptake, virtually devoid of imagination, and with it all a pretty game fellow. He had long periods when he was the soul of dignity and propriety; at other times, when he heard the clink of the whiskey tumblers calling, he would get an odd, half-wild look in his eyes, he would tilt his hat back on his head, and we would all know that he was going on one of his periodicals. When sober, he could pass for a Southern aristocrat, and he had a wide streak of the snob in him, but when the humanizing touch of alcohol soothed his psyche, he was the pal of all the world, the particular friend of the nethermost of the underdogs, the frowsy and incredibly cheap hangers-on in the gin mills of New York's West Side.

When Holcombe became managing editor of the *Herald Tribune* in 1926, the paper was at the start of the period of its greatest growth. His very conservatism, and his capacity for boring detail, contributed mightily, strange as it may seem, to the paper's development. He was a brake against wild ideas; such men, for all their exasperating dullness at times, apparently serve a useful purpose. I was night city editor during the first part of his editorship, and city editor during the latter part, so that naturally I had to deal with him every day, and came to know him about as well as anyone could. I always called him Mr. Holcombe, and rose when he approached my desk. When tipsy he would ask me to call him "Army," but I never could bring myself to this. He was known covertly among the men as The Great Stone Face, The Good Grey Bishop, and something else good and grey also beginning with the letter B. Also as Mr. Hokum.

The paper was growing, and we were trying to build up a strong staff. Our success in bringing together a group of exceptionally able newspapermen seems almost miraculous now. Holcombe and I often differed when it came to hiring and firing. He preferred men from well-known families, with imposing names, and he set great store by college degrees. However, he also was friendly toward men who had worked in St. Louis, where he had slaved for several years. He had another curious bias; he was impressed by sheer beef. A broad-shouldered, square-jawed six-footer, especially if reasonably well-dressed, could often get a trial even if he were next to illiterate.

I had a constant fight to prevent Holcombe from loading the staff down with decayed, half-witted scions of old Eastern families and dumb heavyweights. He accused me of being partial to Texas (he was not far wrong in this) and with trying to pack the staff with wild Irishmen, skinny poets, sloppy dressers, and intermittently brilliant drunkards. Together we struck a pretty good balance. I'll say this for him: when one of his prize heavy-thewed lads demonstrated his incapacity, the old man would readily agree to firing him.

Holcombe brought Ted Wallen, who weighed about 230 pounds, down from Hartford, and made him a political writer; this turned out to be a fair enough choice. Wallen, now dead, served for some time as head of the Washington bureau. However, another Adonis caused us much trouble; he was constantly compromising the paper, he couldn't write a coherent sentence, and he couldn't recognize a piece of news if it slapped him on his handsome snoot. Only after many months would Holcombe admit that he had picked a bad one.

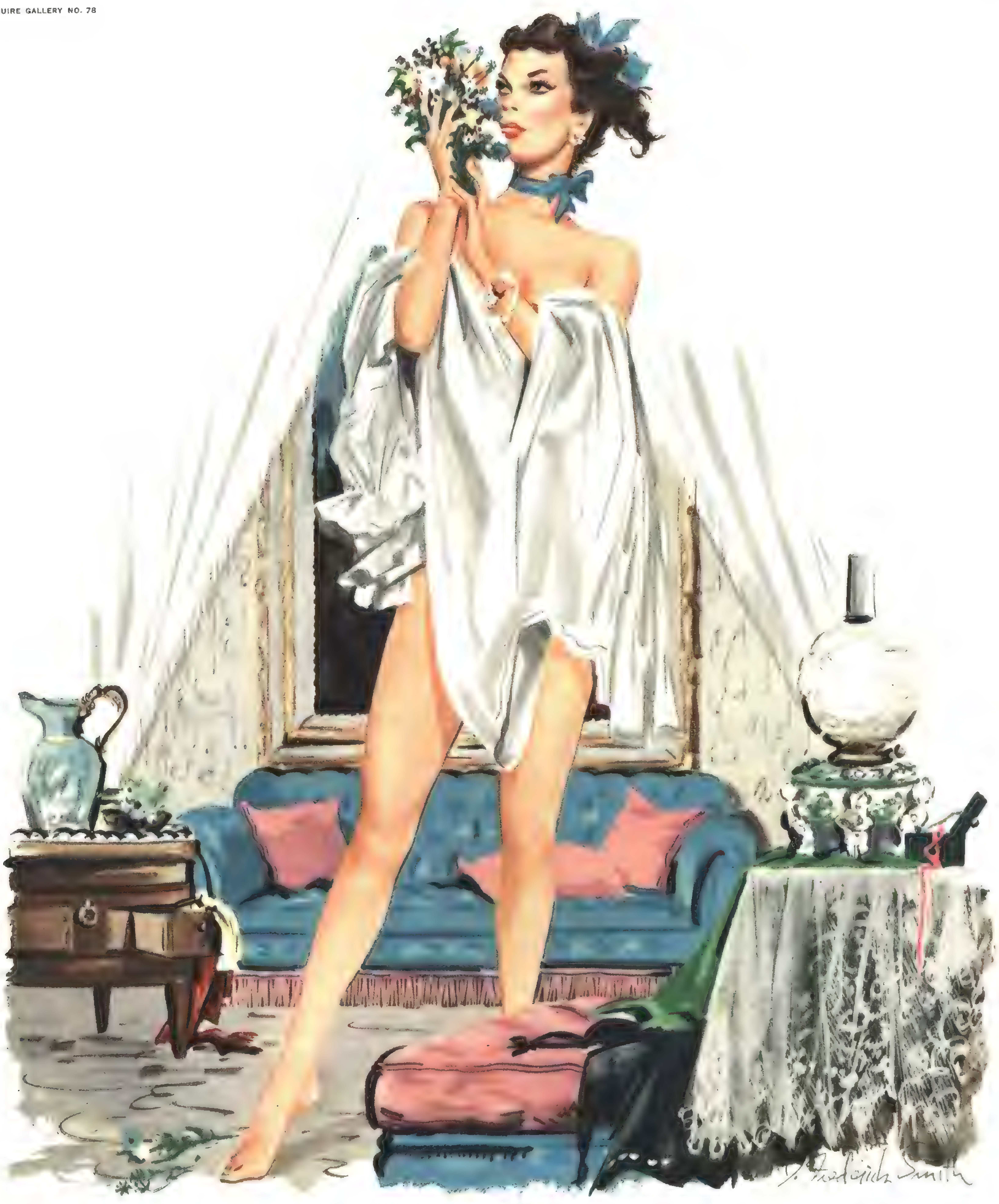
We saw eye to eye, however, on many staff members. For example, St. Clair McKelway not only had a pretty name but he was regarded widely as a handsome dog. Moreover, he came of a good Southern family, and a great-uncle, also St. Clair McKelway, had been one of the big men of New York journalism two generations before. So McKelway was a natural. Fortunately, he was also a first-rate newspaperman. Similarly, Joseph Driscoll satisfied both me and Holcombe; he came from St. Louis, weighed around 200 pounds and was more than six feet tall, was of Irish descent, and was an able reporter. One day I wanted to hire Alva Johnston, one of the finest reporters of all time, away from the New York *Times.* He was high-priced, but that didn't scare Holcombe, though he was ordinarily a hard man with a dollar. He had a talk with Johnston and was favorably impressed, though cautious. I knew why—Johnston was a slender fellow who dressed in drab colors. But Holcombe, in authorizing me to hire Johnston, said: "He's all right, I guess. The greyhound type."

The Good Grey Bishop was highly suspicious of humor, and thought amusing writers were *per se* unsound. One day young John Lardner, the oldest son of Ring Lardner, told me he was going to quit Harvard. He wanted a job on the paper. I anticipated no difficulty. Lardner was at least six feet tall, built like Joe Louis, and he had a good name. Holcombe had a talk with him and was not enthusiastic. "I don't think much of him," he said.

I put up a strong argument (*Continued on page 224*)

PRIVATE
BURR SHAFER

"And in view of your attitude, Miss Danes, I'm afraid this must serve as your notice"



Many Austrian noblemen responded to the challenge in Maria's long-lashed blue eyes but she could see only the handsome Crown Prince Rudolph

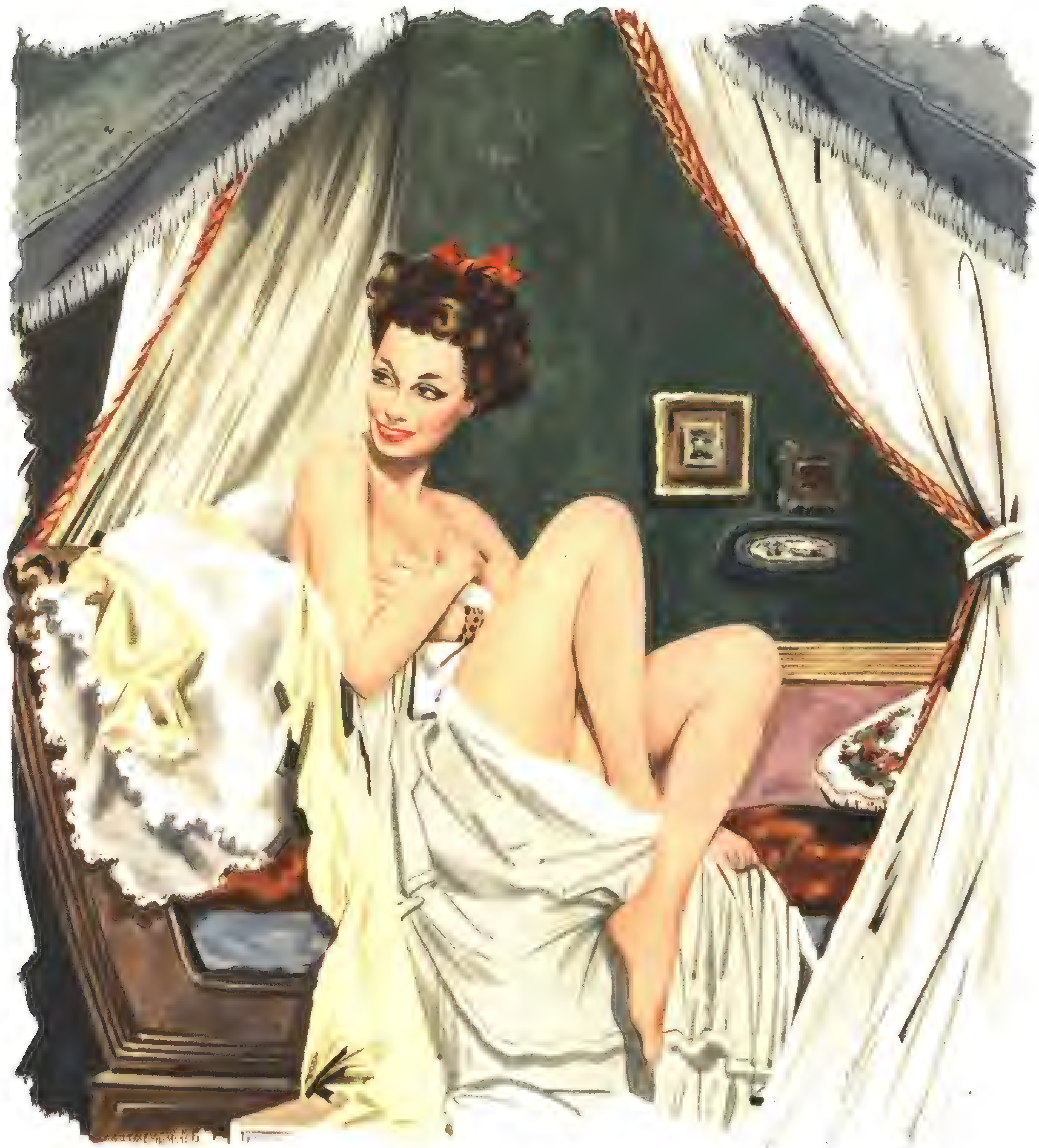
Mystery of Mayerling

Highlighting the dramatic romance of the Austrian Archduke and Baroness Vetsera

Pictorial Reminiscence
by J. FREDERICK SMITH

THE Austrian quality of "gemütlichkeit," freely translated as the joy of living, reached its flower in the Court of Vienna during the gay youth of Archduke Rudolph and the Baroness Vetsera.

Rudolph, only son of Emperor Franz Joseph, was the opposite of his stuffed-shirt rival in Berlin, the young Kaiser Wilhelm, and his magnetic power was viewed with asperity by Germans desiring a weak Austria. A supreme athlete (he was an excellent hunter, horseman and fencer) and a democratic intellectual (he contributed to liberal publications), he was also acclaimed by indulgent subjects as an eminent sinner, whose gambling, drinking and love affairs became a legend. Perhaps the tragedy of Mayerling is explained in his confession to a friend, prior to meeting Baroness Maria Vetsera,



The gay, fashionable salons of Countess Marie Larisch afforded convenient rendezvous for Maria and Rudolph

that: "Even if princes are loved for themselves, they never have the satisfaction of realizing it by any possible test."

From the time she glimpsed the handsome Crown Prince in his imperial box at the opera, Maria could see no other gallant. She had been gently bred. Her father was a Hungarian baron, her mother, a member of the Baltazzi family of bankers, and their palace in Vienna was the scene of fashionable balls where Maria, at a highly precocious sixteen, was an eagerly sought-for cotillion partner. Maria was considered by her ambitious mother to be the most attractive of her offspring, and destined for a brilliant marriage in Viennese society. Maria's mother knew nothing of her romance with the Archduke, which began ominously enough.

Maria had a mystical nature and when she first met Rudolph at his private rooms in the palace, she found on his writing table a revolver and a skull—which she examined with what may have been prescience. When Rudolph took the skull away from his wide-eyed guest, she smiled reassuringly. "I am not afraid," she said.

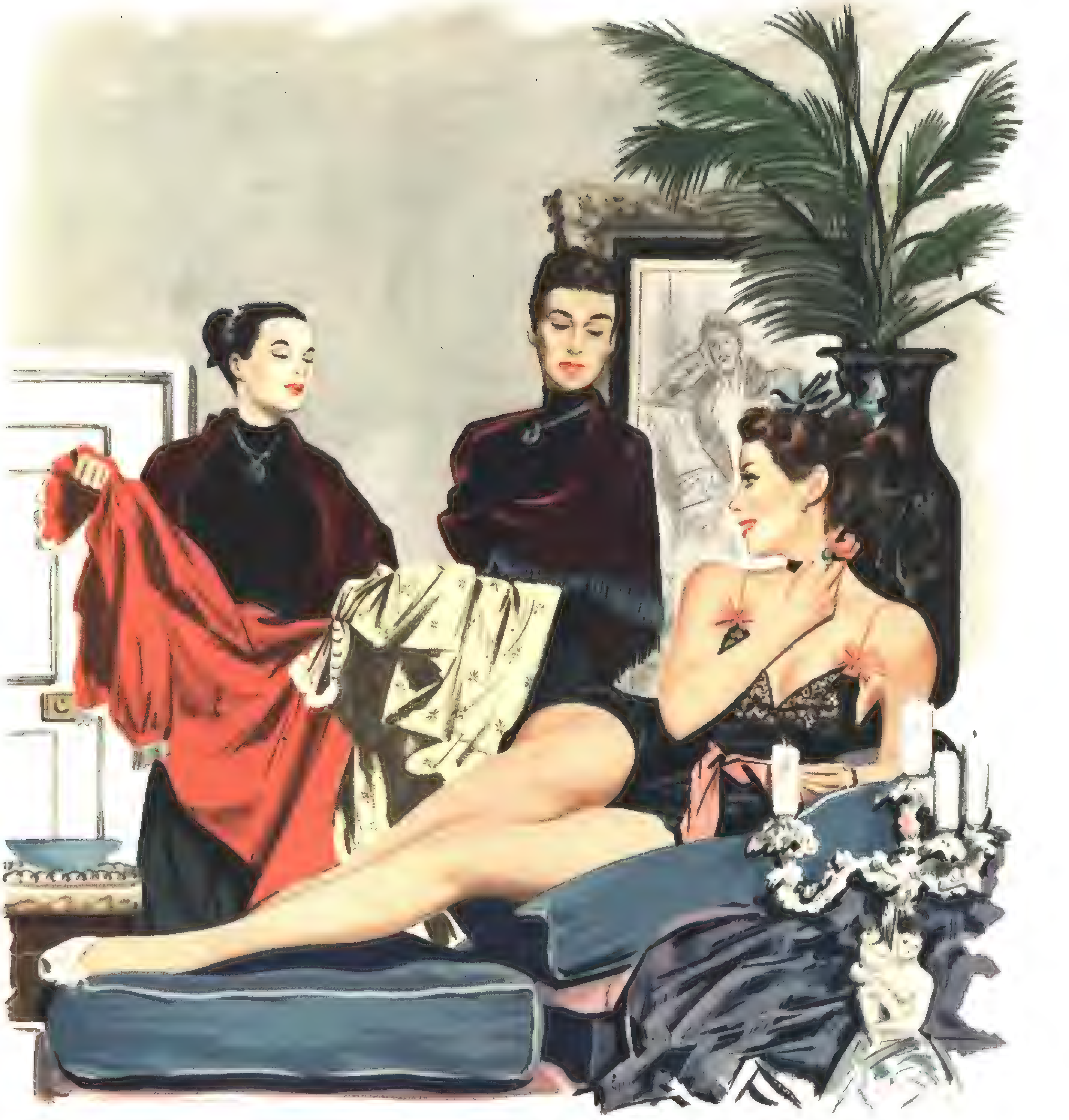
Later when Baroness Maria Vetsera made her debut at the German ambassador's ball, ladies of the court remarked on her sparkling beauty, adding significantly that she wore jewelry not customary for girls. In her hair shone a magnificent crescent of diamonds.

Her romance with the Crown Prince, which began in 1888, continued with the quarrels and misunderstandings that usually characterize clandestine affairs. For a time Rudolph entertained the idea of petitioning Pope Leo XIII to grant him a divorce from his unhappy consort, the Princess Stephanie, so that he might marry Baroness Vetsera. However, his father, Franz Joseph, convinced him that a future emperor had no right to seek personal happiness. The monarch even succeeded in exacting a promise (to be repeatedly broken) that Rudolph would not see the Baroness again.

Marie seemed to have no thought of the future. Indeed, she proved the veracity of a statement once made by her Hapsburg lover that "before a woman's desire to be loved, honor, family, God, conscience—all may go to the winds of the wide world."

Probably it was envy which prompted the ladies of the court to suggest that she meant just another conquest to the Archduke, since he was also intimately concerned with Mitzi Kaspar, an amiable fraülein, often painted by artists of the day. But whatever role she played in his life, Maria attained the leading part in the final tragedy.

No two historians agree on the truth underlying the meshes of intrigue and counterintrigue which comprise the mystery of Mayerling. Certainly the death of Austria's Crown Prince spelled disaster for the dual monarchy and the rest of the world as well. For no European leader realized so well as Rudolph the danger of Germany's paranoic aggression, nor was better equipped with the



Maria Vetsera was unusual among Viennese women not only for her beauty but also for her elegance in dress

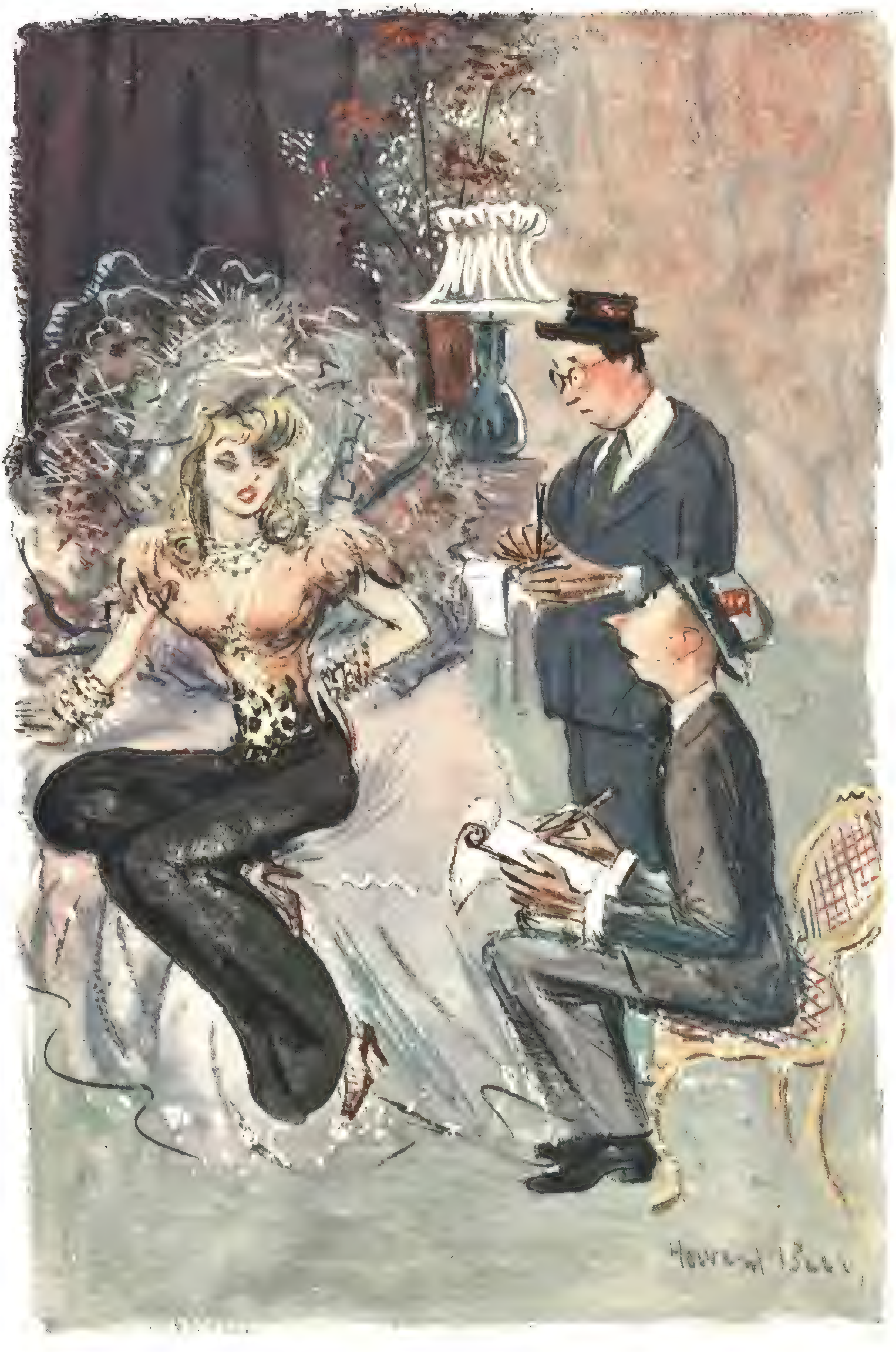
courage and diplomacy to combat it. Warned of peril to his life from Berlin-hired assassins, he scorned the precaution of armed guards in an outburst of anger, and ascribed his carelessness to "the healthy instinct of the Hapsburgs."

It has been alleged that the Countess Marie Larisch, who helped arrange the Archduke's rendezvous with Marie Vetsera at her gay salons and elsewhere, was an involuntary instrument of German espionage. According to one chronicler, German spies infiltrated Viennese society and used every means, from gambling to alluring women, to weaken the Hapsburg rule. But no one had doubted the sincerity of lovely Maria's attachment to the Crown Prince, nor her motives in an affair which could lead only to scandal. For Viennese society, however gay its waltzes, remained harshly conventional.

It was also dubiously reported that the Baroness Vetsera wrote Rudolph a letter, using his personal cachet, in which she begged him not to visit his hunting lodge at Mayerling. However, he laughed off her warning, it was said, dubbing her a mystic. He may have had no fear of murder (if it *was* murder), nor thought of suicide. Oddly enough, though, he instructed the Lord High Steward not to send out invitations to his pending dinner until he received further word by telegram.

Count Hoyos, who was Rudolph's only expected guest at Mayerling during the fatal interlude from the night of January 29th, 1889, to the morning of the 30th, recounted the final scene on oath. After Hoyos had returned from the day's hunt, from which his host had excused himself, he dined with Rudolph alone and retired early to his rooms some 500 paces from the castle. Next morning at eight o'clock a servant reported that the Crown Prince's valet, Loschek, had been knocking vainly on his door for the last half-hour. At half-past six the Crown Prince had appeared in his pajamas, ordered Loschek to call him in an hour and returned to his room, whistling.

Count Hoyos hurried to the castle, pounded repeatedly on Rudolph's door and finally ordered the lock to be forced. Then Loschek confessed the Crown Prince was not alone; the Baroness Vetsera was with him. Prince Philip of Coburg, another guest for the hunt who arrived in his carriage at that moment from Vienna, commanded that the door be broken with an ax. Entering the room first, the valet discovered the late Crown Prince and Baroness Vetsera lying close together, covered with blood. Upon examination, bullet wounds were found in the right temple of each. Every detail seemed to have been deliberately planned. Maria Vetsera was dressed in black, flowers in her hair and in her hands. There were notes in what appeared to be authentic handwriting, though one biographer implied they were forged. In farewell to her sister, Maria wrote: "Do not weep for me, I am going across gaily." Addressing her mother, she apologized: "I was unable to resist love." ⧺



Howard Baer

"Just say I'm living here in Hollywood with my mother"

The sensation he felt dreaming of it gave him an exhilaration as complete as the act

It Was Like This Before

by **JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD**

He awoke easily, without shock, and glanced at the illuminated dial of his watch. Three. It was going to happen again, and in delighted anticipation he lay calmly, waiting.

Now he closed his eyes. It would come in just a moment . . . There! A great light burst through his eyelids. He caught his breath, held it. Whatever he was to see, he would know it. He had been there before.

Hallucinatory memory, they called it; this was the preliminary. He had read about it, even talked with a doctor who had been very interested but tiresomely curious; he had never gone back. Anyway, doctors were all quacks. The experience might be phenomenal, as they said, but certainly it had nothing to do with hallucination.

Many people, he had been told, feared the experience. That doctor, in fact, had been quite insistent about reassuring him; he had almost laughed in his face and thus betrayed his secret. Why, he loved it! So much better, this reliving of the familiar—become suddenly vivid and exquisitely personal, than facing those vexing situations which continually arose during the day! Life became simple, elemental, as it had been in his childhood.

He was proud of this rare ability, because he was sure it was an act of courage. To surrender oneself utterly, abandoning all volition—to await the solution as it was acted out for one in the great light illuminating the intimate, well-recognized episode—that required a peculiar daring and abnormal sensibility. One might say, the daring and sensibility of a child. It was an aspect of genius, of course.

But one must not think; one must lie absolutely still and wait while the great light swept the mind, swept it absolutely clean. He lay rigid, expelling all thought. Something was beginning to form, and soon it would appear, all contours clearly visible. He waited.

It was a large playing field, with a grandstand. His viewpoint was above it and very distant, yet such was the clarity of the white light that he could see the knotholes in the weathered fence boards.

In midfield there was a single tiny figure. It was himself, of course; he had known that without looking. Apparently the stands were empty. . . No, there was one onlooker seated in them. That, too, was himself.

There was nothing discernible now except the field and the two figures. Everything else had been swept beyond the fence which surrounded the playing area; the light had somehow done the sweeping, and there had been a delicious sensation about it. Now he felt clean and relaxed, as one's flesh felt after a hot shower. He could see dimly some piles of debris beyond the playing-field fence. But he must not probe into those rubbish heaps.

He was fascinated by the figure in the field. It moved slowly, apparently without direction or objective. The figure in the stands just sat and watched. Despite the great light the moving figure cast no shadow. He reminded himself that it was no concern of his where the figure might be going. That would appear in due time.

Now the figure in the stands moved, also very slowly. In the great light, he knew, movement was always languid—that was one of the delightful things about it. This figure, the onlooker, was rising.

The light was brightening. At last the figure in the stands was erect. It began to move onto the field.

Without feeling sensation in his limbs, he knew that he, too, was erect. The light was almost unbearable now, but marvelous warmth suffused his body. That was the evocative sensation, the warmth. This was it! I have been here before, he told himself.

The onlooker had intercepted the figure in the field, though it had seemed impossible, so slowly did they both move. But the one from the stands had had direction and the other's wanderings had been aimless.

As the figures merged the light came up again; he closed his eyes against it. Now it filled the room and he too was moving. The two figures were merged, and merged in him. The field, the fence, the piles of debris—all vanished. He was walking, but the will to walk and the direction came from the others, not from him.

He walked down the hall, noting with the little thrill of recaptured enchantment how measured and weightless was his step. Time had become weightless, yet personal; it was his and there was no urgency about anything. The great light was his, too.

He came to a door and tried it, but it was locked. Gently and very slowly, with long rhythmic pauses between each impact, he knocked.

Now he heard the lock click back. He smiled and waited a while, bathed in the wonderful light, then entered the room.

Anna, his wife, sat bolt upright in her bed, staring at him. The room was cold, he suspected—she looked cold—but that did not matter; the warm light he brought with him would comfort them both.

Anna had been frightened be- (*Continued in center of page 203*)

The Return of Robert the Roue

Currently in his forty-fourth season of leering wickedly at the ladies of the ensemble, Bobby Clark is reckoned by most Broadway critics the funniest man alive. At present trapped in Victor Herbert's time-tattered Sweethearts, *Mr. Clark allows the creaking script to slow him hardly at all. Complete with painted spectacles, roving eye and ridiculous costume, minus only the famous cigar, he is pictured here cutting his uninhibited capers to the consternation of his ingénue, June Knight, and Hollywood's Marjorie Gateson, who never saw the like on the Coast. Offstage, Mr. Clark, a shy man without his grease paint, reads the classics, which accounts for his affection for Molière and Congreve. Son of a train conductor, he and the late Paul McCullogh were one of the great comedy teams of all time.*

The Diz and the Bebop

Hailing an exciting new jazz form and its exponent, Dizzy Gillespie, who plays a trumpet like nobody ever played before

by **GILBERT S. McKEAN**

THE rehearsal studio was a long, unkempt hall of a place with walls painted a rather out-of-place baby blue. At one end of the room a bandstand backed by dingy gold drapes suggested the atmosphere of a dime-a-dance palace. On the stand a group of musicians crouched around the pianist who made sporadic notations on a music sheet as he fashioned the phrases on the keys. The piano man paused, grimaced and then, smiling, penciled in the finale.

"That's it, man."

The trumpet nodded, the sax leaned closer and stared intently. "Uh-huh. I got it," he said.

"You see," said the pianist. "It's *eee*-blium, *eee*-blium. Not iblium-iblium. Let's run through it together now."

It was a large, choice piece of bebop and the score or so of the beret-and-goatee clan that had assembled to listen displayed the satisfaction of connoisseurs sampling a brandy. When the instrumentalists broke into solos, it was frantic, harshly beautiful music, made of curt phrases, complex excursions that somehow resolved themselves satisfactorily. The melody, complex and bizarre to begin with, was further dissected and juxtaposed until there was a feeling of being pleasantly stunned—as by a recent Picasso.

"Hey! Slow down, man!" one of the listeners wanted to say. "There's too much going on. It's so delicious I want to drink it in slowly. I can't *listen* that fast! I can't dig that much stuff all at once. It scares me!" There was a little of the feeling a great modern symphony fosters, the exultance which comes in knowing that here is something original and great to be sampled again and again.

This, then, is bebop, another leg in the long journey from the New Orleans folk music called jazz. Like any music worthy of the name it changes with the impact of new personalities, new ideas. Its mutations tend toward an intellectual and finished form as opposed to the sensuous appeal of the more primitive jazz. Bebop has had a greater effect on musicians than any jazz innovation since Kid Ory decided to leave the tail gate open and exercise his elbow more.

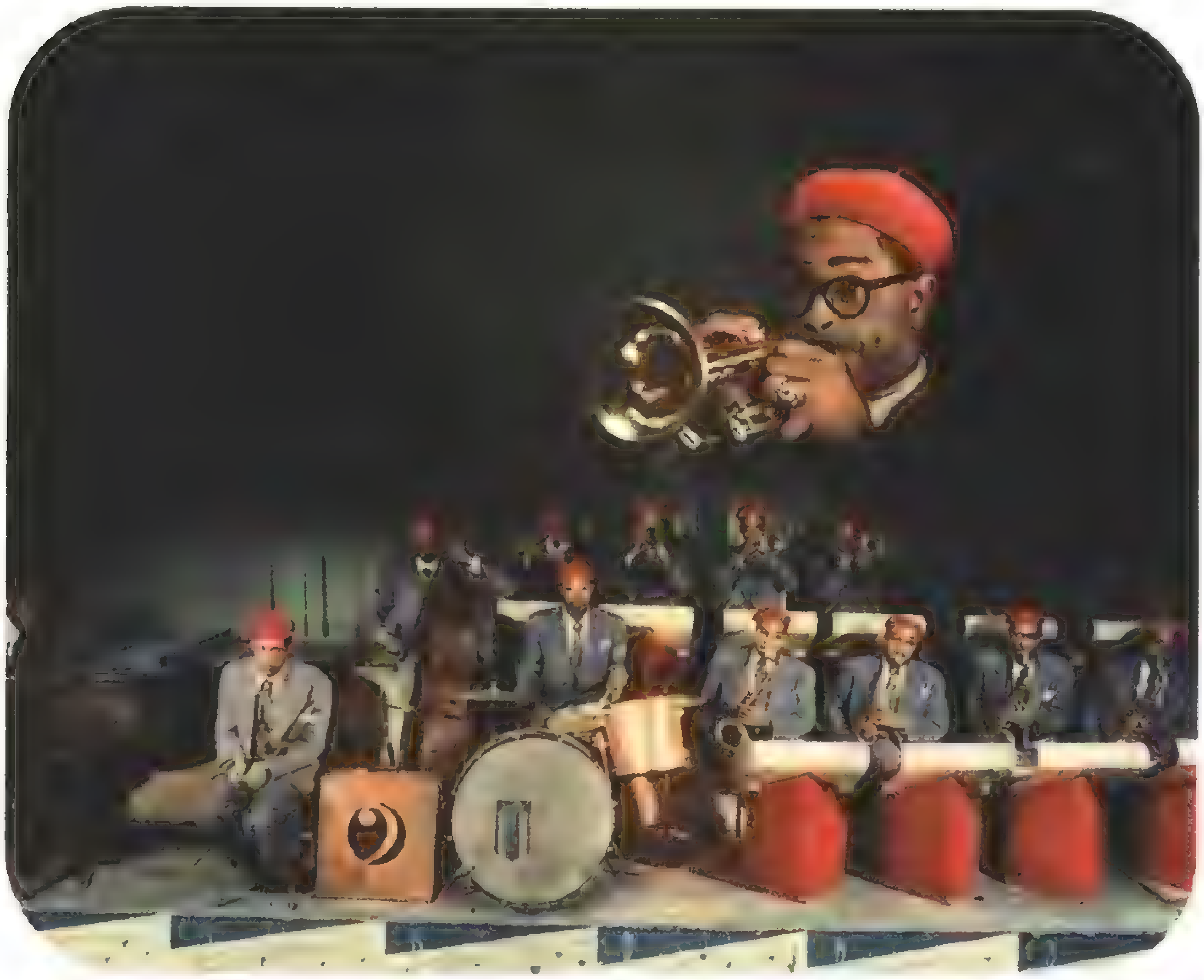
Although many had a hand in its origin, the person generally credited to be the father of this modern music is a neatly dressed, youthful chap of medium height and build, with a mustache and goatee. (This plumage is purely functional. The owner claims that it strengthens his "chops" and enables him to play more trumpet.) He wears thick spectacles of the dark-rimmed, straight-templed type so popular with the Museum of Modern Art set, not to mention many of us whose eyes are faulty. Born of Negro parents in Cheraw, South Carolina, he was christened John Birks Gillespie by his brickmason father. Pop had music as a hobby and led his own band. He owned the instruments and kept them at his house when the band was not giving a concert—so that, it may be conjectured, they couldn't wander off and get themselves hocked. It seemed that there was practically every instrument kicking around the house except a trumpet, so John Birks had to start out venting his creative urge on the piano. By the time our hero was fourteen he was fronting his own high-school combo. One day he felt the desire for a trumpet and borrowed one from a neighbor. The rest is history.

When Dizzy was nineteen years old he toured England and France with Teddy Hill's band. In those days he was just a good brass man playing the second-trumpet book and sharing the solos with Shad Collins. When Teddy Hill had planned the tour and hired Dizzy, many of the regular men threatened to leave.

"They thought I was just a green kid—which I was, I guess. 'Who is he?' they wanted to know. 'Who did he ever play with?' You see they wanted somebody with a reputation." Then with a shy smile he adds, "But Teddy thought I had possibilities so he called their bluff. They hated to back down on the trip and we all stuck together."

The South Carolina kid had a wonderful time overseas. In London he used to sit in after hours in a little dive called "The Nest" where his idiosyncrasies must have amazed and delighted the small British band there. In Paris, the land of milk and honeys, while Dicky Wells and Russ Procope were the darlings of the jazz dilettantes, Dizzy was an unknown quantity and therefore pretty much ignored. And, with time on his hands, he ran the gamut from the Sacré Coeur to the Louvre, from Montmartre to Montparnasse and back again—as any good country boy should.

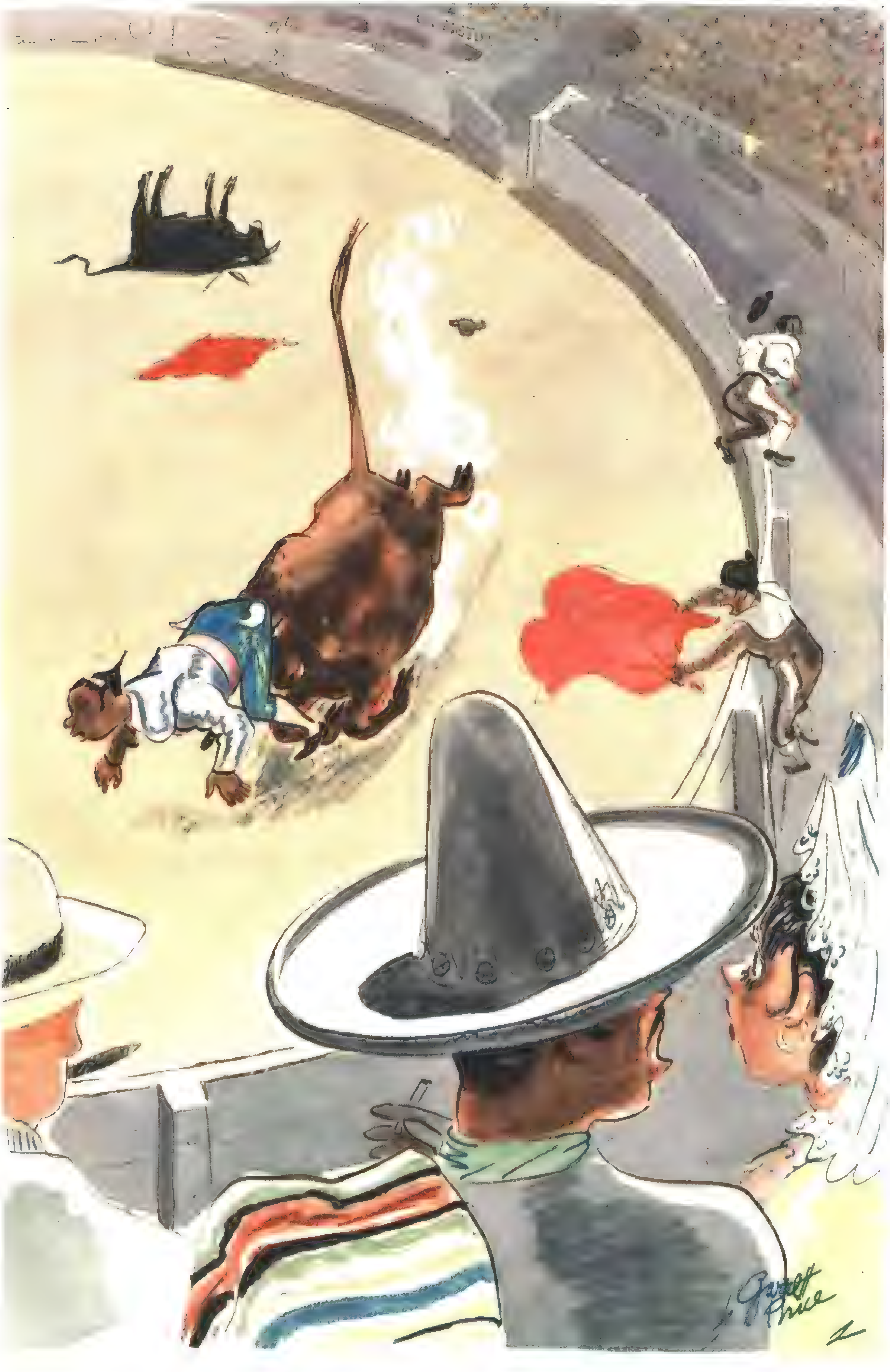
No longer an unknown in Europe, Dizzy's records bring as high as $12 apiece among English collectors and he is the rage of Paris. There his admirers copy down his solos from records and study them avidly. He is the reigning topic of conversation among the French musicians. Charles Delaunay, the French jazz savant, will launch into a discerning critique on bebop with slight provocation. When Django Reinhardt arrived in the United States late last (*Continued on page 212*)



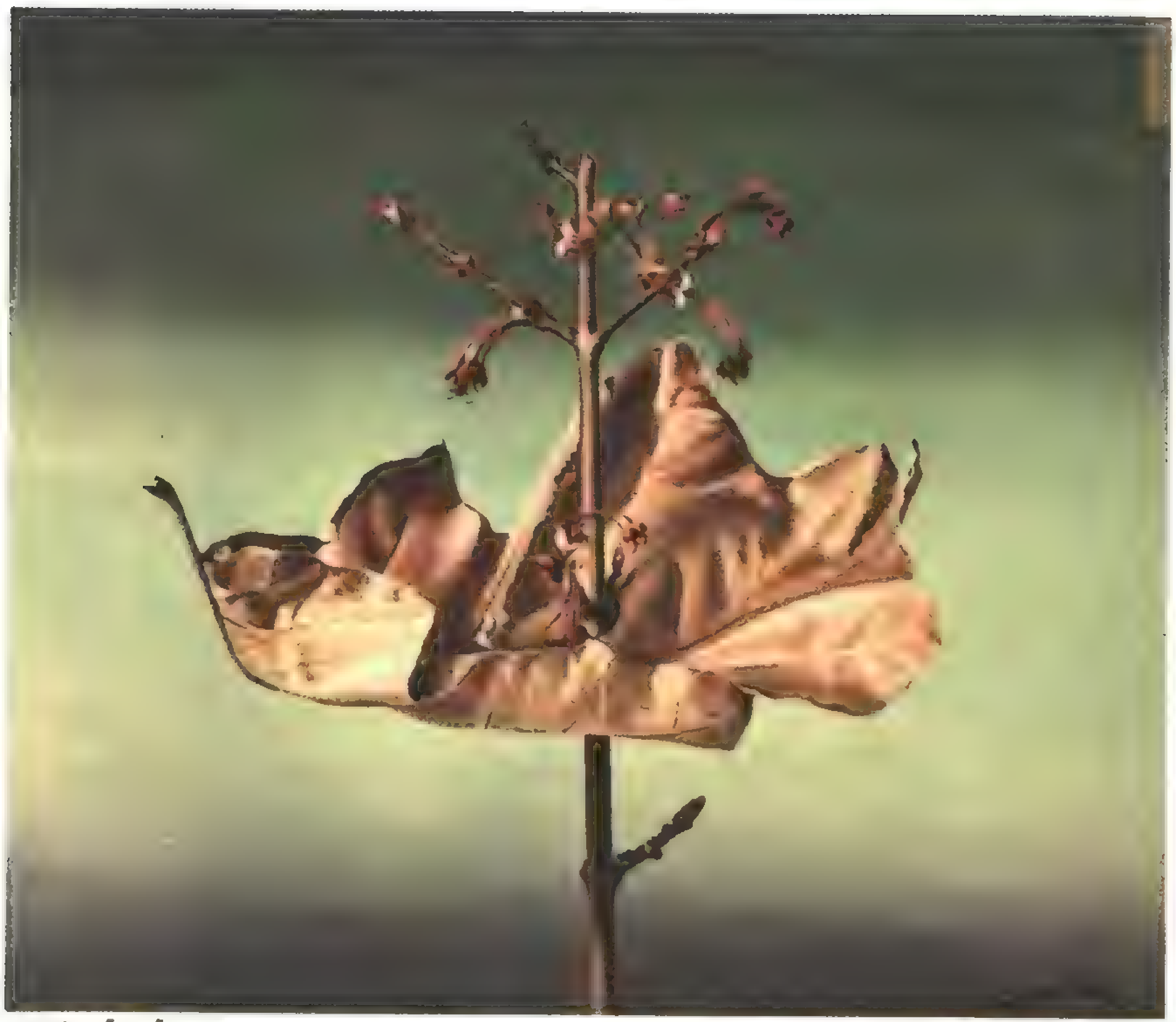
GOLDBERG

Bobba Doddle Dee Bebop

John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie from Cheraw, South Carolina, age thirty, college graduate, leader of the Revolution. Instead of a bomb, it ought to be added, Mr. Gillespie holds in his hands a shiny trumpet, and the Revolution is largely what comes out of that trumpet. Grew up surrounded by piano, guitar and bass fiddle, but no trumpet. Borrowed the trumpet from a neighbor, played first big-time band engagement with Charlie Shavers, just twelve years ago. Brief stints with Calloway, Ellington, Barnett, Hines and Ella Fitzgerald, finally with Billy Eckstine, then gathered his own combination. His style, which he started to develop in a Harlem club called Minton's, has become a national fad, revolutionized the trumpeting art, elevated him to a place beside Bunk Johnson and Armstrong.

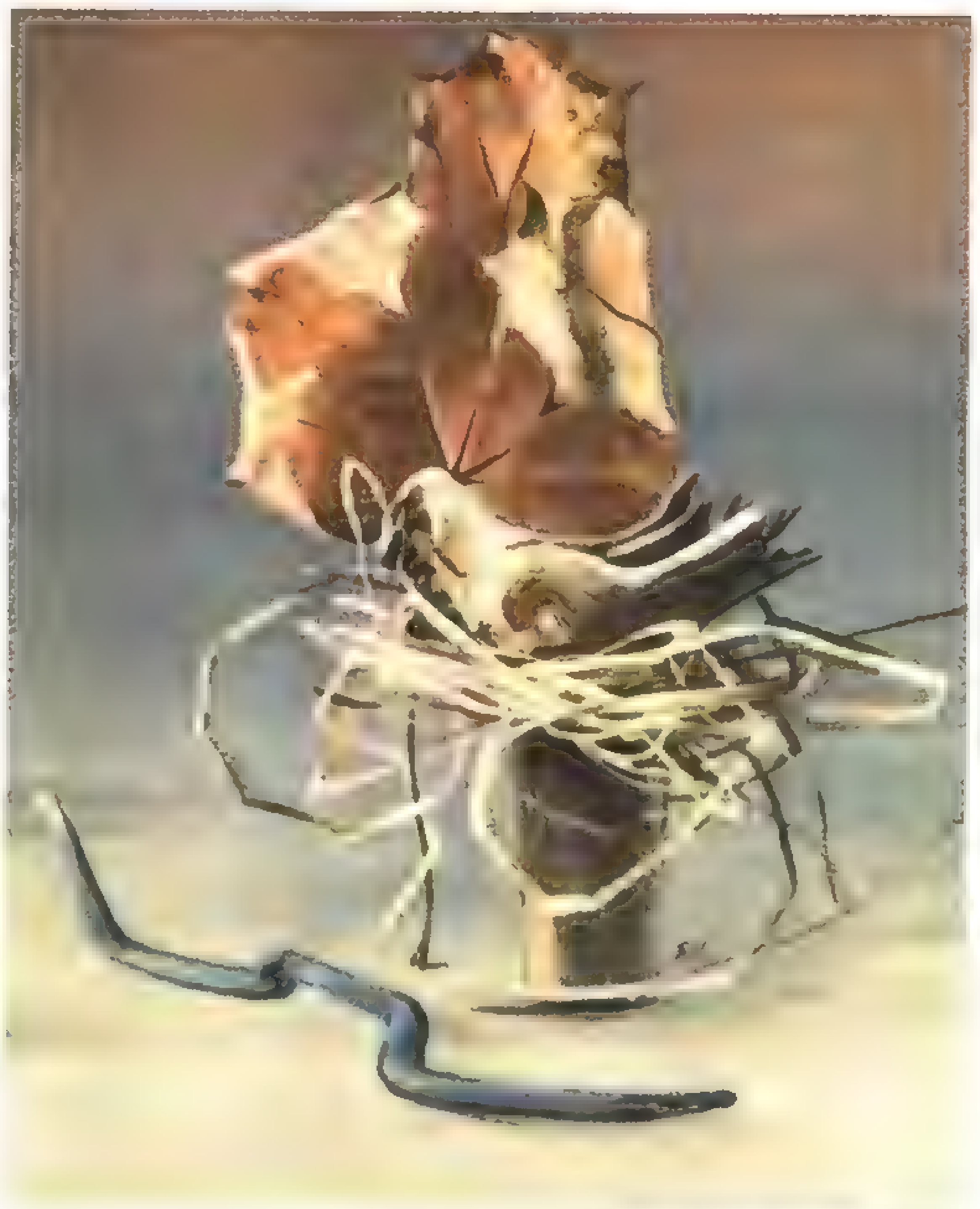

Garrett Price

"They opened the door and let in another bull while he was bowing to the crowd"



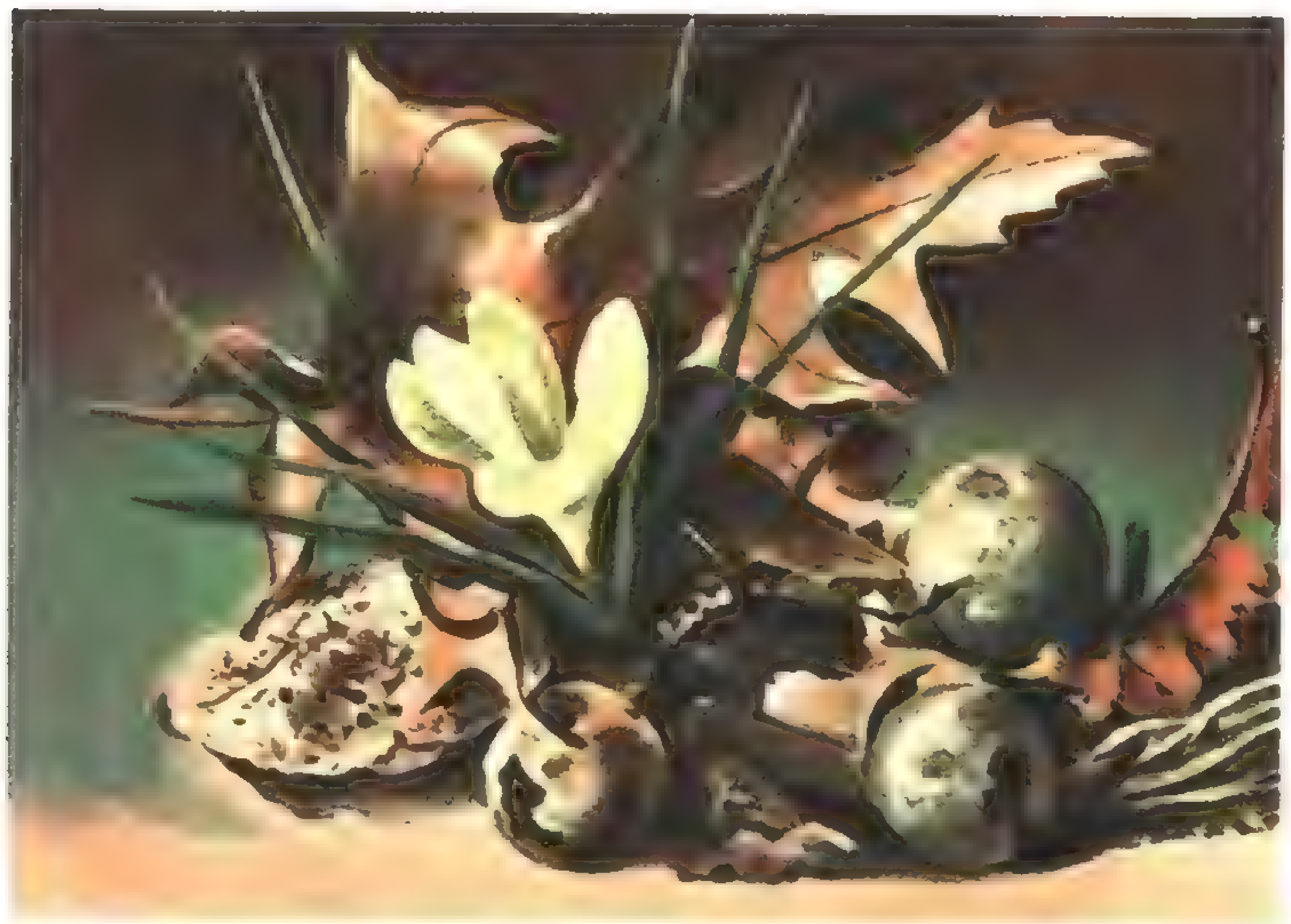
TEMPERA 11" X 13"

LEAF ON TWIG



TEMPERA 11" X 9"

BIRD ON NEST

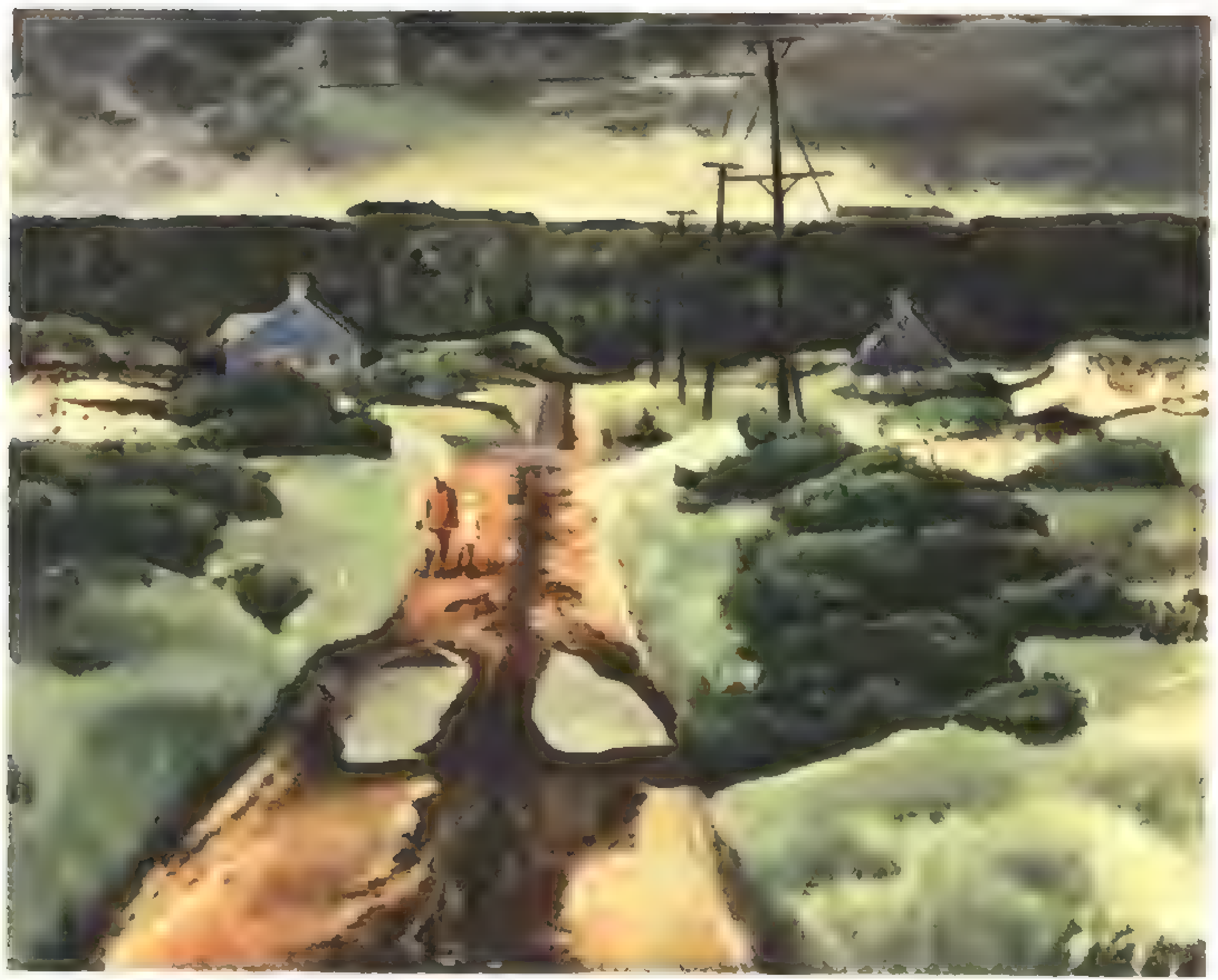


TEMPERA 4" X 6"

CROCUS

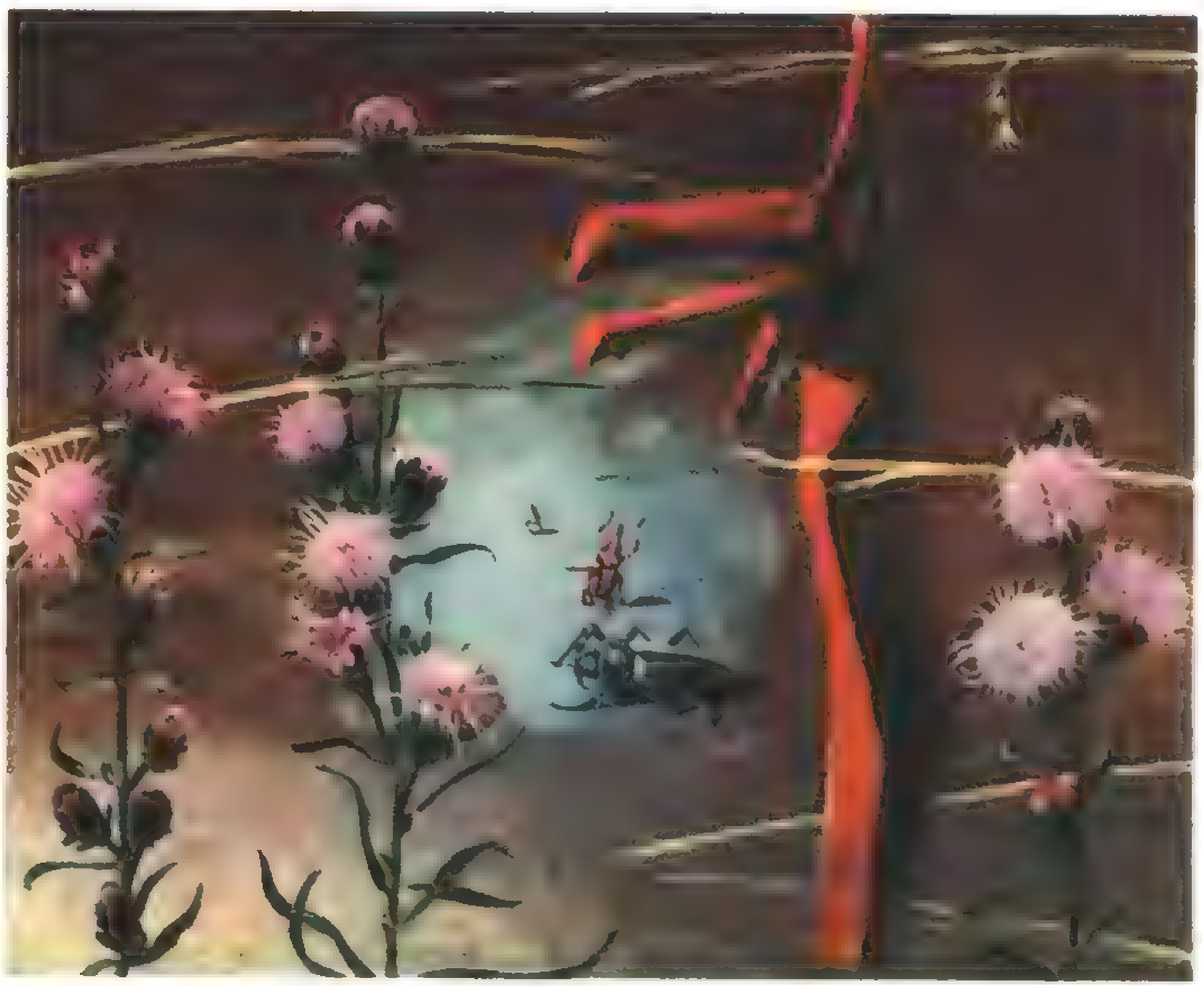
Art Portfolio

EVERETT HENRY



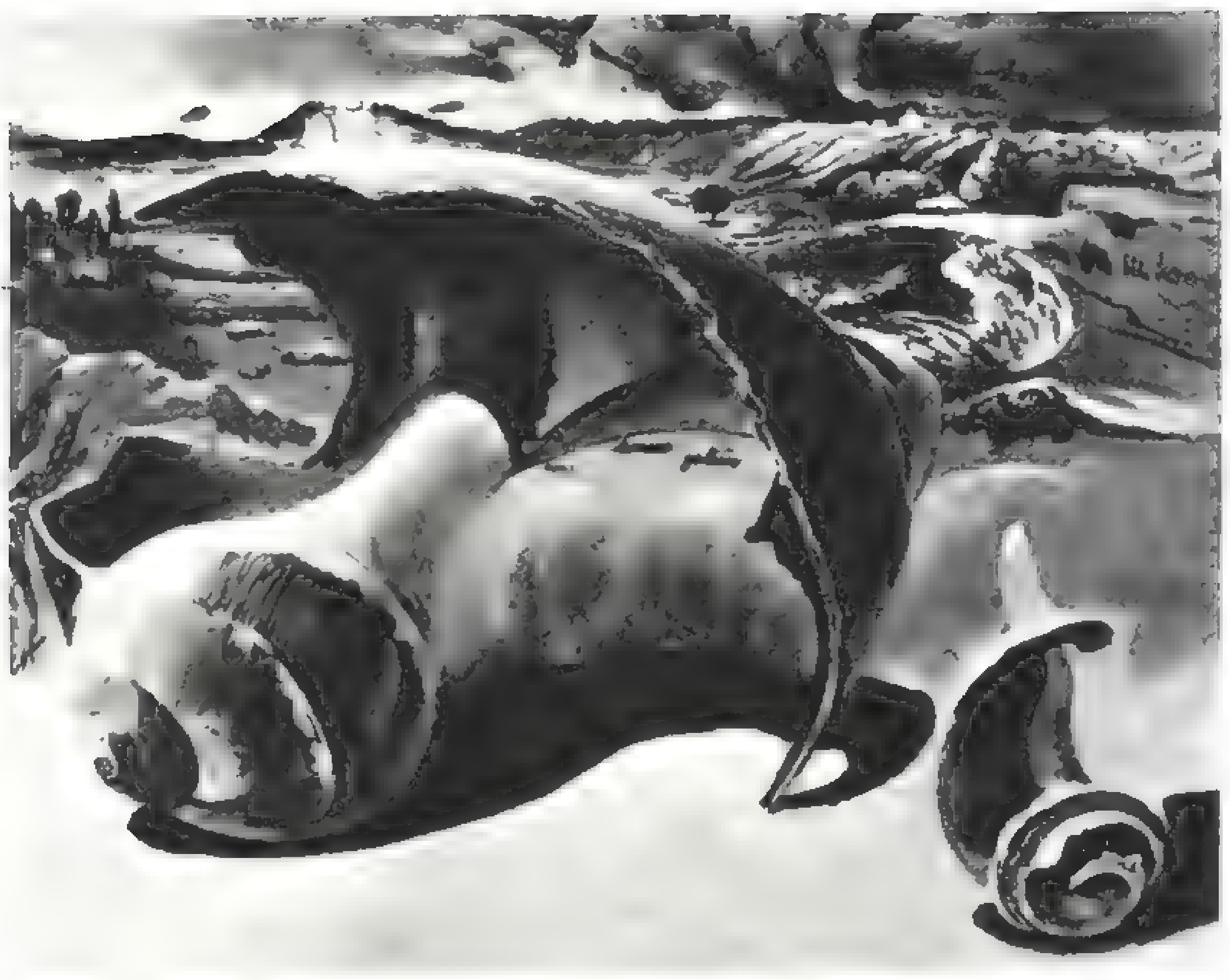
OIL 16" X 20"

THE DUNES



OIL 8" X 10"

BEETLES AND FLOWERS



TEMPERA 7" X 9" **BROKEN SHELL**

Everett Henry: Symbolist

He sees significance in even the most ordinary things of life, and is the proud founder of the corky-nut school

by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE

EVERETT HENRY is an artist who creates his world. His implements are clarity, precision, craft, love and corky nuts. Like Proust he evokes a region of the intangible out of small fragments of reality. His conquests are more complete than those of a bomber. You can appreciate him without knowing anything about aesthetics.

These little paintings of his contain within them not only a Proustian remembrance of things past but a joy in the contemplation of things to come. They are links between yesterday and tomorrow, they make the future contiguous upon the past. For this reason they are remote from Dali's neurotic symbologies, as analogous as their techniques may be. Henry never dreams of dead things without imagining them alive again some time in the future. There is an element of anticipation but very little, if any, nostalgia.

In America we like our art straight. The appeal of Everett's work is so direct, so frank in its approach to eye and appetite, that critical investigation can but seem like a case of looking a gift horse in the mouth. Since, however, that seems to be the predestination of the critic, there is nothing to do but to investigate, warning the reader meanwhile that beauty, secure behind its status as a joy forever, does not willingly give itself over to the scalpel and stethoscope.

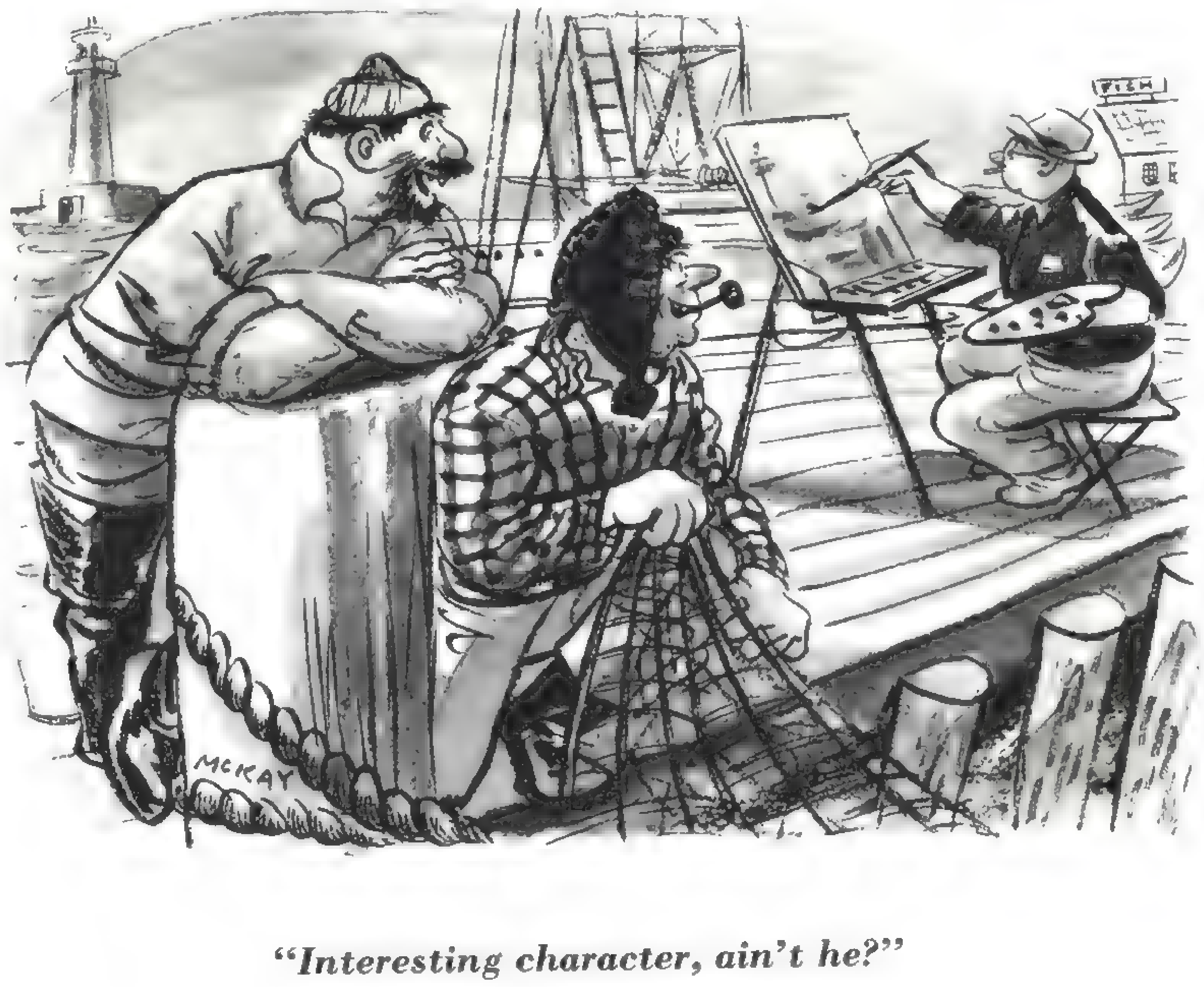
It has always been the artist's province to evoke. Whether we consider the magnificent frescoes of a Mantegna or the unexpected melodic line of a Debussy we are struck by the power of the artist to bring into being continents of emotion and idea which, upon analysis, seem nowise inherent in the work under consideration. A work of art is like a wedge into our consciousness. Once the wedge has entered, whole universes unfold; once they have unfolded in your mind you can never return to the world in which you lived before.

Now the power of an artist working with tangible materials to evoke whole regions of the intangible is a most potent implement. It is not to be used lightly by men whose will is other than on the side of angels. We like Henry because he so clearly evokes regions of light, areas of subtle pleasure, continents of delicious retrospection. His memory is a manifestation of grace; his method is one of lucidity and logic. There is no sentiment nor verbiage. He accentuates the positive. You can, of course, remember the past with tears or laughter; Henry does it with laughter, not impiously as one ridicules the snapshots of fifteen years ago, but in the sense of which a healthy man whose present is no less pleasurable than his past, remembers past pleasures. One day, let's assume, Henry picks up a broken conch shell on a beach in England. Another day, a year, two years, ten years later, he puts the shell on canvas. He doesn't yearn back to the day he found the shell; he recalls it, rather, with a new savoring of old delights. The shell, a peg on which he hangs his evocation, is an implement for confusing time, wedding past to present, and old centuries when the shell was born to tomorrow's new discoveries.

Everett's subjects are simple, small manifestations of reality; a leaf pierced by a thorn, a crocus in the midst of a bunch of twigs, a shell picked up on a beach, a weathered wooden decoy. He witnesses them as though they had never been seen before, and as though his eye were a microscope. The accuracy of his eye defies analysis, yet his symbols, even dead driftwood, are never table-top still lifes. They are portraits of things that will come back again. His light is never that of a never-never-land. It is today's good sunlight. That his objects have symbolical overtones it seems useless to deny. But where the symbols of the Freudians are most often the mementos of a miasmic past, Henry's symbols consistently affirm the present. Certainly a mood of affirmation possesses his work. Certainly he loves his symbols; after all, he is one of the painters creating, and conquering, with love. There is a communicable happiness in his every picture; this can only come about through the efforts of a joyful creativity.

Everett Henry is the co-discoverer of corky nuts. And you have to know about corky nuts in order properly to understand Everett Henry. And you have to know something about the curious workings of an artist's mind in order to comprehend corky nuts. This is where customs officials are at a disadvantage. How could the customs official, investigating Henry's trunks when he returned one time from Europe, have been expected to understand? Louis Bouché and Everett Henry had been in Europe. A good part of their time they had spent on beaches. It was on the beaches that they had discovered corky nuts and it was a vast collection of them, brought back, cherished, that stumped the customs man.

Corky nuts are messages from alchemists who live at the bottom of the ocean. The first ones Bouché and Henry found were bits of cork tossed up on the beaches, hence the name. But they went on from there, their enthusiasm growing, picking up shells, bones, driftwood and bits of old rubber bathing caps that had been in the water so long that they had taken on strange colors the eye of an artist had never seen before and could not name. This fascinating detritus came to be known as corky nuts. The two artists were increasingly compelled by the strange forms, colors and textures of that which the sea chose to make available. A bit of driftwood had the power to evoke immeasurable distances of time and space. But it also possessed a natural pattern over which the mind of man or the hand of man had had no control. It was source material. The intricate designers of ancient Persian miniatures, the illuminators of old manuscripts, could go no further back in quest of natural form. Henry's corky nuts were more wonderful than the Louvre, they were a greater museum by far than any collection of man-made forms. They became, for Henry, a treasure of symbology, a vocabulary of form and color. All of which would have meant nothing, except perhaps frustration, where it not for his astonishing technique, his microscopic eye, which made pos- (*Continued on page 223*)

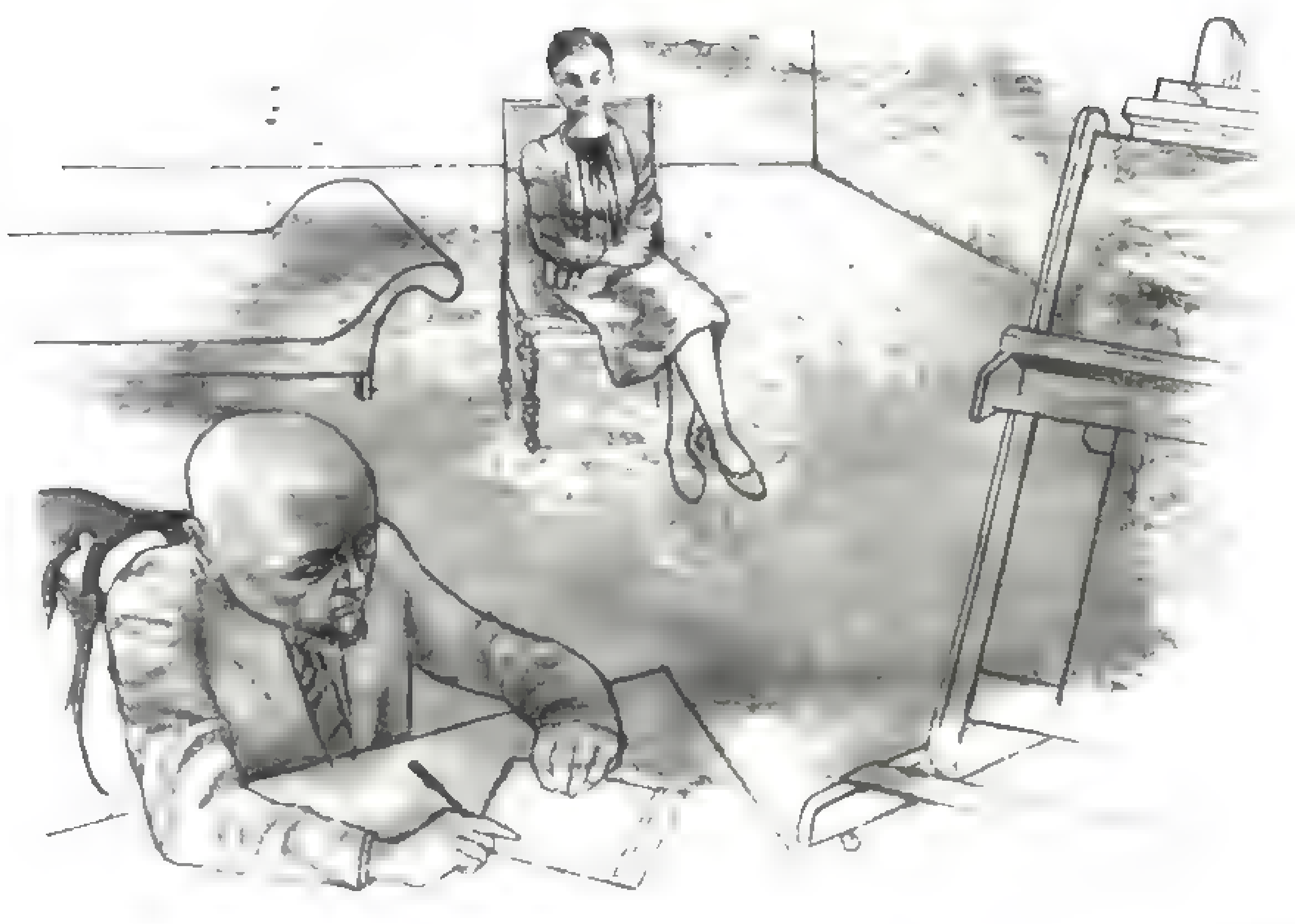


"Interesting character, ain't he?"

Dr. Mendoza had some explosive theories on human behavior and his intimate knowledge of certain neurotics was a dangerous thing

Flo's Freudian Slips

by MARTIN GARDNER



GREENE

"All my friends," I said to Flo, waving my fork, "can be divided into two classes—those who have been, or are being, psychoanalyzed, and those who've had shock treatment."

Flo smiled over the rim of her coffee cup. She was an attractive woman in her late twenties, with sandy hair, freckles on her forehead, and very little make-up. She gave you the impression she might have belonged to the 4-H Club. She also gave the impression she might have been kicked out of the 4-H Club. With heavier make-up and a fancier hairdo she could have been a dice girl—which in fact she was before going to secretarial school.

"Don't tell me about them," she said.

"What's the trouble?" said I. "The patients getting on your nerves?"

Flo was private secretary to Dr. Juan José Mendoza, Director of the Clinic of Misdirective Therapy. The clinic was only a few blocks from the Tropical Hut where we were having lunch.

"It's not the patients," she said. "It's Mendoza. He'd drive anyone batty. He forgets things. He has me search the files for a client's case history, then finds it on top of his desk. He dictates a letter, then after I've transcribed it he decides to revise it. And every time I make a typo, he tries to link it with my love life."

I stuck a piece of blueberry pie in my mouth and grinned. I had assumed Mendoza was a screwball ever since I read his great work on *The Function of Constiparsis*. An Argentinian, the doctor had studied in Vienna, then practiced in Buenos Aires for a time. In 1937 he broke away from a group that had broken away from Jung (who broke away from Freud) and had come to Chicago to employ his latest theories on psychoanalysis.

His approach is to analyze the patient in the usual way until he discovers the underlying causes of the neurosis. At this point Mendoza makes a radical departure. Instead of giving the client a *true* interpretation of his case, the analyst invents a *false* analysis. Since the patient has an unconscious knowledge of the real causes, the false analysis creates a "psychic congestion" in his unconscious, which Mendoza terms "constiparsis." The result is a burning rage against the analyst, and an urge to prove him wrong—an urge so violent that the patient is driven to analyze himself correctly. When, still infuriated, he has given the true analysis, "catharsis" occurs and he's relieved of his neurosis. Most reviews of Mendoza's book were skeptical.

"Whenever he finds a typo," Flo was saying, "he shows me the letter with a smirk and says, 'Miss Robbins, your Freudian slip is showing.' He thinks it's funny. He forgets he's said it before."

"Well," I said, picking up the check, "if I hear of any good typing jobs I'll let you know."

We walked slowly toward the clinic. It was a brisk October day; the sun shone and there was a smell of burning leaves in the air.

"Come in for a minute and I'll show you around," Flo said when we reached the entrance.

She led me down a narrow hallway, then off into a side room. On the way to her desk we passed the open door of Mendoza's office. He was a bald little man with olive skin and grey goatee. He was picking his ear with a pencil and reading a copy of the *Racing Form*.

Flo hung her coat on a rack, then stooped to pat the head of a gigantic bulldog that had emerged from behind her desk.

"His name is Id," she whispered, "and he's the only one around here, besides me, who isn't crazy."

It was the ugliest bulldog I'd ever seen. Huge bags of flesh hung down from the sides of his mouth. I moved my leg so he wouldn't drip saliva on the pants cuff.

Flo gave me a tour of the clinic. There were ten small offices where staff doctors received patients, a waiting room, a library, and a laboratory where patients took the "Mendoza Cloud Test." This was something like the Rorschach Test, only instead of ink blots the doctor used large photographs of cloud formations. The pictures were placed one at a time on an easel and the patient asked to describe what he imagined in the clouds.

In his book, Mendoza holds that cloud scenes remind the patient of his childhood when he used to lie on the grass and gaze at the sky.

The picture now on the easel portrayed white masses of cumulus clouds floating above the smooth line of the sea. A small microphone clasped the arm of the patient's chair. Flo showed me a switch on the back of the easel that started a recording device in another room.

"The old buzzard gave me a cloud test my first day," she commented.

"Find anything?"

"Not a thing. He said I was the first person he ever tested who showed no signs of neurosis. He's hated me ever since."

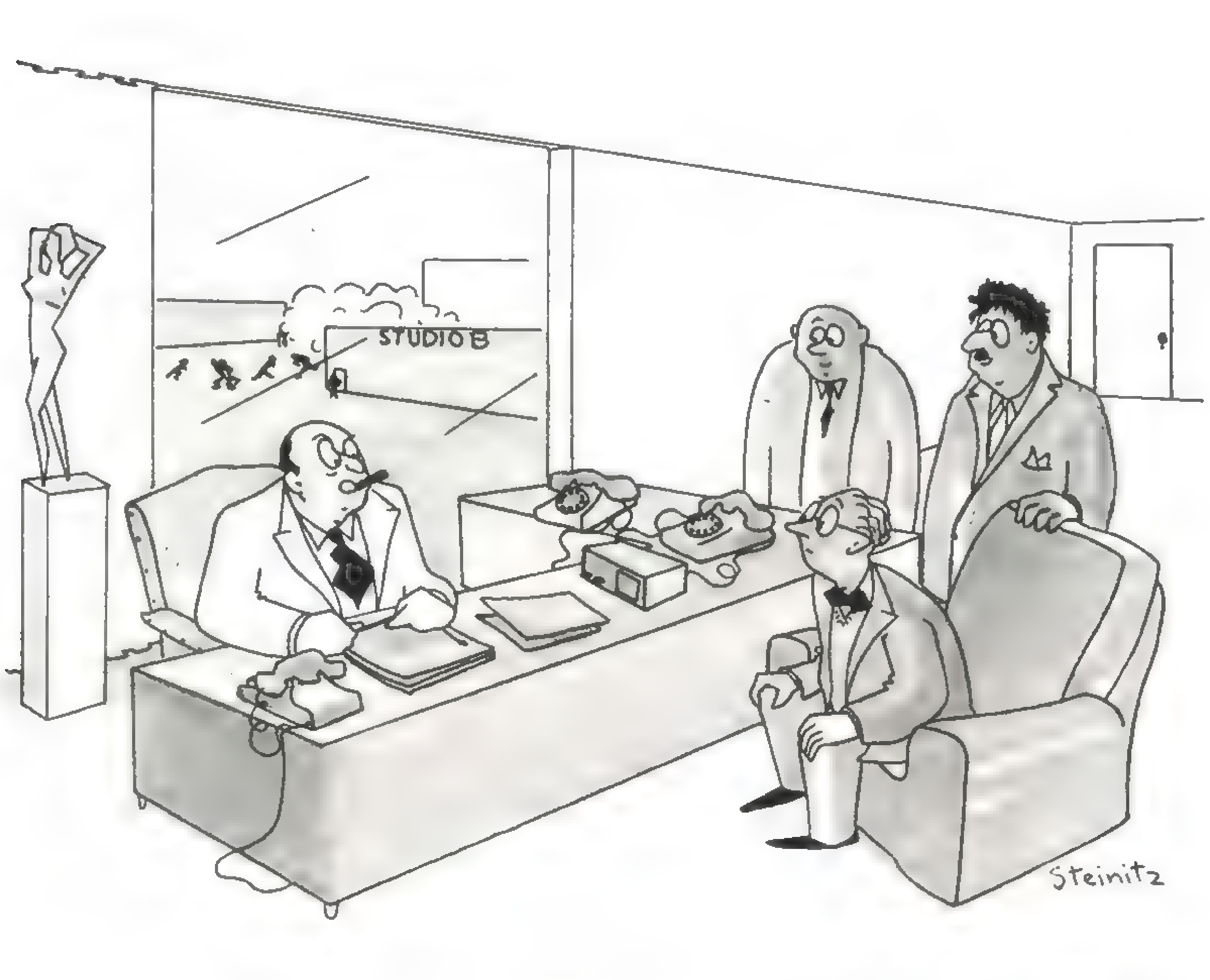
We walked back to the entrance of the clinic, with Id padding along behind me and slobbering on my heels. I promised Flo again I'd let her know if I heard of any secretarial openings.

I didn't see her again for several weeks. Then one evening I had a phone call from her. She was working alone at the clinic, seemed frightened, and wanted to see me right away.

She let me in when I rang the bell, then she locked the door, and led me down the hall to Mendoza's office. Flo picked up a manuscript from the doctor's desk. "He asked me to work tonight," she said, "to catch up on a backlog of correspondence. One letter had an enclosure which he forgot to attach. I searched through the papers on his desk, and found this." She handed me the script, ten pages of small, angular handwriting. It was captioned: "Plans for the elimination of Miss V."

I looked at Flo and she returned my silent stare. Then I sat down in the doctor's chair to read the document.

Funny sensations crawled up and down my back



"In our organization, Cressly, we value an independent mind. You must learn not to say 'yes' so quickly"

as I began to distinguish the fantastic import of the doctor's words.

It reminded me of a story in a science fiction pulp in which the Martians had plotted to attack the earth. To save the earth an astronomer journeyed in a space ship to the area between Mars and Jupiter where millions of tiny asteroids revolve around the sun. He circled a certain asteroid with his ship, causing it to leave its course and collide with another asteroid. The second asteroid collided with a third, and so on. The astronomer had calculated his strategy so nicely that after a long chain of collisions, a large asteroid crashed into Mars, destroying all inhabitants.

Mendoza had devised a similar chain reaction. But instead of asteroids, he was using his patients.

The chain began with a woman almost cured of dipsomania. The doctor would offer her a drink to test her ability to drink normally. He knew the premature test would precipitate a return to alcoholism. Her relapse would cause violent reactions, first in her husband, then in the husband's mother. And so the psychic collisions would go on, from Mrs. A. to Mr. B, and from Mr. B. to Mrs. C, through a chain of twenty-odd neurotics all interlocked in an intricate fashion which the doctor knew.

No names appeared in the manuscript. Letters were used instead to indicate the people. On the last page Mrs. U, in a state of psychopathic jealousy, was scheduled to shoot and kill Miss V!

I spun the swivel chair around and looked up at Flo, who had been reading the document again over my shoulder.

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "It's preposterous! No man could understand human nature that well!"

Her voice was unsteady. "I've heard him argue about free will. He says it's just an illusion, and if you know enough about a person you can tell exactly how he'll react to anything."

"Well—we won't take any chances. Do you know who Miss V is?"

Flo shook her head. "That's the trouble. If we knew, we could warn her. But most of the people I can't recognize at all. I only know the ones I've typed case histories on."

"Do you know the alcoholic?"

Flo nodded. "She was here two weeks ago. I remember seeing her in Mendoza's office. They were drinking Scotch and sodas."

I bounded to my feet. "That means the chain has already started! Who else do you recognize?"

She grabbed the sheets from me and scanned the pages. On the third page she recognized Mrs. Plunkett, wife of a British obstetrician. Mrs. Plunkett, Flo explained, suffered from a curious compulsion to listen to conversations in the apartment above her. She did this by applying her husband's stethoscope to the radiator pipe.

"Darling—you dance divinely"

According to the doctor's plan, Mrs. Plunkett would overhear a tempestuous love affair involving the man above, whose wife was away. Because of repressed antagonism toward the man (who resembled her deceased father) Mrs. Plunkett would inform the wife of her husband's infidelity. Then the wife, in revenge, would look up a former lover.

Mrs. Plunkett lived only a few blocks from the clinic.

"We'll stop this thing before it goes too far," I said with bravado, putting the sheets in my coat pocket as we started out.

Mrs. Plunkett was home, but her husband was working at the hospital. She was a thin, nervous woman with white hair and an English accent. Flo introduced me as a psychiatrist from New York. I noticed a stethoscope on a table by the radiator.

Flo said, "Mrs. Plunkett, the doctor was worried about a patient of his upstairs. He knew you were a friend of Mrs. Smith and wanted your opinion about her marital adjustment."

It was a flimsy pretext, but all Mrs. Plunkett needed. She told us, in a confidential tone and considerable detail, about a woman who had visited Mr. Smith the previous week end. She didn't say how she happened to know about her.

"I felt it was my duty to mention it to Mrs. Smith," she went on. "I told her about it as soon as she got back from Ohio."

We got away thirty minutes later, and in the vestibule below we went over Mendoza's list again. From Mrs. Plunkett the chain moved on through a sequence of bizarre events involving a kleptomaniac, identical twin sisters (both schizoids), and a paranoid. Flo didn't know any of them.

On page seven she recognized Toy Ming, a Chinese girl, who lived at International House. Toy had strong inferiority feelings because of her race. She compensated by seeking Caucasian lovers. During analysis she had expressed a strong attraction for an American vacuum-cleaner salesman she met in a bar on Fifty-fifth Street.

The salesman, also one of Mendoza's patients, had a fixation for Oriental women, acquired in childhood when his parents were Baptist missionaries in China. In the doctor's opinion, he would be unable to resist Toy's advances. This would precipitate an explosive reaction in his sister, who sublimated incestuous feelings.

We hurried to International House. The girl at the desk rang Toy's room and Toy joined us in the lounge. She was beautiful, with Chinese-doll features and American mannerisms.

Toy held out her left hand to show Flo an engagement ring. It was the vacuum-cleaner salesman all right. I took out a handkerchief and blotted my forehead while Flo invented an excuse for our visit. We chatted awhile and left.

On the street outside we stopped under a corner light to consult the chart again. Following Toy were some curious episodes concerning a sadist with multiple personalities, a Lesbian, and a manic-depressive with an Oedipus complex.

Not until the last paragraph did Flo recognize someone—an American manufacturer, Clinton Brody, who was married to an ardent communist—a Russian-born woman named Nadya. They were regarded by Mendoza as paranoiacs, of two different types. Brody had delusions of grandeur, fancying himself a great business tycoon (actually he owned a shabby factory that made corn plasters). Nadya, on the other hand, suffered from delusions of persecution and jealousy. Brody's political views were ultraconservative. The pair had ambivalent feelings toward each other.

According to Mendoza's calculations, a French masseur (Mr. S), prompted by the absurd behavior of Mrs. R who preceded him in the chain, would begin a series of clandestine meetings with Nadya. The Frenchman would persuade Nadya that her husband had extramarital interests of his own, which was true. This would arouse bitter jealousy on the part of Nadya, which would be magnified by her paranoia into a burning curiosity concerning the identity of her rival.

Mendoza's final problem was to focus Nadya's suspicion on Miss V, even though Miss V was in no way involved. To do this he planned to step momentarily into the chain by means of a subtle ruse.

First, he would give Brody an injection of Sodium Pentothal—one of the "truth serums." Then while Brody was in the narcotic dream state, he would give him a posthypnotic suggestion.

A posthyponotic suggestion, by the way, is made during hypnosis or light narcosis and impels the patient to certain acts *after* he has returned to a normal waking state. The doctor planned that after the chain had reached Nadya he would place Brody under narcosis and tell him that as soon as his alarm clock rang the following morning, he would awake and declare his great love for Miss V.

This event, Mendoza predicted, would cause Nadya to pass the threshold of sanity. All her paranoid hatred would be concentrated on Miss V, and murder would inevitably follow. Afterward, the document concluded, Nadya would kill herself.

Flo suddenly remembered that Brody had been in the clinic that afternoon, and the doctor had probably administered the Pentothal. She had been in the laboratory later and it had the peculiar sulphur smell characteristic of the drug.

"Which means," said I, "the chain is almost over. Tomorrow's the big climax. Where does Brody live?"

Flo didn't know. We walked to a drugstore (*Continued on page 188*)

His subjects may be generals, statesmen, or kings, but he always photographs a man

"Karsh, You've Immortalized Me"

by JAMES L. McCONAUGHY, JR.

FAULKNER

THE courtly little man, with a roll of thick black hair outlining his bald pate, peeped from behind the white camera. His brown hands draped a red velvet cloth over his head. From a paneled corner of his office, John L. Lewis watched incredulously. Then came his vibrant roar, "What the hell is going on here?"

"Sir," began photographer Yousuf Karsh in a voice so gentle it suggested a proposal scene, "I came here to take your picture. Once you kept your hat on. Once you were reading your mail. The third time you refused to look at the camera. Now you say you will pose no more. So I am taking a picture of your chair. I will call the picture: 'This is where John L. Lewis would be sitting if he kept his promise.' Please, sir, be quiet."

Lewis has intimidated senators, presidents, the entire nation. Today he had met his master. Back he waddled, sat down and faced the camera. For the promised half-hour he sneered, frowned and scowled to order.

The man who can order John L. Lewis around is fast becoming the foremost portrait photographer in the world. Yousuf Karsh is only thirty-nine, but his portraits of world figures of this decade are without peer. He has been described as "looking like a gangster who has just spent a week end with Ludwig Bemelmans." His manners and rich soft voice are models for any diplomat. But Karsh's real genius is psychology: he knows how to handle people. Everyone, from the King of England to "Mac," the War Department's chief messenger, has eventually found himself doing as Karsh wanted. And enjoying it. Winston Churchill summarized it when he said to Karsh, "You can make a roaring lion stand still."

Karsh was already the leading photographer of Ottawa, Canada, when Churchill visited the Canadian capital in late 1941. Prime Minister Mackenzie King arranged for Karsh to be waiting in a side room as Churchill left the floor of Commons after a ringing speech.

Churchill was exhausted. When he saw the camera he barked, "What's that?" Mackenzie King's gentle pressure steered him into place. Churchill stiffened, plopped a cigar in his mouth, lit up and commanded, "Shoot."

With the sure gentleness of a lover stealing a kiss, Karsh reached for the cigar. Delicately he plucked it from Churchill's mouth, laid it in an ash tray and murmured, "Forgive me, sir." As Churchill's face flamed with stubbornness and indignation, Karsh clicked the shutter. The result was an immortal portrait, looked on as an eloquent symbol of British doggedness during the war's bleakest days.

"The Churchill" has been published thousands of times, gave Karsh an international reputation. It led to a Canadian Government commission for portraits of the top eight British leaders for Canada's archives. One of the finest is of George VI. Karsh has caught a trace of suffering, of something unsatisfied, that heightens His Majesty's simple dignity. Actually, what the King of England was unsatisfied about was tea.

The portrait was made at Buckingham Palace, and Canadian Army boys helping Karsh were so nervous that they kept fumbling the pinning-up of an old Army blanket brought along for neutral background. His Majesty was amused and finally pitched in himself. This further flustered Karsh's helpers and made the job take longer. After a few pictures, the King suggested tea. "No tea," countermanded Karsh. His Majesty meekly dropped the subject and, hungry and tealess, continued to pose until Karsh had what he wanted.

Karsh learned how to handle people—generals or kings or messengers—in the strictest school of all, experience. Growing up in Mardin, Armenia, during the Christian massacres, young Karsh formed the habit of carrying stones in his pockets on long walks. If his legs failed him, the stones would hold off Mohammedan gangs eager to beat up young Christian boys. At fifteen, he left Armenia, and a photographer-uncle in Sherbrooke, Quebec, gave him a home. The Uncle's darkroom fascinated young Karsh. By 1933 he had opened his own Ottawa studio. Ottawans soon recognized his superb technique. He frequently photographed resident and visiting dignitaries. The Prime Minister and his cabinet came to have their pictures taken. And in Ottawa Karsh found a wife, French-born Solange.

Solange is responsible for many a Karsh triumph, and Yousuf is the first to give her credit. Harold Ickes frustrated Karsh. Ickes had faced so many cameras that he had mastered the trick of posing deadpan while his mind continued to churn on other business. Karsh was ready to pack up, defeated, when Solange innocently said, "We're from Canada, Mr. Secretary, and hear so much about the Canol project up there. Tell me, what do you think of it?"

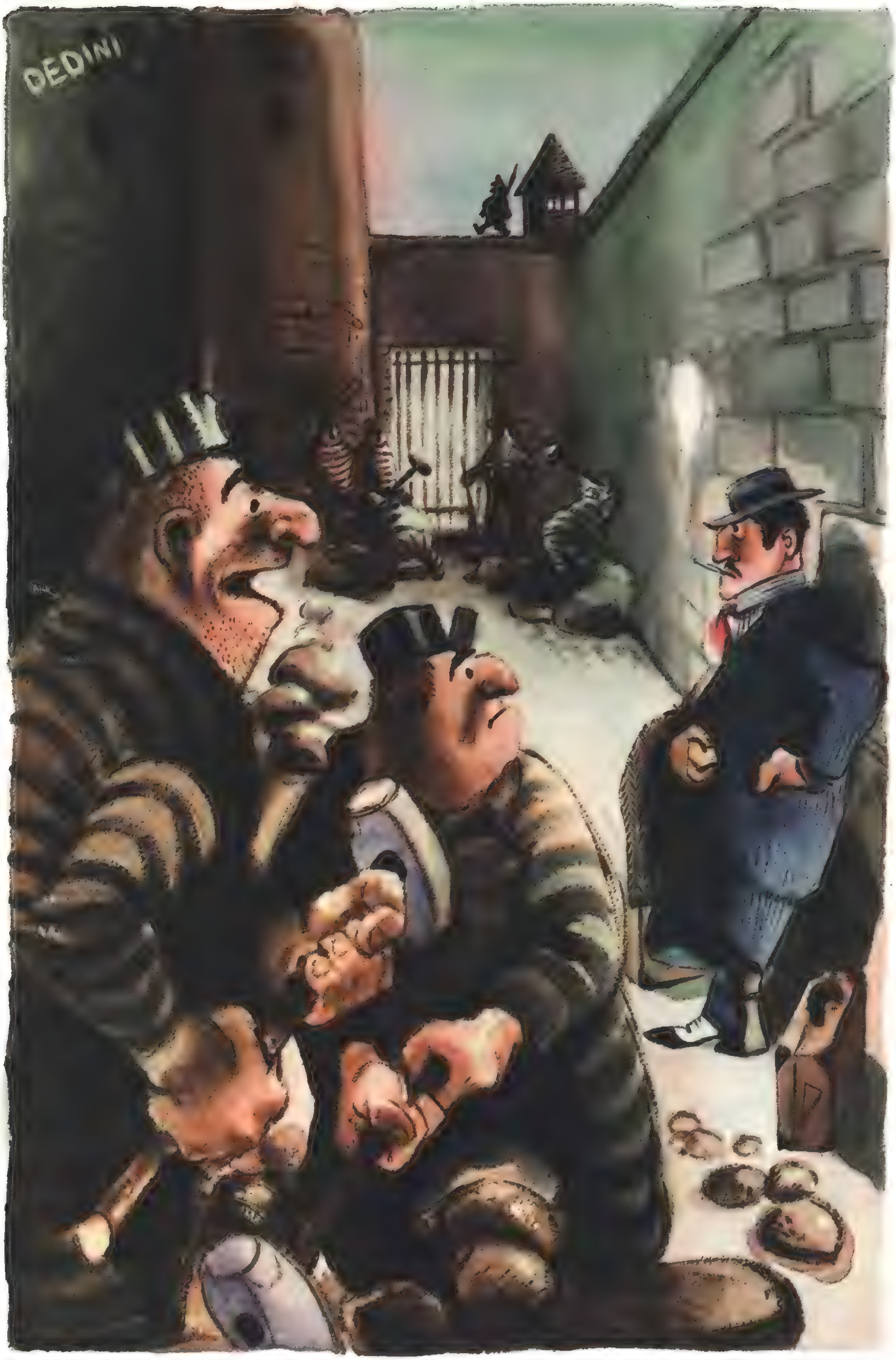
Ickes thought plenty about the $134,000,000 fiasco. The words tumbled out, the Ickes face contorted in curmudgeonish outrage, and Karsh made a picture which is now considered among his best.

This master of the most ancient and basic of all human skills—handling people—believes that great men behave the same as little men, if correctly approached. He has no fixed rules how to do it. Mostly it is instinct. But Karsh gives instinct the right environment. He decided most persons stiffen before cameras because cameras are a depressing black. So he painted his white. Then, to make the job complete, he threw away the black focusing cloth and bought a yard of rich burgundy velvet, lined with gold satin. When a sitting is going poorly, Karsh maneuvers his subject into an uncomfortable position. "When people are very comfortable, they are also very dull," he says. If his subject still cannot act natural, Karsh leaves the room for a few minutes, then returns to make a fresh start.

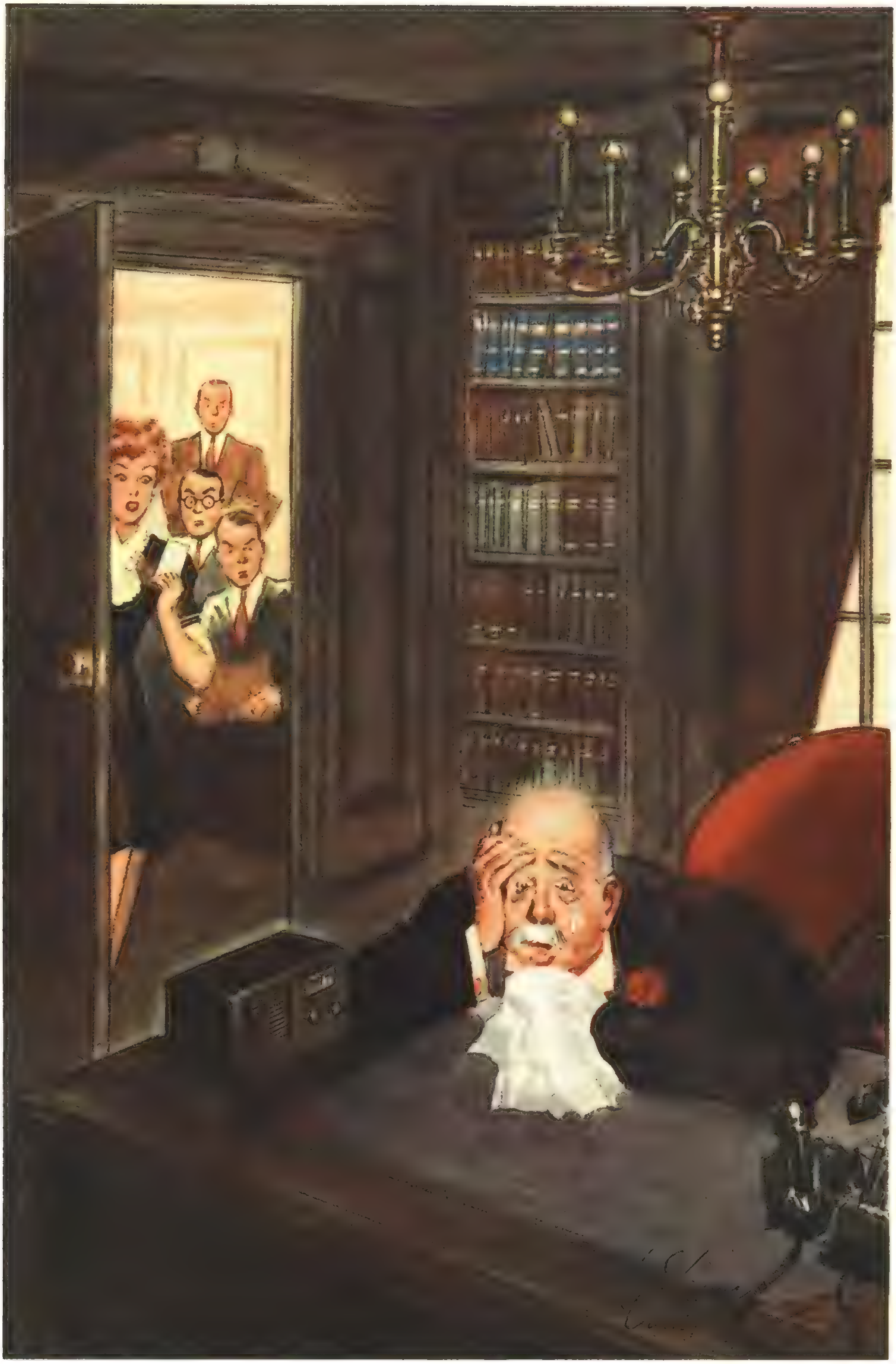
Most of all, Karsh studies his man ahead of time. *Life* magazine gives him a brief personality sketch with each out-of-Ottawa assignment. When he is operating in his home studio, each subject is first interviewed by a Karsh secretary. Notes are prepared on hobbies, friends, *(Continued on page 220)*

CIGARS
TOBACCO
B TOBEY-

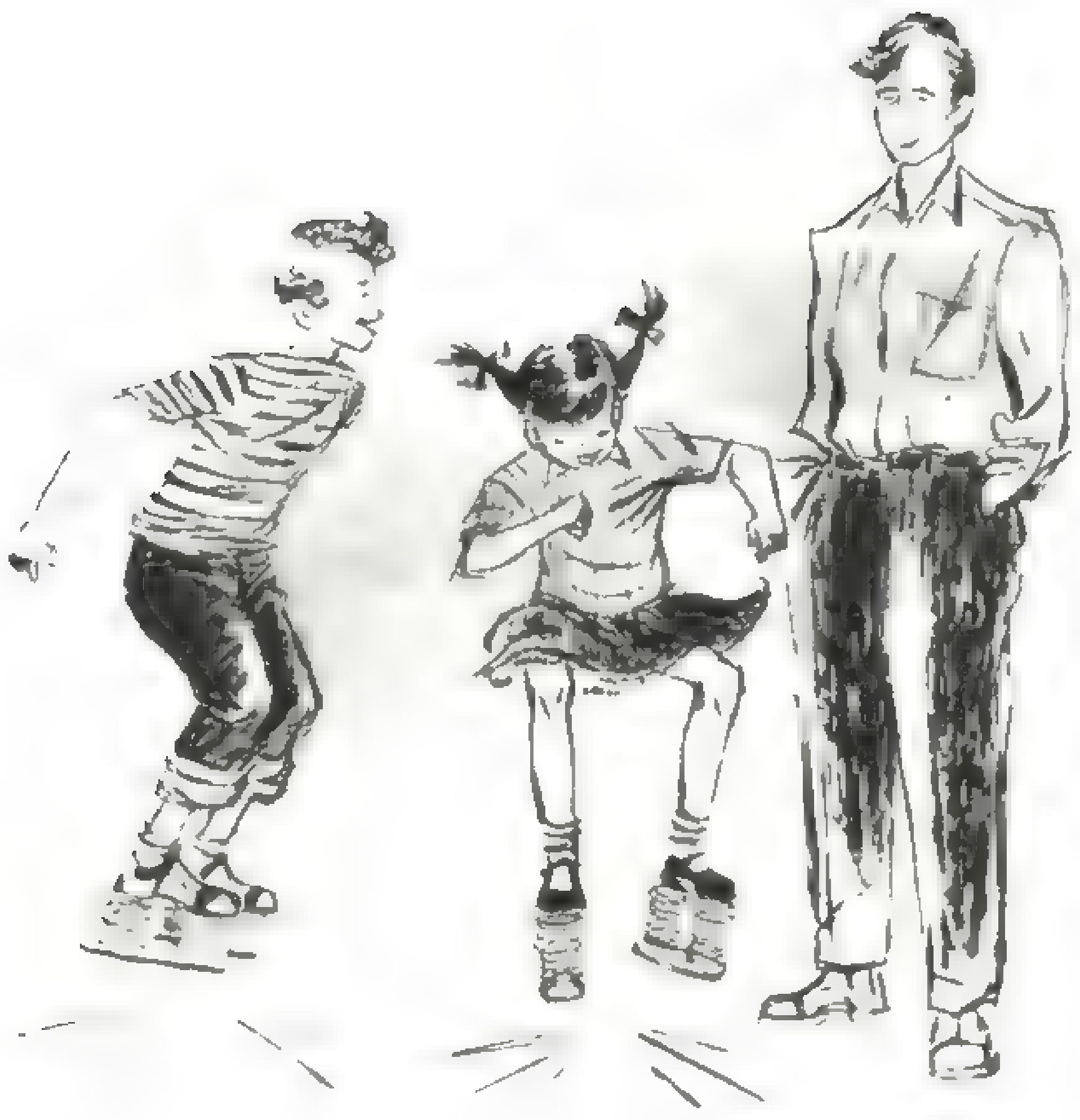
"It's been a busy week—twenty-five babies born on the block"



"His term was up two months ago—he can't find an apartment"



". . . yes, John, I love you—but think of Helen—would she understand? We can't go on like this—we just can't. John, I must go away—for six months—a year—maybe forever!"



HANSEN

Having to do with the great walk-aids, an invention that worked only too well

The Famous Jump-Springs

by RUDOLPH UMLAND

FIRST, I want to say that I was surprised as anybody could be when I became an inventor. Nothing had ever been further from my thoughts. There were times in my childhood when I dreamed of becoming a cowboy, a prospector, or a lumberjack; but an inventor—never. I possess no aptitude for mechanics, no interest in wheels, steam, electricity and such things. So the fact that I should have invented jump-springs—or jumpettes, as they came to be called—is remarkable.

After my discharge from the Army at the end of World War II I returned home to the humdrum life of a quiet Midwestern city. But I found I could not accept such life any more. I had dreams—big dreams. I could see golden opportunities for the man who had something to sell in the postwar world markets. I envisioned all the peoples of the world clamoring with outstretched hands for something which I had to sell.

What could that something be?

The answer came one day while I was standing on a street corner watching the pedestrian traffic pass. It was a curious thing, I reflected, that man should have made such great advances in vehicular locomotion, yet none in self-locomotion. Walking was the same arduous, tiring pursuit it always had been. No sooner had this observation trickled through my consciousness than—flash, the thought struck me! It was just another case of the right thought striking the right person at the right time. Like Benjamin Franklin with the lightning. Or James Watt with the teakettle.

"Springs!" I exclaimed to myself. "There must be something that can be done with springs to improve man's mode of traveling by foot!"

For my purpose, I needed the lightest, strongest, jumpiest coil spring that could be manufactured. I erected a shed in my back yard, built a furnace in it, and bought a coil-spring machine. I bought sample bars of various steels, heated them in the furnace, and ran them through the machine. The coil springs I turned out did not suit. I talked with old experienced steel men, metal men and metallurgists. I had sample bars of alloys prepared to my own specifications, hoping somehow to hit upon a combination of metals and elements which would give me the spring for which I was searching.

Finally, somehow, I did hit upon that right combination of metals and elements.

When the first of the famous jump-springs was turned out of the machine, it was no different in appearance than the hundreds of other coil springs I had turned out. I didn't recognize it for what it was until the next day, when I tested it. The way I tested a spring was to jump upon it with both feet and then jump up and down on it lightly. When I jumped upon this spring with both feet it promptly compressed under the sudden application of my weight, then sprang up with a resilience which threw me against the roof of the shed. For an instant I thought I would go through the roof, so great was the force with which I had been hurled. When I fell back to the floor, my face struck the floor and my right shoulder unfortunately lit squarely upon the spring. Again the spring was compressed and again I was sent into the air. I was hurled tumbling across the width of the shed this time, my head full of stars. I struck the wall of the shed, breaking through several three-quarter-inch boards, and fell in a limp, unconscious state to the floor.

"Wow!" I groaned, when I regained consciousness a few moments later, "I've got it this time!"

I picked up the coil-spring gingerly and examined it. It had been made from an alloy obtained from Specification Number 629. I compressed the spring slightly with my hands and released it. It sprang from me, hit the floor, bounded into the air, making several revolutions before again hitting the floor; then up again and down, up and down, up and down. It was the jumpiest spring that human eyes had ever seen. It was fully fifteen minutes before that spring lay still!

I immediately busied myself at turning out a number of these jump-springs. I made them of various sizes, having concluded that a person weighing sixty pounds would require a smaller spring than a person weighing a hundred, a person weighing a hundred a smaller spring than a person weighing two hundred, and so on. I then fashioned some light metal plates and provided them with adjustable clamps and straps for securing them to shoes. To the bottom of each plate I fastened one of the jump-springs and made a protective rubber base to fit each spring. Thus were completed the first pair of "walk-aids" or "jumpettes."

The next morning I sorted through the pile of jumpettes and selected a pair which I thought was about proper for my weight. I fastened them to my shoes and started down the sidewalk with them, taking long, springy steps. These jump-springs, I thought, will completely revolutionize the art of walk- *(Continued on page 185)*

GLANTZ

Speak to Me of Love

Lucienne Boyer, returned to Manhattan from her native France just a decade after her sensational debut at Mr. Rockefeller's then brand-new Rainbow Room, some seventy stories in the air. This time she appears just below street level in Barney Josephson's Fifty-eighth Street cellar, once exclusively a haven for le jazz hot and folk singers. But this month Café Society Uptown gives with the Gallic sophistication as Mlle. Boyer sings once again in the same old throaty tones, Parlez Moi d'Amour. *A member of the Underground during the war, she was arrested by the Gestapo, forbidden to sing, escaped and survived to sing another day for Allied troops in her own Paris bistro. Back on this side of the Atlantic after too long, she has the customers weeping in their Martinis as if she'd never been away.*

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

The University of Minnesota

After seventy-nine years even St. Paul points with pride to the Golden Gopher

by P. G. FREDERICKS

In the jungles of higher education, the only creatures outnumbering Golden Gophers are Golden Bears. This has nothing to do with teaching animals to read and write. In plain English it means that the University of Minnesota's 27,000 full-time students are surpassed only by the University of California's 40,000. The home of the multifarious Gophers, a handsome collection of red brick, white-limestone-faced buildings, is Minneapolis, and local citizens never tire of calling this to the attention of their traditional cross-river rival, St. Paul.

The school was founded in 1851, but has no great cause for centennial celebrations until 1968. The years between 1851 and 1868 went for naught while the legislature debated the amount of specie to be advanced the new institution. Despite the delayed start, the Gophers have thriven mightily. They have amassed the above noted army of students, two legends and a veritable hoard of sub schools and colleges under the general heading U. of M.

As to the legends: the first, now thoroughly discredited, alleged that the University was a sort of overseas branch of the Swedish educational system and had no students save those answering to names like Swenson, Pederson, Sorenson and Lundquist. The second is a whimsical and lighthearted matter of recent vintage: that the school harbors a student named Asa Hearthrug. This is the work of Max Shulman '41 and his best seller-hit musical *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*.

Actually among all those students there is plenty of room for one named Asa Hearthrug and for students of practically any subject under the academic sun. The 27,000 are scattered through schools of Agriculture, Business Administration, Education, Journalism, Technology, Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing, Pharmacy and the Liberal Arts. It is likely that the student body, dazed by this avalanche of facilities, would go on nodding in agreement if told they also had schools of Necromancy, Hypnotism, Alchemy and Numerology.

The best-known bit of Gopher activity involves the annual tussle with Michigan for the Little Brown Jug. The Jug, a ten-gallon model, was left behind by Michigan after a 6-to-6 tie in 1903. Minnesota managed to keep it there 11 times during the ensuing 30 games. (There were two have-at-yez in 1926 and none in various pre-World War I years.) The days of greatest Gopher glory were the thirties; the war years: gloomy; the prognosis: bright, Bierman's back.

Less widely known but equally good excuses for cutting classes include Snow Week in January (which combines a ski train to Duluth and even a little curling), and Mardi Gras (an all-stops-out dance, including a name band and prizes for the most unusual costumes).

Various campus subdivisions hold outings of their own. The Engineers honor St. Patrick for having invented the worm drive by getting themselves up in St. Pat hats and clay pipes, kissing the local Blarney Stone and Queen of the Day. On Foresters' Day the woodsmen elect one of their number "Uncle of Paul Bunyan," buss not only a Queen, but four assistant Queens. In the spring, selection of Queens is on a more personal basis. The University News Service says cases of boy meeting girl are "witnessed" on the Campus Knoll and along the banks of the Mississippi. Figures on the number of laggard students engaged in "witnessing" rather than meeting are not available.

On a more elevated level, Minnesota holds a long suit in music. Besides taking full advantage of the proximity of Dimitri Mitropoulos, exponent of "Living Tone," and the Minneapolis Symphony, the University has its own symphony, rounded out by a concert series by visiting artists.

Minnesota can also boast one of the neatest of fund-raising schemes. Annually, the Agriculture Campus YWCA holds a "Dime Day," when any student with one or more dimes can have shoes shined, nails manicured, individual valet service.

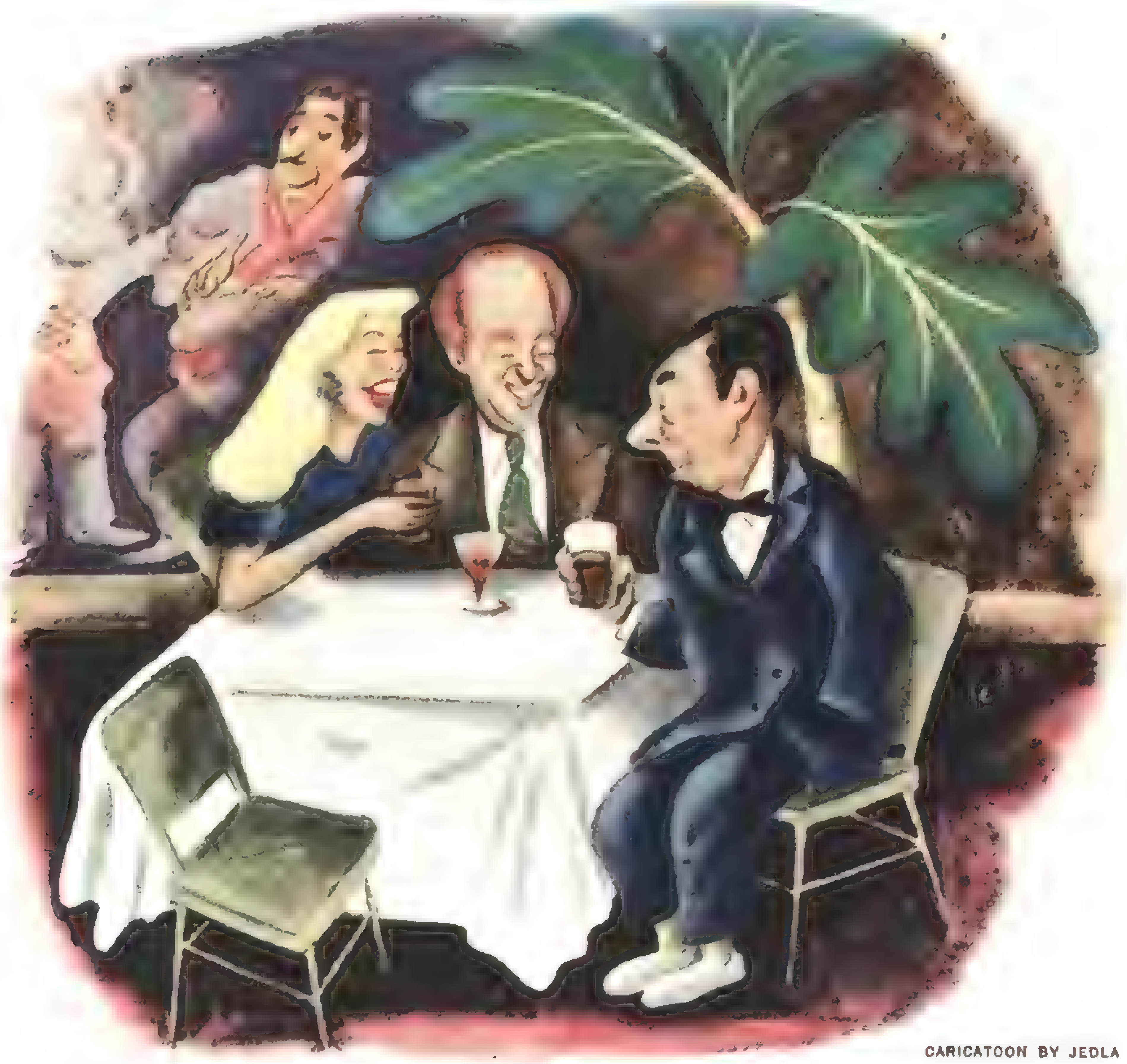
In the "We Point With Pride" Department, the Gophers can point with vigor to their President, James L. Morrill, a standout among educators and reputed a handy man with a funny story to boot.

Their Daily boasts "the world's largest college circulation"—20,000—and an addiction to the word "pacemaking."

The alumni lists bristle with front rankers. There are the Presidents of the Universities of Washington and Purdue and two of the Republican party's brightest bright young men—Harold Stassen and Wayne Morse. Then, there is William Stout, designer of automobiles with a world-of-tomorrow look.

Finally, there is the above mentioned Max Shulman's classmate, Thomas Heggen. Heggen authored the best-seller *Mister Roberts* and is now collaborating with Shulman on its dramatization.

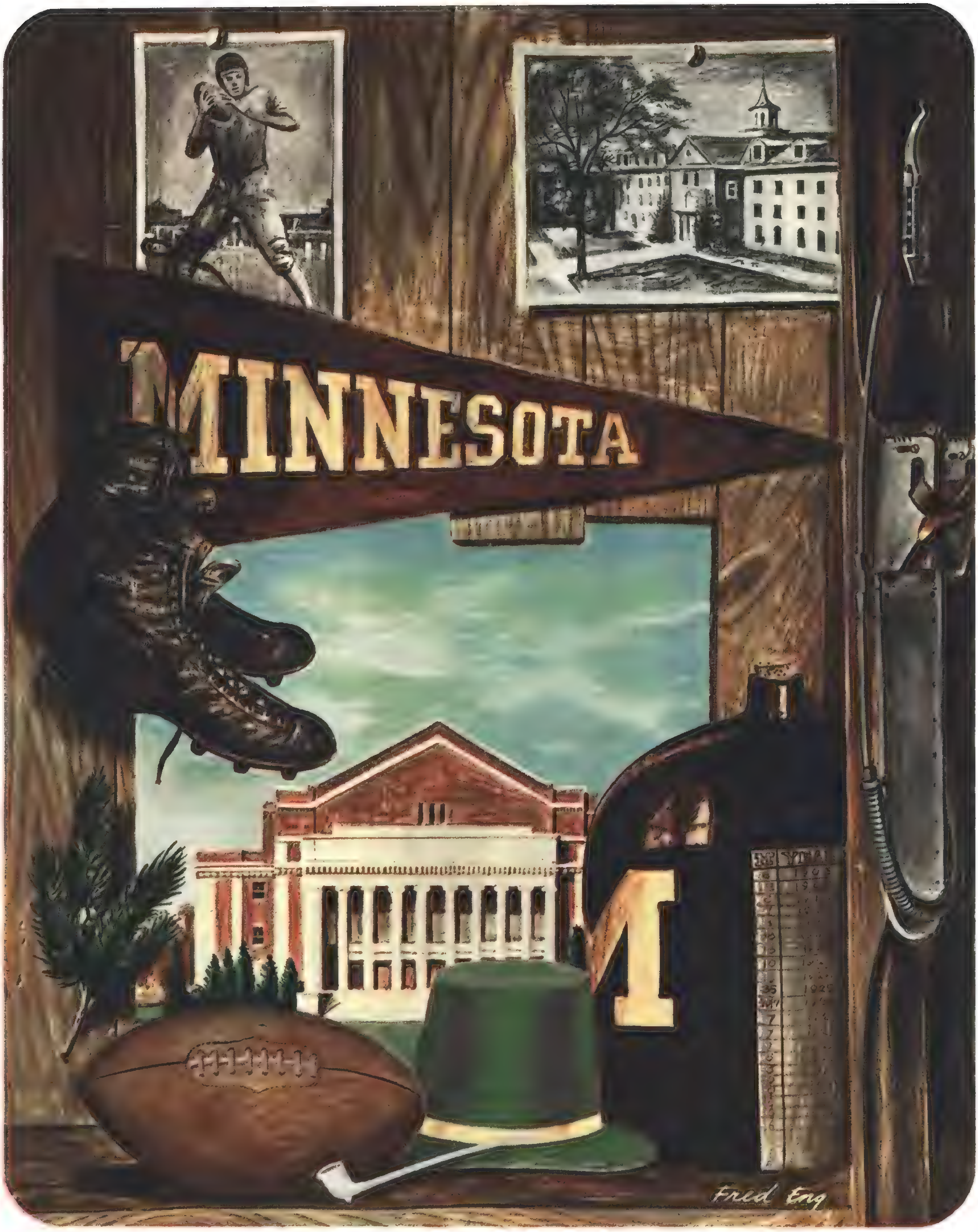
Settling down after the wartime boom, the Gophers are taking more ease and less advanced electronics. And as of yore, the ease is being taken in the Grill Room of Coffman Memorial Union and the Varsity Café. And after 6:30 you can drop in at The Bridge for a brew. Most Gophers do. ⧻



CARICATOON BY JEDLA

A JOE E. LEWIS CLASSIC

"My teacher used to give me a penny to make an 8—last night I'd have given $100 to make it"



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A Profile

Painting by Fred Eng

From the campus of tall trees and tackles, Norse names and blonde Brunhilds recently has come such an effusion of talented prosifiers as to make the traditionally all-health-and-a-yard-wide home of the Golden Gopher seem like an extension of the Left Bank. Despite educated typewriters, Minnesota has not gone long-haired. Bernie Bierman's return presages new glory on the gridiron once marked by thundering cleats of Lund, Seidel, Widseth and Co., and all 27,000 students are not writing novels. When not busy becoming Engineers, Economists and the like, they may be at The Bridge or Varsity Café, heeling for the Daily, off on Snow Week. Mentionable also are traditional Little Brown Jug, Foresters' and St. Patrick's days.

She isn't a nationally known movie columnist, but Edith Gwynn is required reading in Hollywood

The Little Lady with the Big Voice

by SIDNEY CARROLL

That excellent photographer of sleek ladies in sleek dresses, the Baron Hoyningen-Huene, recently went to California to make a series of photographs for a book on Hollywood. The Baron has an original mind about these things. He decided that his book about Hollywood would show more than the smooth surface of filmland. Of course he took the usual photographs of the usual actors, actresses, producers, and directors. But after that he went a few steps further. He took pictures of cameramen, carpenters, make-up men, electricians, wardrobe mistresses, studio cops, and studio waitresses. And Hollywood columnists.

The last was an audacious move on the Baron's part, audacious because most—nay, almost *all* people who compile books about Hollywood pay very little attention to the cog in the machine called the Hollywood columnist. The Baron, however, audaciously took pictures of some of the most important columnists. He took a picture of Hedda Hopper. He took a picture of Louella Parsons. And he took a picture of Edith Gwynn.

Now, for his book, the Baron would not have the regular run of banalities. He did not want merely a picture of Hedda in her newest hat. Nor a shot of Louella on her famous lawn pouring tea for a famous face. He wanted pictures of these ladies at work—in their offices, at their phones or their typewriters, doing the things they are paid to do. So he took a picture of Hedda at work, and a picture of Louella at work, and then he was ready to take a picture of Edith Gwynn at work.

Miss Gwynn works at home. The Baron went to her home. He was greeted there by Miss Gwynn, a small brunette, not small enough to be called diminutive, nor yet large enough to block the view. Miss Gwynn has large dark eyes and a small light figure. She has a face that resembles Norma Talmadge's and animates like Ethel Merman's. Around the house she wears pink fluffy lounging things and pumps with pompoms on them. When she sits down she curls her feet up under her. She is small and cozy. She also has a voice like a big boat in a fog.

The Baron explained his mission to the lady of the feminine gestures and the masculine vocal cords. He told her that he wanted a picture of her at work—seated at her desk perhaps, in whatever pose she usually assumes when knocking out her daily stint of deathless prose. "You want a shot of me when I'm working, is that it?" The Baron agreed that that was it. "Wait here—" Miss Gwynn told him. "—I'll call when ready." She left the Baron and his camera in the living room, then slunk through a doorway and out of sight. In a few moments the Baron heard the Gwynn voice trumpeting down the hall, "Come on in!" The Baron went through the doorway down a corridor in the direction of the voice. He walked through one more doorway and found himself, to his surprise, in Miss Gwynn's bedroom.

The mistress of the house was reclining in dead center of what is known to the furniture trade as a "Hollywood-size" bed. A bed, that is to say, of colossal proportions. In her left hand she held a phone, in her right she held another. "This is it," she told the astonished Baron. "This is Gwynn in her office. Gwynn is working."

That was no joke. The most caustic of Hollywood columnists, and in some ways the most extraordinary, uses no desk but her bed, and no equipment other than telephone, pad and pencil. Her working day lasts from nine in the morning until one in the afternoon. These hours are usually spent in the Hollywood-size bed, with at least one phone in each hand. She gets her information for her column over the phone during the morning hours, from the studios, from press agents, from a long list of informants whose business or pleasure it is to supply columnists with dope. While she is thus engaged in gathering material, her maid will serve her one or two whopping breakfasts in bed. The ringing of the phones goes on all morning, but silence descends upon Edith's bedroom (done from top to bottom in pale green and gold) at one p.m. Hollywood knows that Edith Gwynn officially calls it a day at that hour. Unless a press agent has a piece of news that is nothing short of sensational, he will not bother the lady after that hour, unless he wants his head bitten off.

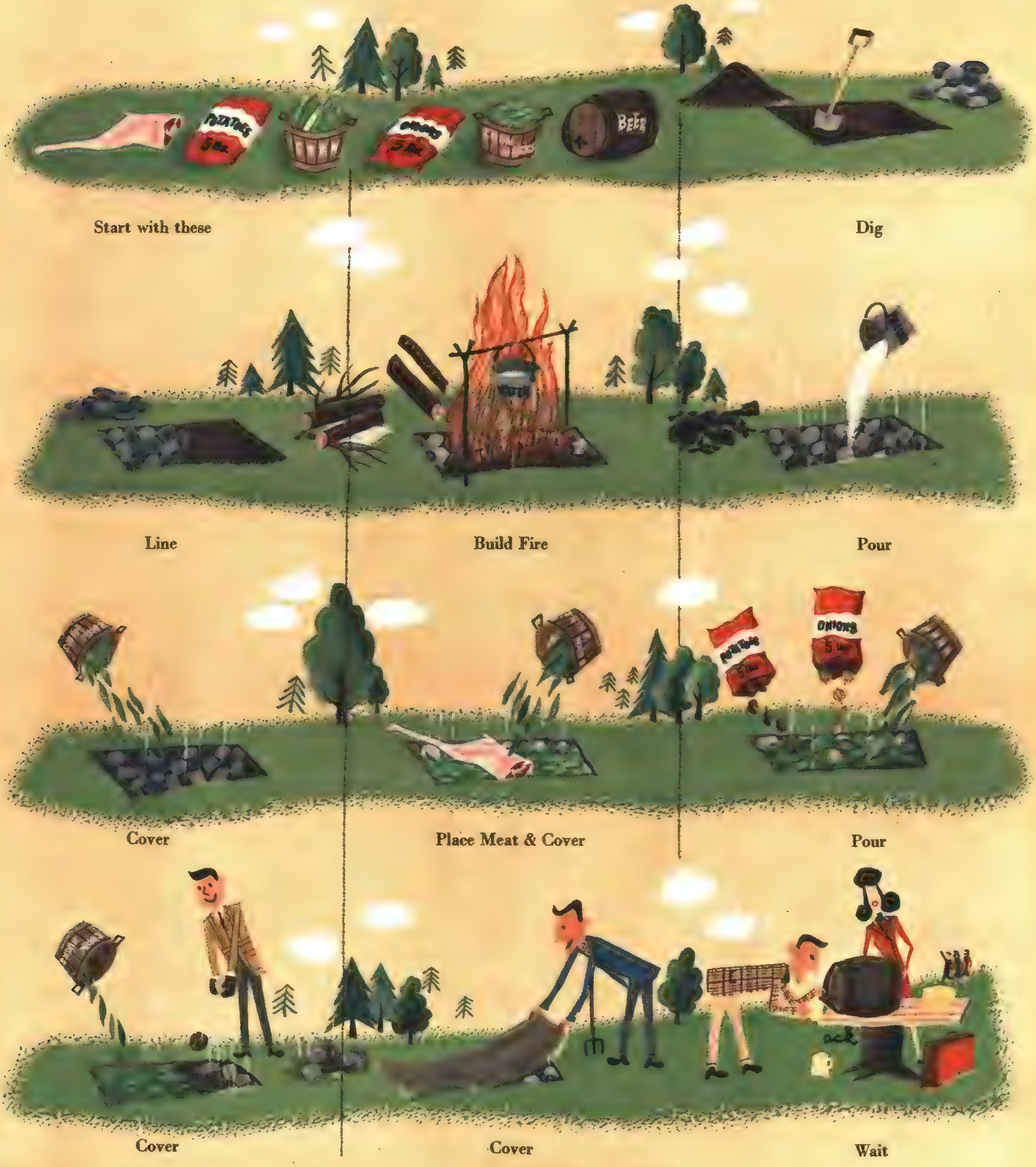
If Edith Gwynn were not forced by circumstance to earn her own living, she would probably spend twenty-four hours a day in bed. As it is, she usually stays there until four in the afternoon. If the weather is warm, as it sometimes is in Hollywood, she will reluctantly rise from her Hollywood-size bed of roses after the phones stop ringing and spend a strenuous afternoon in a sitting position on her patio—listening to the records of Frank Sinatra. Edith, who is possibly the most ardent Sinatra fan west of Paterson, New Jersey, finds it much easier to swoon sitting up. At four p.m. she starts the actual chore of writing her daily column, one of the longest written (*Continued on page 160*)

GLANTZ

Cook's Tour: Gene Leone

Jerome Leone was a wine salesman and one of the reasons for his success was his wife's cooking. In the end it became so famous that Louisa opened a small restaurant over the New York wine cellar. That was in 1906 and Caruso, Schumann-Heink and Victor Herbert were there for the occasion. Now Jerome's and Louisa's son, Gene, presides over the small restaurant which has spread over four houses, but which still includes the wine cellar, presently valued at $100,000. The theatrical and sporting famous remain faithful to the shrimp with Louisa's wonderful sauce and Mother Leone's Special Dessert, made of fruit ice cream with heavy cream sauce in cognac and cherry heering mixed with black Bing cherries. Gene takes his trust seriously; after seven hours in the kitchen he is back in the evening to play host.

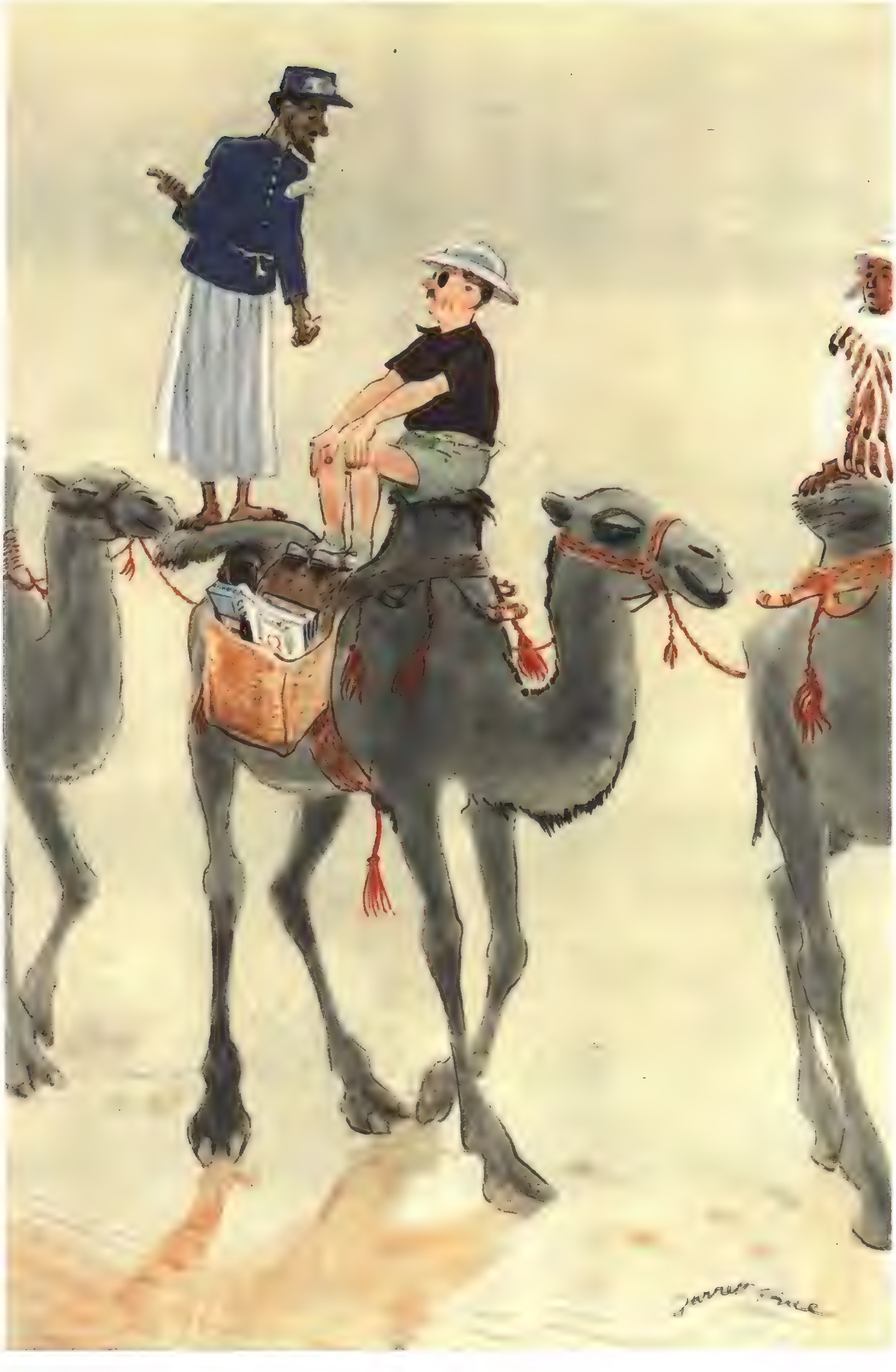
An Old-Fashioned Barbecue


POTATOES
ONIONS
BEER
Start with these
Dig
Line
Build Fire
Pour
Cover
Place Meat & Cover
Pour
Cover
Cover
Wait

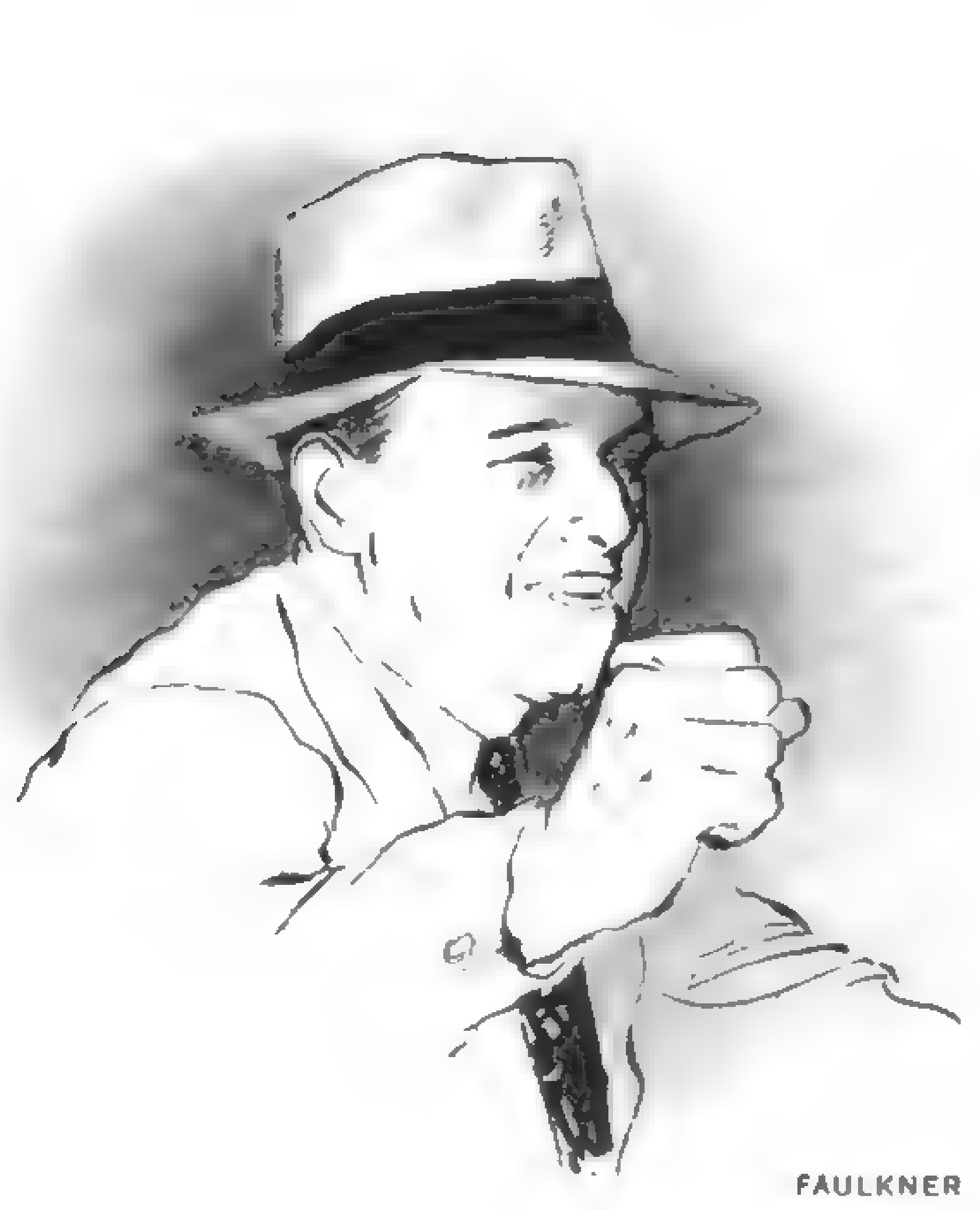
Esquire's
LOOK AND COOK
Recipe No. 7

Sketches by Herb Ackerman

You've heard about the old-fashioned barbecue. Here you have it in all its original goodness, straight from a secret recipe handed down to us by our man-on-the-range and available exclusively to you and a few million other readers. In an open spot in your back yard dig a hole three feet deep and three feet square, line it well with rocks to make a solid pit. Build a good wood fire and let it burn down for an hour or two. Remove the coals, pour a quart of warm water over the hot rocks, and cover them with a thick layer of corn husks. Put on your side of beef, add a layer of corn husks, then your vegetables, separating each layer with the husks. Cover with a tarpaulin. Three hours later you'll have as fine a barbecue as any old-timer ever tasted.



"The diner? Three coaches back, sir!"



Training camp would be much worse than a salt mine if it didn't pay off so well

Papa Bear, Football Revolutionist

by HERB GRAFFIS

George Halas, a man known to professional football's faithful as Papa Bear, is back at training camp, brewing up new pots of "T" for the Chicago Bear offense, and generally dreaming up surprises for this fall's opponents. When the 1946 season closed with the Bears' defeat of the New York Giants, Halas went to work the next day planning the Bears' 1947 season. It ought to be a good one.

The Bear technique, with halfbacks directly back of tackles, behind the tackles' off-flanks, the ends out, one or two backs dashing behind the line, or in other of its variations, generally is conceded to be the farthest advance of deception and finesse in football. It has a long history of successfully befuddling the enemy.

Red Grange was one of the factors in the unfolding of the Bear formation from the original T. Halas worked out an early T offspring for Red's debut at the Polo Grounds in 1925 when the Bears and Giants played to a record crowd of 73,000. That attendance was 9000 more than the Army-Navy game drew that year. It gave a significant demonstration that the Halas talent for producing a more spectacular football show by canny innovations in coaching eventually would put the then precarious commerce of professional football into the big-business class.

In that historic game Halas had his version of the T-formation apparently designed to give Red a chance to perform in quick opening plays. That, of course, was a quite logical procedure. Likewise it was logical that when in case of doubt the opposition would converge upon the fleet and shifty Red.

Consequently the pay-off, which also had been plotted astutely by Halas well in advance, came when the foes were clustering around Grange, and Joe Sternaman, quarterback in that year's Halas edition of the T, ran virtually unmolested around an end.

Opposing teams expect the unexpected from a Halas club and seldom are disappointed. In the final game of the 1946 National League race the Giants expected Halas would have a cute one to pull in that tied fourth quarter.

There was time out.

The Bears had their R-Bingo play, assidiously rehearsed to be used in lifting themselves out of a hole. Sid Luckman directed a questioning glance toward Halas on the bench.

"Now," was Papa Bear's answer.

The R-Bingo play was set up to work against an end who had been knifing in. A Giant end had been doing just that.

But as luck would have it the Giants made a replacement during the time out, benching the end who had been knifing and putting in one who came straight across.

For the first time during the 1946 season Luckman carried the ball. In the split instant of recogtion that there had been a change in the charging path of the enemy end Luckman altered the predetermined route, cut in and went 19 yards for the touchdown that decided the championship.

Would it be giving Papa Bear too much credit to assert that he also had thought of that contingency? Not at all. Luckman has been hired by Halas not only because Sid was a good runner, kicker and passer in collegiate football, but also because Halas saw in him a superb football brain of the sort that would be quick to catch the Halas higher learning.

Halas' appraisal of potential talent is a psychic gift or just heavenly luck, so some of the uninformed believe. But as in everything else in football that George Halas does, his weighing and selection of candidates is done by a method carefully thought out through more than a quarter century of coaching.

Papa Bear looks for the unusual. If a prospect is a good runner, passer, punter, blocker or defensive man, Papa Bear is not especially interested. But if the youth is a standout in any one department Halas begins looking him over thoroughly. Halas gauges talent not on the basis of "Will he help us win a game?" but "Will he help us win a championship?"

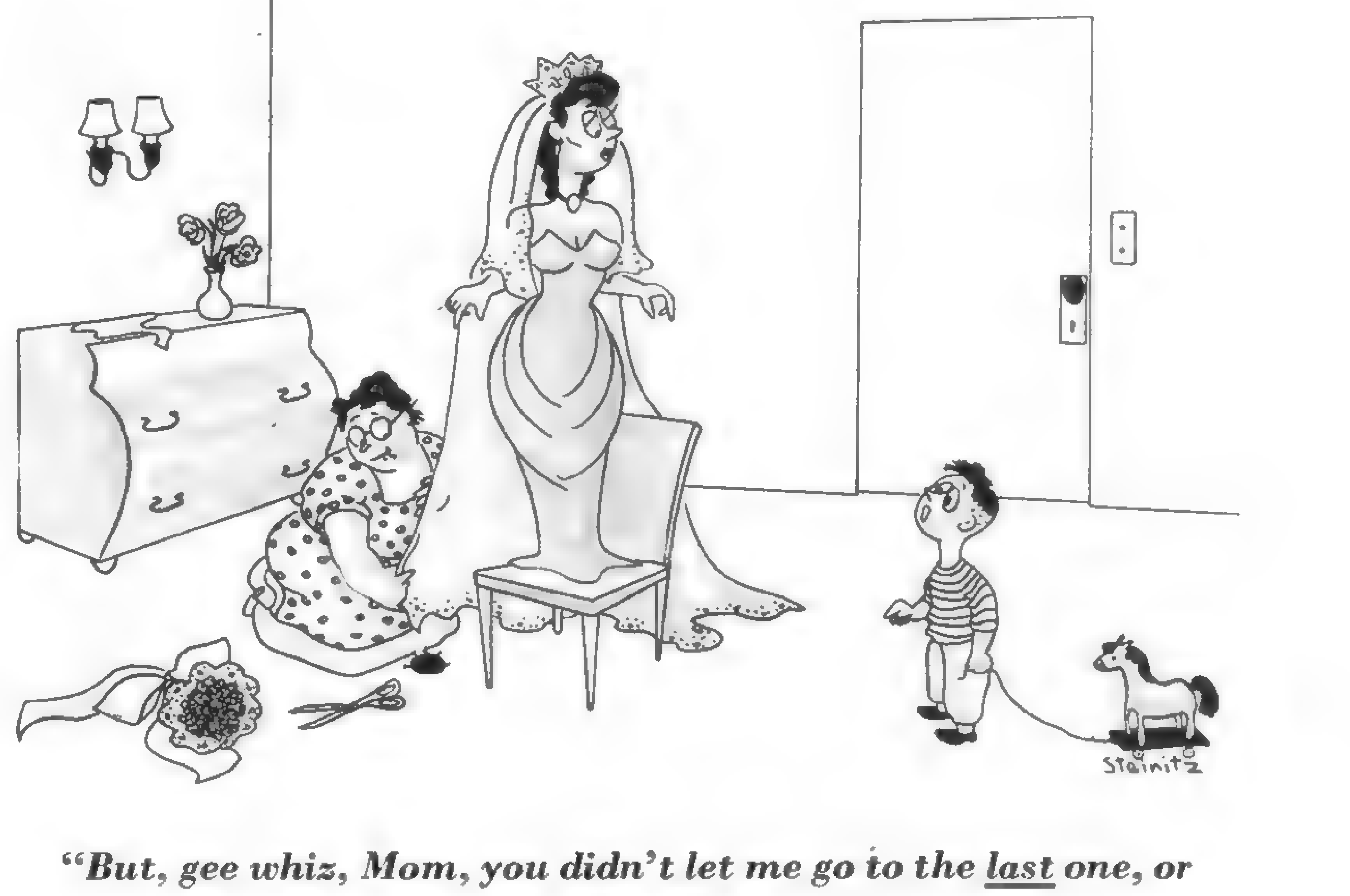
The thorough and expert search Halas conducts among the crop graduated by the smaller colleges has unearthed young men of transcendent ability. Among them come to mind George Musso and George Corbett of Millikin, Keith Molesworth of Monmouth and Joe Stydahar of West Virginia. Halas' foresight in becoming a pioneer recruiter in the Siwash league identified him as main hope of pro-football aspirants of smaller-college experience. Halas has found these youths qualified by a burning desire to work themselves into national fame, a willingness to toil hard in Papa Bear's school, and an acute receptiveness to coaching.

Work is what the squad at Halas U. lets itself in for—and in ample quantities—when the young hopefuls matriculate. Halas has been a hard worker at football since his days at Crane Technical high school in Chicago. He has continued diligent through his University of Illinois career, his days of drilling, coaching and playing on the famous Great Lakes Naval Training Station team of World War I, his sand-lot semipro period and all during his service as a player, coach, manager and owner in professional football. His players meet his pace or are flunked out.

Papa Bear is a strong believer in the season's games being won or lost in the training camp. He gets his men into camp in condition to go into high gear at 9 a.m. the first day of training at their camp at St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana, about 90 miles from Chicago. You may be sure it is 9 a.m. sharp. Halas has one of the exact timepieces from the stock of the flourishing jewelry business in which he is a partner, and there is an automatic $25 fine for players who are late for the training-camp sessions or for the 9-until-noon sessions the Bears have at Wrigley Field during the playing season.

Halas maintains that the tardiness of one man is too expensive to be condoned. It slows up the whole squad of 33 players and five coaches and disrupts the entire

(Continued on page 192)

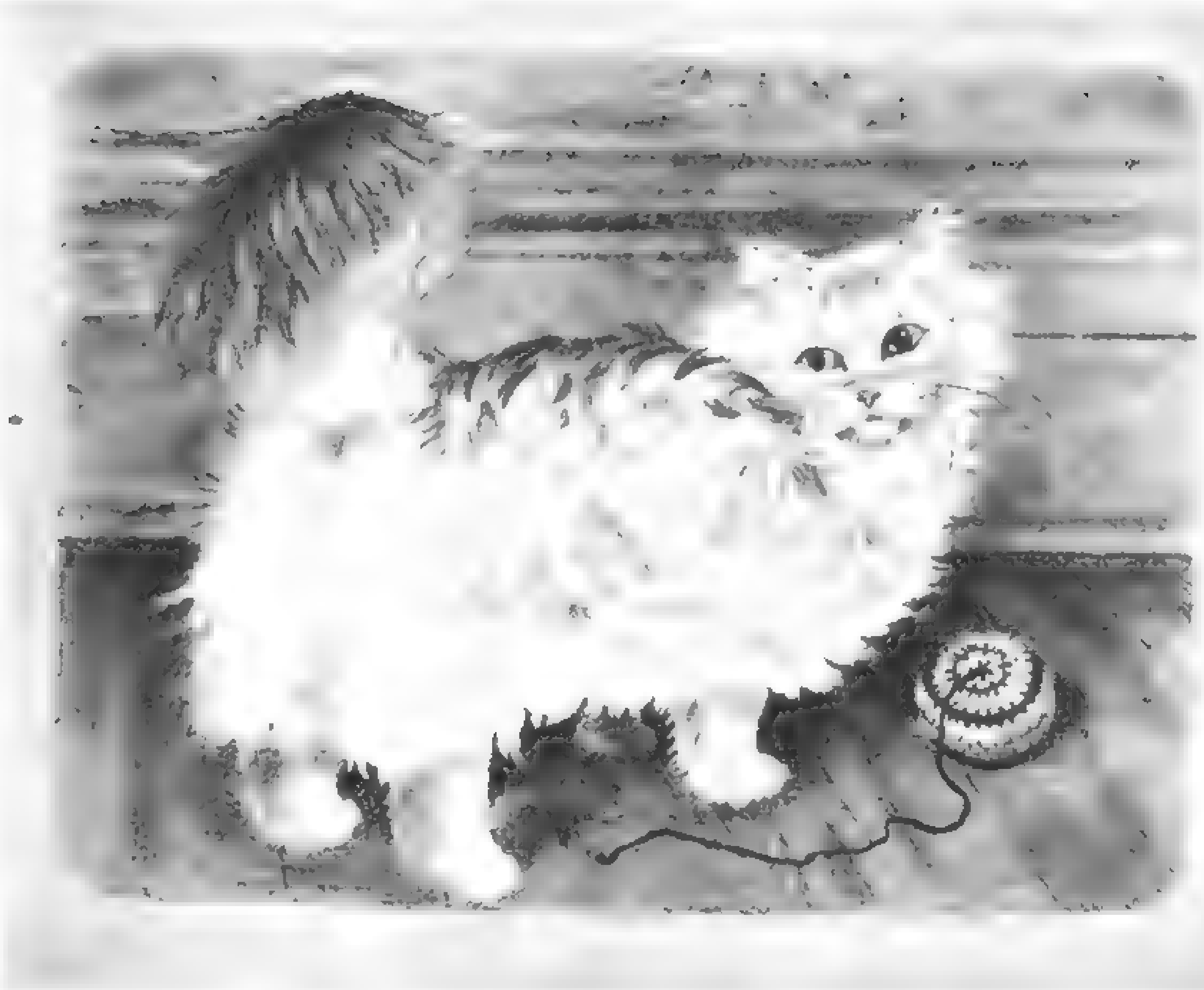


"But, gee whiz, Mom, you didn't let me go to the last one, or the one before that . . ."

Watching the insidious blonde cat, the terrier recalled another life when he was Antony, she the Queen of the Nile

The Gaudy Cat

by HAYDEN NORWOOD



LUCILE BLANCH

THERE was no trouble until that day. It was a warm day and I was lying on the sofa, thinking about the time Vercingetorix gave up to Caesar. Bill's wife did not allow me on the sofa, but she was not at home, so there I was, daydreaming, and the weather seemed less uncomfortable when I recalled that crisp morning in September, when the forest was bright with autumn colors.

Caesar in his scarlet robes sat in front of the camp and waited. It had been a hard fight, and he looked tired. The lines furrowed his cheeks deeply. Presently the gates of the defeated walled town of Alesia opened and Vercingetorix appeared.

The Gallic chieftain rode his horse proudly before Caesar, as if displaying the fine animal to sell. Then, disregarding his conqueror, he dismounted. He removed his armor, unhurried with each part, and finally, silently, seated himself at Caesar's feet. Upon a movement of Caesar's hand, Vercingetorix was led away.

Caesar's eyes—dark, warm, calling up the best in a man—fell upon me. He gestured toward the horse and the heaped-up trophies, saying, "Make distribution among the men who fought best, Marcus." I looked at the legionnaires in their woolen tunics, leathern doublets and russet cloaks, their clipped skulls helmet-covered. I saw that they, too, loved Caesar.

How vividly it all returned to me! Yet the hard bodies of these men had long ago become dust, the undying part, their souls, gone to inhabit other creatures, while I, Antony, who commanded the left wing at Pharsalia, I who was Caesar's lieutenant, now lived in the black and white skin of a Boston terrier.

It is strange to have a flat black nose, but one grows quickly accustomed to things when they are comfortable. Catching sight of myself in mirrors, I can see some resemblance to the man I was—the strong, heavy shoulders and full chest, the stocky neck. I fancy, too, that the expression of my face has not altered greatly. People have called my expression sullen, but they do not know me well who speak thus. Bill says it is genial, my eyes showing the spirit to frolic. He knows me from years of companionship.

Bill and I met some hostile landladies in the old days. They complained about chewed rugs and things. Once I regarded women as great sport, and while sex still plays a part in my life, I now view the female of the human species with complete objectivity.

Altogether there were seven landladies before Bill married Annie, and we took an apartment of our own. Bill and Annie were very happy. He worked nights because it was a morning paper, and while he was gone Annie cleaned and polished until everything shone. She treated me well enough, though she would not permit me on the sofa or chairs. On the other hand, Bill allowed me to lie anywhere I pleased, remembering no doubt how, when he was single, I always slept on his bed. He knows me, as Caesar knew me.

Where now is Caesar? Where all the others I knew? I was never one to probe into the secret of things. This I know: I once enjoyed life, food and females; I do now. I like a good run. I recall the day of the Lupercalia, when I ran, naked except for a goat skin about my loins, and cracked over the hindquarters with the februa women who stood in the way because they wanted children.

My reflections were broken by the footstep of Bill's wife in the hall. I jumped down from the sofa as her passkey slid into the lock. She entered, carrying in her arms a blonde cat with clear, pale eyes. Those eyes I recognized immediately. *No,* I said, *it cannot be!* The animal stiffened and in my excitement I barked.

"Stop that, Buster!" Annie cried. "Do you want to frighten Patty to death?"

Annie sat on the sofa and, holding the cat in her lap, explained to me that Patty had come to live with us. "You may as well start right in being friendly with her," she said.

She placed the cat cautiously upon the carpet, watching me closely meanwhile, and warning me, "Don't you dare jump at her. You behave like a gentleman."

In former days I do not recall having used my nose for more than breathing and casual smelling of obvious things such as the scents of wines and women and the unavoidable odors of dying men and horses on the field of battle. A dog's nose, however, is more sensitive. A single wafting scent on a zephyr can raise a whole chain of events in his mind. As I drew near this cat I smelled again the exotic fragrance I first knew at Tarsus—that Egyptian perfume capable like wine itself of influencing a man. The sharp memory caused me to quiver in every member.

It was after the defeat of Caesar's assassins, when I called Cleopatra to come before me and explain why she had given assistance to Cassius in the war just concluded. Word went round that she was coming up the river Cydnus in a gilded barge with purple sails, and I waited on the tribunal in the market place. Presently some came hurrying from the quay, reporting the Egyptian queen, garbed as Venus, lying in her barge for all to see.

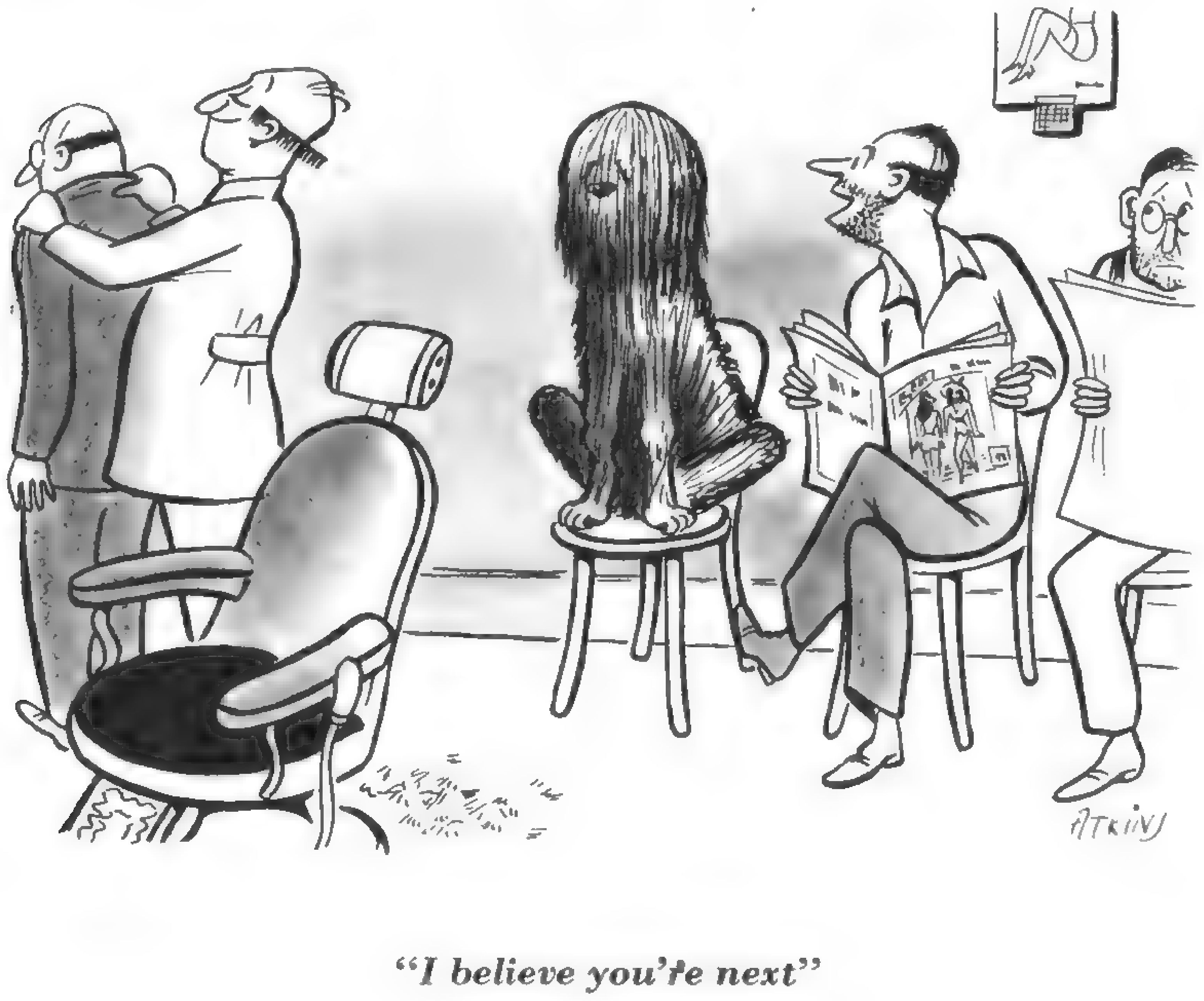
Upon this news the throng ran off and I followed the others to the quay. There she lay in magnificence as if oblivious of thousands of eyes, while silver oars dipped gently to music.

Dusk was thickening as I went aboard the barge. Suddenly there were lights, hundreds of flaming branches, and in their brilliance I was conducted to the table where Cleopatra sat. I looked into those eyes of clear pale green.

Into those same eyes of old Nile's hue I looked now as I stood before the cat on the carpet. In her feline lineaments I saw the delicate bone structure of the Egyptian queen's face, the same sly half smile.

I barked, seeking to mold the harsh sound to form her name. Immediately she replied in a high-pitched mew. In that mew there were, though mangled, the syllables comprising my name. This was indeed Cleopatra.

In the excitement of my discovery I barked furi-



"I believe you're next"

ously, and she arched her back, eying me with indignation. That expression I remembered too: I saw again her glaring eyes in the murky light of smoking torches when we quarreled the night before Actium.

"Buster!" cried Annie, "now you behave!"

She struck me sharply on the side of my head, and when the dancing lights subsided I saw the creature smiling at me. A breath of air wafted across my nostrils, bearing the perfume. Incidentally, unlike myself in former days, I loathe perfume.

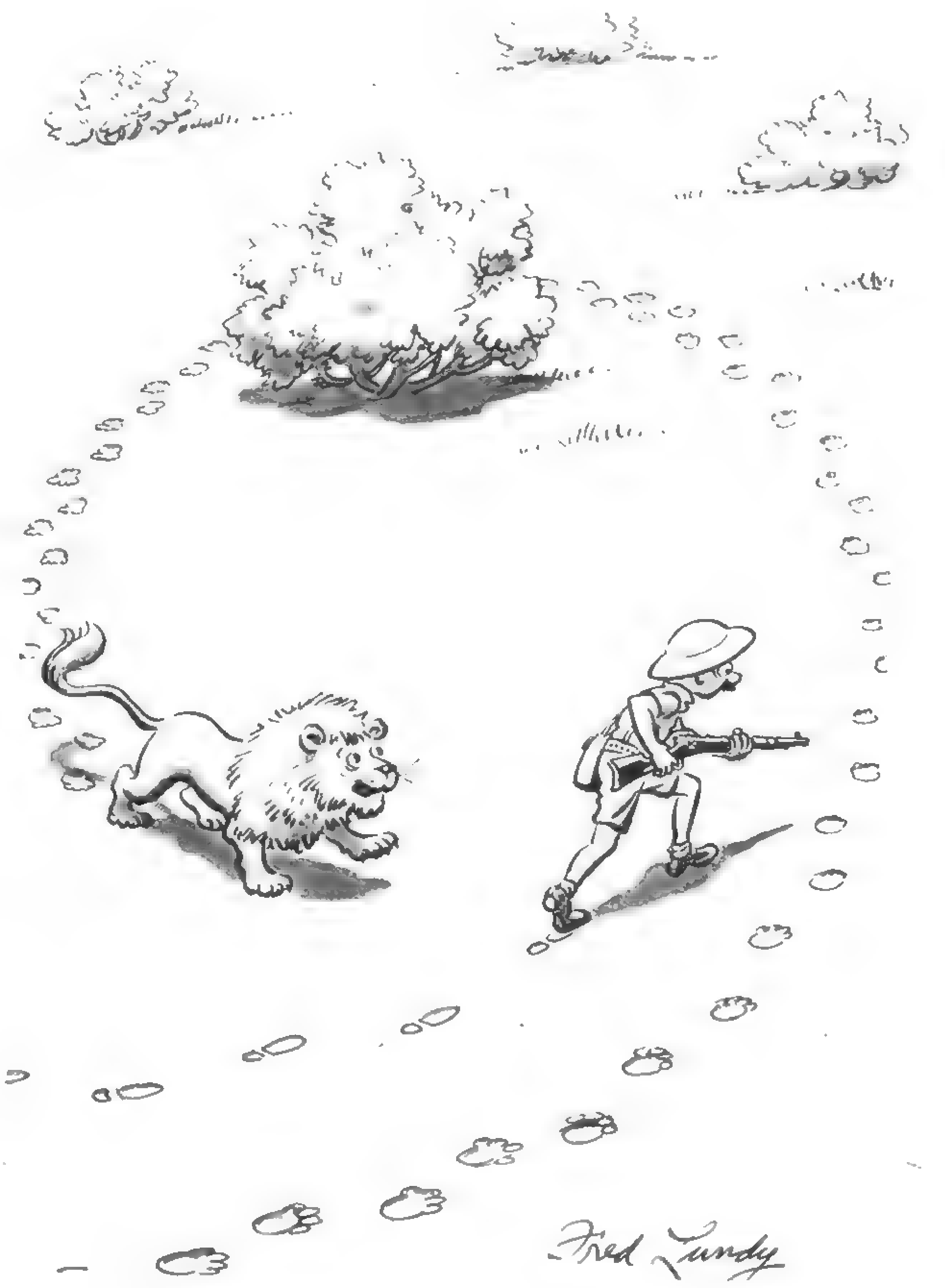
"You've got to be friends with Patty," Annie told me.

Presently the creature mewed. Formerly she spoke Latin, Greek and Egyptian, but now she was incoherent.

"You see, Buster," Annie said, "Patty wants to make friends."

Cleopatra curled up on the sofa and napped. Bill's wife sewed. In the quiet I doubted for a moment that this extraordinary thing had come to pass. But I had only to glance toward the sofa where the cat observed me complacently from half-shut lids to be sure. Cleopatra in former days had reclined beside me with that same sleepy complacency.

I contemplated those happenings of olden time. I saw clearly now as in a midday sun, where formerly the flesh had obscured. She banqueted me at Tarsus and I forgot to ask her about the assistance she gave to Cassius in the war against me.



But I was fascinated by this small, delicate creature, this descendent of the Ptolemies whom great Caesar himself had loved. Her display of wealth was beyond anything I had conceived possible—the floor of her saloon bedded in roses two feet deep—but at the time it did not enter my head to question why she made this show.

It was sufficiently obvious. I was then the most powerful man in the world. She wanted me to taste of Egyptian opulence so that I might see the advantages of an alliance with her and her nation.

My reflections were interrupted by the appearance of a well-fed man with plump white hands who carried a brief case. Introducing himself as Rodney Tyson, he told Annie he was in the insurance business. When I smelled the cuff of his trousers I knew he had been in contact with a Scotty just back from a visit to the country.

Annie told the man she didn't think her husband wanted any insurance, but he replied that every family should have it and, seating himself on the sofa, he opened his brief case.

"Hello, kitty," he said, putting out his hand. Then he gave a little cry.

"Oh, my," said Bill's wife when she saw what the claws had done to the plump white hand.

Mr. Tyson murmured that it was quite all right.

"But it's not all right," protested Annie. "I've heard cats' claws are very dangerous in causing infection. Now wait, I'll get the iodine and bandage it up for you."

"Please don't trouble," he said.

But Annie got iodine and gauze, seated herself beside him and began to work on his hand.

"Now," she said at last, "how does that feel?"

"Fine," he said, smiling. "You should have been a nurse."

"I used to be a nurse," she said.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Tyson. "Well, you know, while you were working on my hand I said to myself, 'That girl's got a professional touch.' "

They sat and talked. He told her about his work. He asked about Bill's work, and she said, "Sometimes it's lonely for me, but I read and sew. I'm used to his hours by now, I suppose."

Finally Mr. Tyson took Bill's wife's hand in his unscratched hand and said, "Thanks awfully." As they looked at each other, the cat brushed caressingly against first Annie's ankles and then Mr. Tyson's.

"Hello there, kitty," said Mr. Tyson.

"She's been very naughty," said Annie.

They walked to the door and before he left he thanked Annie again.

When Bill came home from work he kissed Annie, bent to scratch my ears for a moment, then caught sight of the newcomer on the sofa.

"That's Patty," Annie explained. "Mrs. Baldiston gave her to me."

Cleopatra sat up and smiled at Bill. He stroked her, saying, "What a strange color she is, Annie. What breed is she?"

"I don't know," Annie admitted. "Mrs. Baldiston said Patty just wandered in one day."

"A peculiar color," mused Bill as he bent over her. "What's that smell? Did Mrs. Baldiston perfume her?"

"I didn't notice anything," said Annie. She took Cleopatra in her lap and buried her nose in the yellow fur. "Yes, I think there is a kind of sweet smell about her," she said.

"She's a gaudy creature," Bill smiled. "Like a washed-out blonde. You sometimes get remarkable hues in alley cats."

Cleopatra mewed quite distinctly. The thing she called Bill in Greek had best remain untranslated.

I thought it strange that Annie did not tell Bill about the insurance man's visit. She always related anything special that happened, and Mr. Tyson's getting his hand scratched was rather special.

Cleopatra's presence in the apartment kept the past before me continually. I recalled how I was obliged for political reasons to leave the Egyptian queen and return to Rome after my wife, Fulvia, died; how I found it expedient to marry Octavia, the sister of my rival for power, Octavian.

He went to fight Pompey's son in Sicily, and I set out for Asia to fight the Parthians. On the way I dreamed of Cleopatra. This dream recalled those times of sport we had had together, and since I was practically in her neighborhood I sent for her to meet me in Antioch.

She came. I had completely forgotten the strength of her seductive powers until I looked upon her again.

The cat upon the sofa regarded me with eyes intriguing and subtle. In Antioch those eyes were the same, but I was a man and she a woman who leapt into my arms with a quivering intensity I had never known in Octavia. As her fingers caressed me I felt the slight scrape of her nails. She said, "How could you, Marcus?"

To repay her for what I was convinced she had suffered in my absence, I gave her Cyprus, part of Judaea, part of Arabia and other territories. She showed me the twins who had come shortly after I left her. She pointed to the lad, Caesarion, who was great Caesar's son, and whispered it was embarrassing to remain unwed.

We were married without announcements, for I could not risk a break with Octavian then. To acquire sufficient prestige I knew I had to conclude the Parthian campaign first. Cleopatra spoke of the days when we should know glory together, when we could take Rome and place Caesarion, as heir to Caesar, upon the throne.

Her eyes shone, as even now the eyes of the creature on the sofa shone. There was a ring at the door and, when Bill's wife opened it, there was Mr. Tyson.

"How do you do," he said, smiling. "I thought I'd stop in to talk about that policy."

"Oh, yes," said Bill's wife. "Come in. Really, I didn't think to speak to Mr. Monroe about it, though."

Mr. Tyson entered, looking somewhat embarrassed. "Well, perhaps we could go into it a little more in detail, eh?"

"Of course," said Annie. "How is your hand?"

He held out the bandaged hand. "It's coming along nicely."

"She was a bad kitty," said Annie, regarding Cleopatra reprovingly.

Mr. Tyson chuckled. "She's really got a set of claws."

They chatted and laughed, but the policy was not discussed. Cleopatra rubbed herself against Bill's wife's ankles, then against Mr. Tyson's ankles.

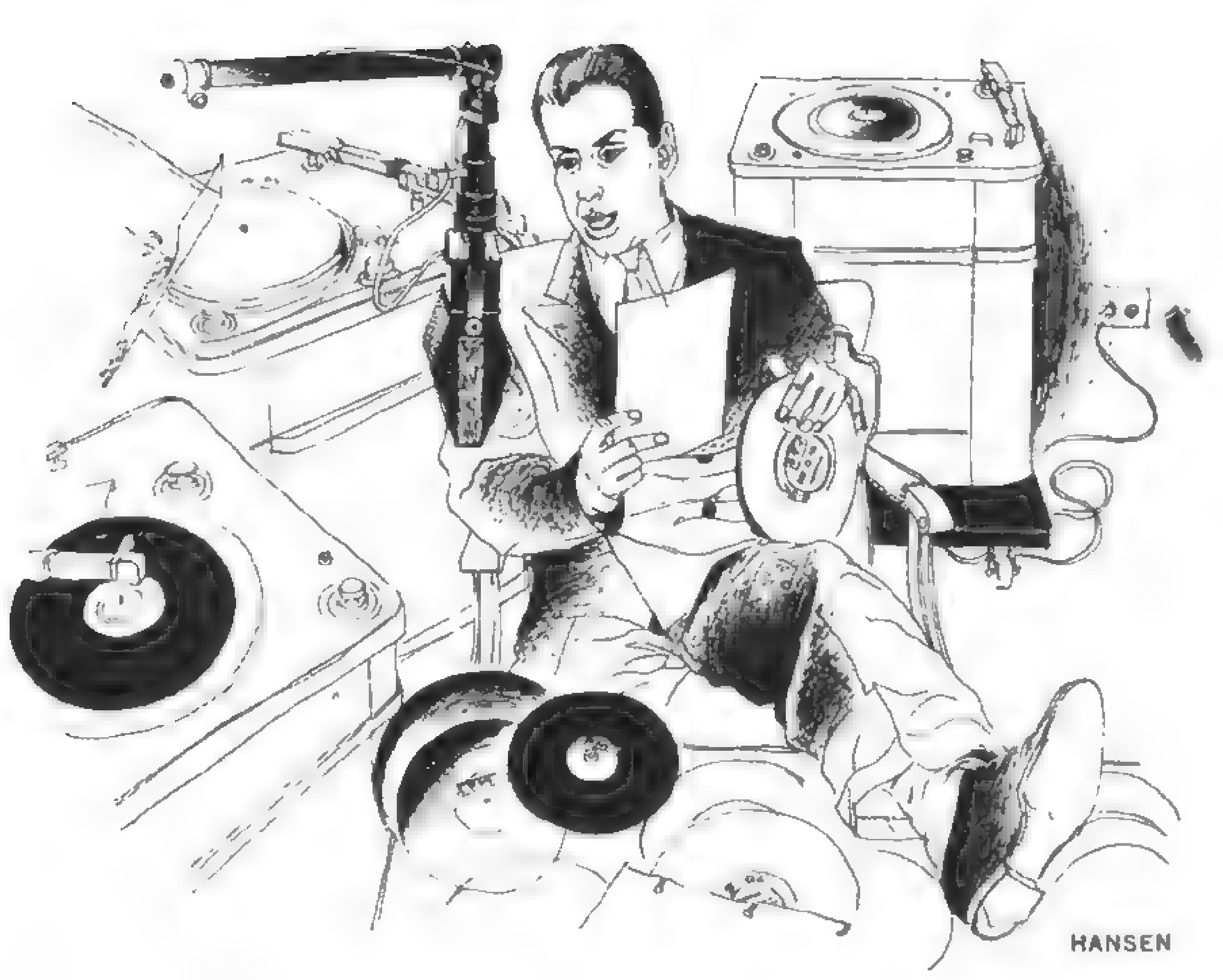
"She's really very friendly," said Annie.

"Indeed she is," agreed Mr. Tyson.

Indeed she was when she heard that my Roman wife, Octavia, was on her way to join me in Greece. Cleo-

(*Continued on page 209*)

The Owl Show



From midnight till dawn Art Ford plays minstrel, jester, confidant and alarm clock to a million sleepless Americans

by **FREDERICK FREED**

At two o'clock one Sunday morning in New York, Art Ford, who is the milkman on WNEW's all-night record show, *Milkman's Matinee*, received a telephone call from a man who said that he always listened to the program because he found that it soothed his nerves while he worked.

"What do you do?" Ford asked.

"I'm a week-ender," the man told him, after a moment. "People go away for week ends and while they're gone I go through their houses. Right now I'm cleaning out an apartment on Riverside Drive."

While this is not typical of Ford's audience, it is illustrative of how most of them feel about his program. Stay-up-late listeners, occupationally or otherwise engaged during the hours when most people are asleep, tend to be lonely, introspective and uninhibited. Ford, who five nights a week sits across the microphone from an audience that sometimes numbers 1,200,000 at its Saturday peak, becomes in the hours before dawn their companion, minstrel and confidant, functioning as alarm clock for the lobster shift, sedative for the sleepless, jester for the bored, serenading lovers and sending lost children back to their parents.

Between cokes, sandwiches and strawberry ice cream, he plays a hundred records, varying from crowd noises to full symphonies, discusses the weather and the state of the union, and makes a few not too serious remarks about the products manufactured by the several dozen concerns that sponsor his show.

In the four years since he began seeing night owls through the dark hours on the *Matinee*, Ford has come to regard his listeners—who have at various times tried to shoot him, commit suicide to his records and marry him—as lovable eccentrics and to treat them like the harmless but not too bright small children next door. Sprawled in a swivel chair in front of a boom microphone, he instructs them, jokes with them and scolds them, filling the night with reasonably good-natured banter.

The *Matinee* is casual to the point of aimlessness. Unlike the big daytime shows which are carefully rehearsed word by word, it is improvised on the spot so that on any given night it is largely what Ford wants it to be at that moment.

"I won't tell you my name—I'm traveling incognito"

He tries to arrive at the studio a few minutes before midnight, when he is scheduled to go on the air. His assistant, known to radio as Mike Cometo, has the records that are to be played in the first hour arranged on a table beside two phonograph turntables in the *Matinee* studio, and the commercials for the evening are in a loose-leaf notebook on a music stand in front of the microphone.

Cometo has a half-hour recording that Ford has made which he keeps on a turntable and ready to go if it ever happens that Ford does not arrive by midnight. Ford likes to glance over the records Cometo has selected, shuffle them to suit himself and take a look at the commercials.

When it is time to go on the air, he puts on the *Matinee* record that Monica Lewis cut for him, seats himself in his chair, leans back and stuffs his hands in his pockets.

At the end of the record Miss Lewis says, "Take it away, Art Ford," and Ford takes it from there.

He leans forward with his elbows on the arms of his chair. "Thank you, Monica, and good morning," he says. "This is the *Milkman's Matinee* with Art Ford, on the air from now till dawn. Now a brand-new record to start the show . . ."

He gives the disc a twist with his left hand and waves his right at Roland Lohse, his sound engineer, in the control booth. Lohse cuts Ford's microphone so that he is free to answer calls from his listeners on the three telephones on a table at his left.

Ford likes to have people around him and during the *Matinee*, he, Cometo and Lohse, and a news commentator who gives five-minute summaries every half hour, are the only regular WNEW employees in the studio. They take turns answering the phones, seeing who is at the door when the night bell rings and going around the corner for coffee, cokes, ice cream and sandwiches. Ford invites celebrities and regular listeners who call to come up to the studio and sometimes there are a dozen visitors arguing and eating in the *Matinee* studio in the early morning.

Ford varies his records, following an Andrews Sisters disc with a Shostakovitch symphony, Jimmy Durante, a harp concerto, a folk song and a wind-and-rain sound-effects record. The three phones are busy almost continuously with the hundred and twenty calls that come in while the show is on the air. Most of them are requests which Ford does not play, although occasionally he makes an exception for a regular listener.

Gertrude Lawrence likes to study scripts to Duchin records and Deems Taylor is fond of a Ford invention called Odd Opera, an amalgam of sound effects, records played at half speed or two at a time, accompanied by running commentary. The last one was called, "Deems Taylor, Boy Elevator Operator."

This is not customary. Usually Ford avoids gags as assiduously as he avoids jive talk. He feels that people who are up at that hour have enough on their minds and he tries to fill the time between records with quiet conversation as if he were with his listeners in a bar, walking the railroad ties or driving a truck.

His audience ranges from ten-year-olds who are listening when they should be asleep to older people who would like to sleep but can't. Entertainers on the late shift listen to the *Matinee* and call to request their own records. A group of Columbia physicists who call themselves The Grant's Tomb Jazz and Chowder Society send long wires requesting Maxine Sullivan's recording of *Loch Lomond.*

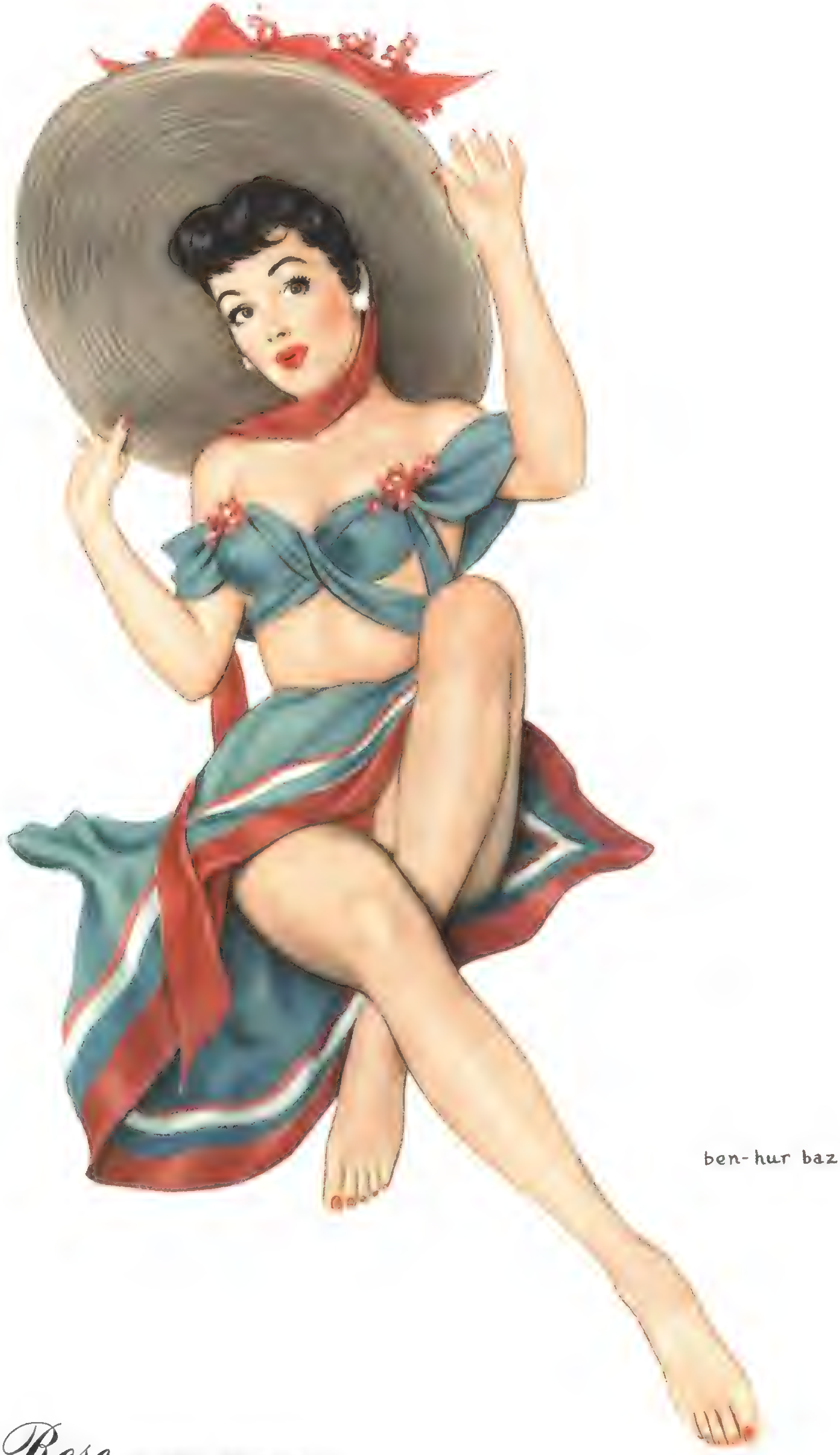
Women are the most persistent members of his audience. Ford's deep soft voice makes him sound older than his twenty-six years and since he has been on the air with the *Matinee* he has received half a hundred proposals, including one from a girl in Connecticut who stole a car to come down and marry him, cracked it up, rented another and arrived at WNEW just as he was going off the air.

"Where's Art Ford?" she asked him.

"Gone home," Ford told her and went home.

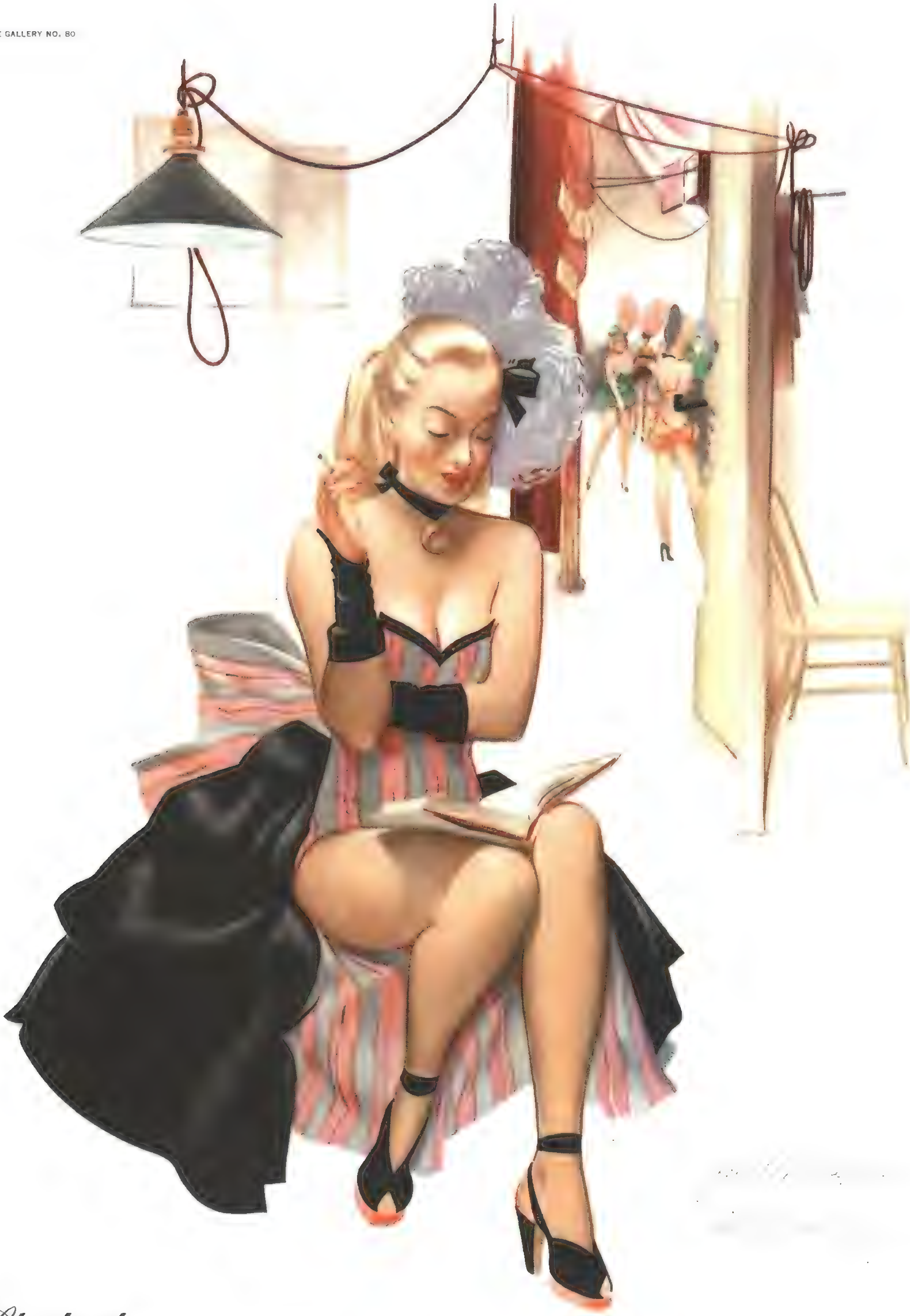
Two years ago he stopped telling people who he was until he knew why they wanted to know. One night (*Continued on page 190*)

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 79



Last Rose by BEN-HUR BAZ

Once upon a time a magazine decided to give a Christmas party to encourage its talent and put them in a Yuletide mood. But such is the way of deadlines that this became the only occasion on record where Santa Claus came down the chimney and eggnog was served in the middle of July. The moral of this woeful tale is: Pity our poor Esquire Girl artist's model shown shivering above. For here it is October and other little girls are crawling into their minks and sables. Not she. Draped in the most diaphanous of summer wear and sporting a picture straw, she must freeze and look like she enjoys it, too. How else will it be possible for you to enjoy her on your favorite cover come June?



Student by JOE DE MERS & FRITZ WILLIS

Whenever a girl makes good on Broadway or in Hollywood, she is automatically endowed by her press agent (who has long since replaced the old-fashioned fairy godmother) with three qualities. Although she may be scarcely capable of distinguishing a knife from a fork, she becomes a wonderful cook and is photographed in her kitchen in a Schiaparelli apron. Although the nearest she has been to a sewing machine is an acquaintance with a man named Singer, with fanfare it is revealed that she makes her own clothes. And, say her press releases, she is a student of Schopenhauer. Our Esquire Girl, who knows the score, is seen studying Schopenhauer between scenes while waiting to be discovered.

FAULKNER

British filmgoers, including children of tender years, now have permission to view Jane Russell in all her pristine glory

A Long, Low Whistle

by DOUGLAS CLARK

The last bay of the old bulldog breed reached our ears from England's West Country the other day. As we were idly turning over the pages of *The Gloucestershire Echo*, which prints in Cheltenham—where most of our retired colonels dream away their declining years—our attention was captured by a stern letter to the editor. We cite the concluding sentence, calculated to make Mr. Rudyard Kipling revolve in his grave. "Let us always remember that the British Empire was built on fox hunting, roast beef and cold steel."

As the final generation of sahibs, its grips already packed, wistfully swallows history's last round of chota pegs at the Bombay Yacht Club bar, this voice comes trumpeting out of the past urging the race to resume the white man's burden. It reminded us of the late Nelson Keys who, in an outsize busby and long grey military greatcoat and with twelve fierce inches of mustache adhering to his upper lip, used to please London revue audiences with a song:

Thank God, thank God that I'm an Englishman,
Thank God the soil I tread is English sod,
Thank God, Thank God that I'm an Englishman—
Thank God . . . Thank God . . . Thank God!

* * *

An unorthodox experiment in penology methods has ended in sharp disappointment for all concerned at Bristol Assizes. Subject of the case was a metal worker, who plead guilty to a charge of sending threatening letters to an acquaintance. The judge humanely decided not to impose a prison sentence, but to his decision he attached a curious string. The metal worker was to spend three years at Cerne Abbas, famous for its Benedictine Abbey.

The spartan monks welcomed the newcomer like a brother; yet a week later he hastened back to court. He told the judge: "I couldn't stand the place. I couldn't take to the atmosphere at all. I didn't like the fellows." Sorrowfully, Mr. Justice Croom-Johnson passed sentence of eighteen months' hard labor, remarking in parenthesis that he would probably like the fellows in goal even less.

* * *

The International situation is a staple topic of conversation nowadays. A sample is furnished by a lady from Richmond who reports a discussion between two elderly charladies standing in a bus queue. "World's in a bad way," said one morosely. "Eh?" said the other. "World's in poor shape. Fair gives me the shivers," said the first. "Oh," said the second. There was a pause and then, in a tone of morbid curiosity, she asked, "When did it start?" "Long ago," said the first charlady, "Well, I never," said the other. The bus arrived, and in the rush for seats our friend unfortunately lost contact with her neighbors and heard no more.

* * *

The American judge who averred that the desert is "no place for fur coats or woolens" was supported by the British Board of Film Censors when Miss Jane Russell's torso came up recently for inspection. Headed by Lord Tyrrell, former ambassador to Paris, the Board ruled *The Outlaw* totally innocuous and granted it a "U" certificate. This means that children of tender years can attend without having to pick up a phony parent in the foyer of the local cinema. The press preview was punctuated by outbursts of wild laughter and the critics implied that the picture was a robust practical joke, a Western to end all Westerns. A reason for this attitude may be that a high proportion of critics are members of the deadlier sex. To E. Arnot Robertson of B. B. C., Christine Lejeune of the *Observer* and Dilys Powell of the *Sunday Times*, a bust measurement is but a statistic, and the question of cleavage lacks the sharp impact it has for the male of the species. Some millions of English filmgoers have, however, duly made their way to *The Outlaw* and we are informed that the long, low whistle has been touching gale force in picture houses of the North Country. So far as the children are concerned, characters like Red Skelton, Martha Raye and even Leon Errol remain tops in popularity polls.

* * *

Looking in at the Houses of Parliament the other day, we found business proceeding much as usual. In the fine, fetid old debating hall of the Commons, question time was under way and members were unchivalrously berating Dr. Edith Summerskill, the tall, lissome Parliamentary Secretary who stonewalls for the Food Ministry while Mr. John Strachey is buying bread and turkeys across the Atlantic.

Tempers were running high over the soap ration. This matter falls within the province of the Food Ministry, do not ask us why. We are just settling down to the familiar furor when Mr. Barnett Janner, Labor M. P. for West Leicester, leaped up and threw out a startling query. It seems that people who have lost a leg are entitled to an extra cake of soap from time to time. "Is the Minister aware," asked Mr. Janner, "that a certain Food Office refuses to issue the additional ration unless the applicant brings with him a signed statement from his doctor, certifying that the limb is still missing?"

Dr. Summerskill denied the story, but we are informed the staff of a Food Office in Kensington, South-West London, has since been given confidential guidance about the basic facts of medical science.

* * *

Tune in to any English radio service between breakfast and midnight and the chances are somebody is being quizzed. It may be some inarticulate member of a studio audience trying to recall the capitals of Greece and Norway, or it may be Prof. C. E. M. Joad telling anxious listeners why the late Plato wins on points over the late Aristotle. We do not mince words: things have reached a pretty pass. Apparently the B. B. C. has been working towards the same conclusion and the first gleams of a silver lining have appeared in a new program called Ignorance is Bliss, which reduces the quiz device to an absurdity. Three professional crackpots, yclept Harold Berens, Gladys Hay and Michael Moore, battle helplessly with questions which embody their own answer. Thus: "At what period of the year do housewives do their spring cleaning?" "Who wrote the Diary of Samuel Pepys?" "What universities take part in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race?" The program's entertainment value lies in the stupendous irrelevance of the pitifully maladjusted experts. When Berens, for instance, was asked: "If a traveler flies from Britain to the United States, what is his destination?" he answered, "I flew the Atlantic myself last week. Gosh, were my arms tired!" ⧺

"Ours is a great love, Lucille"

The Lights

Harry resented his role of second-rate comic, for in his day he'd been a hot stepper, dancing with the best of them

by WALT HENRY

WM. DuBOIS

It's never really nighttime on the Big Street because of the lights. Everywhere along the main stem—in the theatres, the beaneries, the shooting galleries, the four-pose photo places, the amusement centers with the pinball machines that light up—the lights shed their frantic brightness. Their colors blink and flow, pinwheel and spiral, rise and fall in complicated patterns, the lifeblood of the street.

The lights were coming on for the evening as Harry gulped down his third cup of the scorching swill that the Greek sold for coffee in the little place a block from the theatre. The Greek walked over, wiping his hands on his apron, to flip a switch near the window. Red and blue neon responded to mark the outlines of the window and the script words: Nick's Hamburger Heaven.

Harry glanced at the watch on his wrist, a memento of better days, inscribed on the back: "To Harry. One swell guy, the top of the heap—Passing Revue Company, 1925." It was time for him to be getting back for the next show. He paid the Greek, pulled up the collar of his overcoat and moved out into the brilliantly lit street.

To look at Harry you wouldn't think he was in show business. He was a small, thin-chested man without extra flesh for all his fifty-five years. He walked with a springy sort of step, for his shiny suit concealed a pair of hard muscled legs; he had kept them in condition all these years. His face was undistinguished but for his infrequent broad grin and dark eyes which had traces of a former sparkle. Once at the top as a dancer, he was now a bit player with those vaudeville shows that play places like the Earle in Philly and the Strand in New York, playing four and five shows a day between showings of a movie. Harry Godfrey had trod the boards with the best; a top light comic and dancer in the days of the Passing Show, the Scandals, and the Earl Carroll Revues. Now he had made way for the new and brighter lights who rose above him. Now he played in skits with a small dance routine, a hokie comic trying to scrounge a few laughs from a crowd of young people who came to hear the singer. The one with the padded shoulders and curly hair who caressed the microphone as he sang and provoked squeals from the kids.

It is a hard life that people of Harry's type live, moving from town to town every week; playing maybe four weeks in the big town. They live in cheap hotels, eat bad food hurriedly, never get time for a decent rest between shows in their crammed twelve-hour day from noon to midnight; yet they still keep up a semblance of freshness and vitality, dragging it from some showman's reserve in order to look alive as they bounce onstage for their turn. You grow old quickly that way, and the older you grow the worse off you become. The Big Town has a short memory for names and faces, even though you might think some names had been burned indelibly into its memory when they were spelled in 100-watt corpuscles on theatre marquees.

Harry looked up and saw that he was somewhere around the thighs of the block-long girl above the street who advertised a show. He turned into an alley, away from the lighted street, and felt depressed. He never could understand why you had to slink into a theatre through a dark alley, the way you used to walk into a speak. He climbed three steps to the stage door which had a single dull bulb above it, walked into the semidark entryway. Mac the doorman was reading *Variety* by a shaded wall lamp, since the movies were on.

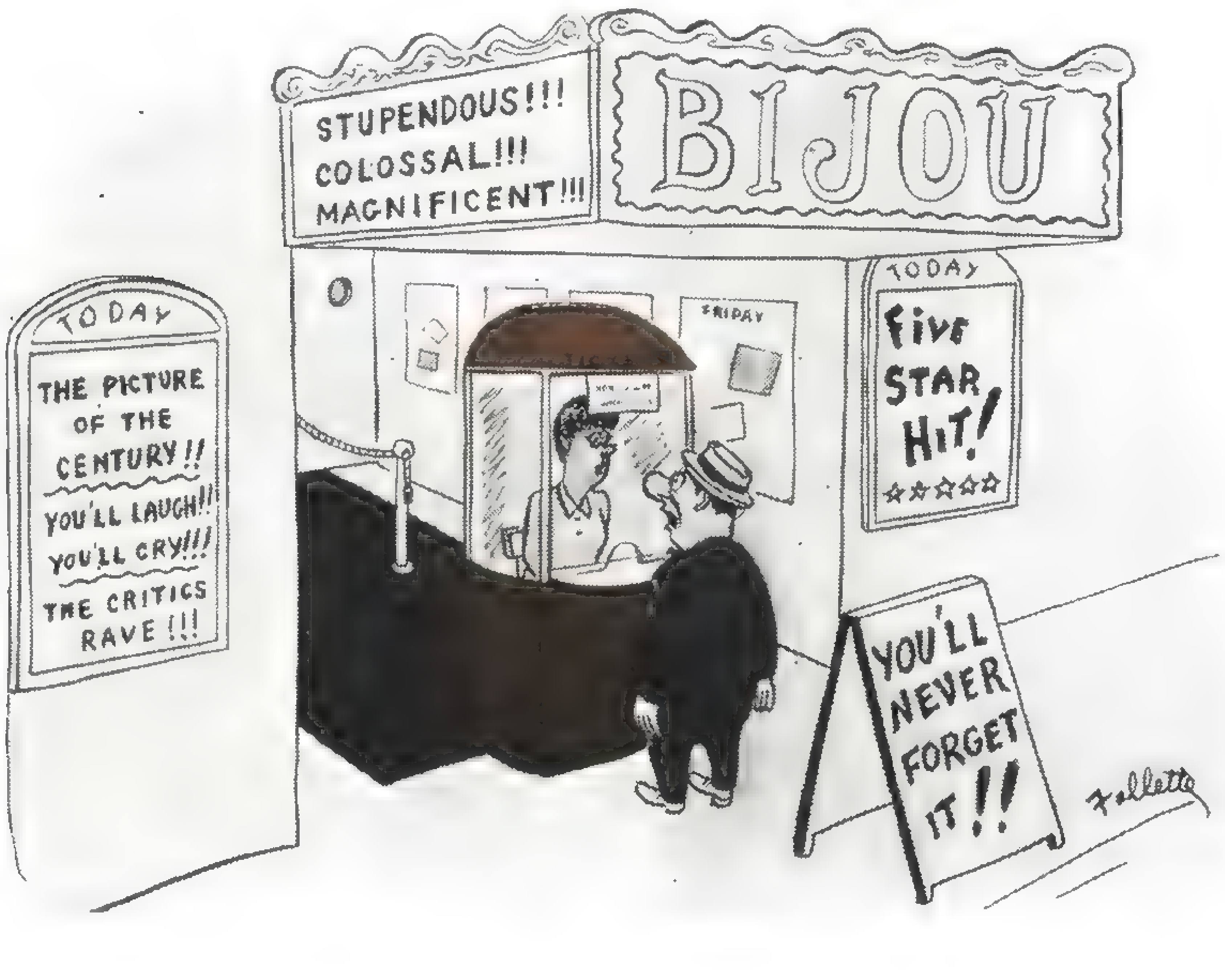
"Evenin', Mr. Godfrey," Mac mumbled.

"Hello, Mac," said Godfrey in his richest voice. Mac had once been a light man at the Garden, and was the only one around who called Harry Mr. Godfrey. It was a tribute from the past, when Mac used to get a bottle of whiskey now and then in Harry's flusher days.

Harry whistled as he went down the iron stairs and along the corridor of small, numbered rooms. He felt a twinge every time he went past the first few rooms, which had white stars instead of numbers—rooms where he had once made up—and on to the dank hole which was his dressing room now. Pushing open the door, he snapped a light switch that turned on the ceiling light and the mirror-frame lights—three whites and a yellow, all the way around, blazing out and showing up the wrinkles in Harry's neck and the now pouchy eyes.

Harry went into the familiar routine. He smoothed cold cream over his face and neck. With a stick of grease paint he made several broad strokes across his cheeks, forehead, chin, and neck. Then with his fingers pushed the stuff across his eyelids and nose and up into his hairline until it formed an even coat. He blackened a stump, looked up and stroked under the lash of each eye, looked down and stroked across each rim. He put a small spot of rouge in the inner corner of each eye, and rouged each lip. Now the mirror showed him a different man—a bright-eyed Harlequin. He put on a fresh shirt and grey slacks and clipped a gaudy red bow tie onto the collar. He slipped into the blue and red checked coat, and parked a blue hat jauntily on his head. He did a quick little tap, thrust out his hands and smiled broadly at the mirror and the lights. Suddenly something occurred to him. He reached for a little black bottle on the table and dipped a fresh stump into it. A little touch of the dye at each temple hid the grey strands showing at the roots. He tossed a pack of cigarettes into his pocket and snapped the light off. It was only after the lights were out that you noticed the sag in his shoulders.

As Harry walked toward the stairs, the girls came down from their opening chorus, loosening and stepping out of their costumes. Reaching the foot of the stairs, Harry found himself in a crowd of girls. He gave them a stage ogle with popping eyes, patted a posterior selected at random, and reached down to snap a large costume garter which had attracted his attention. The wearer of the garter, a baby-faced, blue-eyed blonde bedecked in heavy green eyelid paint, said something incredibly dirty without real anger in her voice.


STUPENDOUS!!!
COLOSSAL!!!
MAGNIFICENT!!!
BIJOU
TODAY
THE PICTURE OF THE CENTURY!!
YOU'LL LAUGH!!
YOU'LL CRY!!!
THE CRITICS RAVE!!!
FRIDAY
TODAY
FIVE STAR HIT!
★★★★★
YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT!!
Folletta

"Just answer one question for me—what's playing?"

Harry chortled and glanced at his watch. Ten minutes. He was early. He ran up the steps and walked into the semidarkness backstage. The Chinese acrobats were on. The people in the show came and went like vague forms in some sort of dream world outside of the bright onstage glare. Suddenly he became aware of someone standing next to him. It was Glenn James, the crooner who packed the house; the one they squealed at. He was a kid that Harry couldn't figure. Nice enough, sure, and nobody begrudged him the top of the bill, but there was something hysterical about his success that was completely unlike the calm, friendly admiration of the old days. Then it was a steady following for years with one act, a following that just about grew up or grew old with you. None of the real personalities left, thought Harry.

The kid spoke to him, using the low-pitched whisper that everyone uses backstage, where buzzers do most of the talking for them.

"Look, Harry," he whispered, "I been talking to Charlie, and we're fixing things different for the next few days. The doc says I gotta cut down to two a day. I been feeling grippy lately and Doc says there's too much strep around to fool with it. Here's the setup. We're cutting my act in the first and third tomorrow and putting in some band numbers and extra business for you. Got it?"

"Right kid. I got it," Harry said without moving his head. He was watching the stage for his cue, and when he got it he moved past James saying, "Excuse me, I'm on."

The main traveler closed. The trapezes and bars shot up into the dark flies, and the boys slid the stands and seesaw back out of the way. Almost at the same instant a drop hurtled out of the flies and the band picked up the introduction music. Harry slid into the wings, thinking about the kid. The old guard was dead, he thought. The kid didn't know what it meant when an old-timer said, "The show must go on." None of the old stamina left, either. He used a mike. Harry's stout whiskey tenor hit the balcony every time. Not many left, he thought, who can carry an act four times a day without a mike. Lily and Max had appeared in the other wing. The main traveler slid back. It was the old burlesque routine. Lily came through in a grass skirt and Max chased her with a lawn mower. Harry and Max did some dialogue while Lily changed to a costume that looked like steel with rivets in the most obvious places, then Harry chased her with a blowtorch and a can opener. At the end there was a little song. Almost before he realized it, Harry was going into the exit squib. Then they were out of the spotlight into the dark wing. They skipped back for one bow, then Harry moved fast. He scuttled around behind the drop and over to the other side of the stage. Charlie, the stage manager, was standing there with a time sheet in his hand. When he saw Harry he grabbed his arm.

"One, two, three, and the spot's gone"

"Glenn's lost his voice," he mumbled. "Go out and tell them about it, will you? Hurry!"

He ran out to the center behind the traveler, which parted as two buzzers sounded simultaneously, one in the pit for the orchestra to stand by, the other in the lighting balcony. The traveler parted and a blue-white finger of light picked Harry out and followed him as he strode to the foots. The kids stopped shouting, "We want Glenn! We want Glenn!" as Harry held up his hand for silence.

"Look kids," said Harry. "The management has asked me to tell you that Glenn won't be on for this show." There was a loud Oh from in front of the foots. Harry held up his hand again.

"Now, listen kids, give old bloodless a break. He's not feeling so well. You wouldn't want him out for a long time, would you? And anyway the first ten rows have been here since noon. You've seen him already. So what say? Let's all hope Glenn is better soon and back to four a day. Huh?" The blackness out beyond the blazing foots responded with hearty applause. "Swell! Thanks a lot!" Harry ran off into the wing. Charlie was standing as he came off.

"Harry. The Johnsons aren't here yet!" The Johnsons were a specialty team whose act followed Glenn's. They hadn't heard that Glenn's act was being cut. They were probably out eating dinner.

"You want me to fill in?" asked Harry. "I can do a little routine until you find them."

Charlie nodded and reached for two phones.

"Hello pit. Harry's filling in for the Johnsons. Cut their music and give him what he calls for. Hello Sid. Harry's filling for the Johnsons. Give him a spot." Charlie turned to a small man standing near by. "John. Third traveler." That was all. No emotion betrayed, no time spared for indecision; they just moved, fast.

Down on the stage Harry moved to the center, followed by the big burning circle of white light with a bluish rim.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Harry said, "who is the greatest dancer in the world and how did I get that way?" There was a laugh from the void in front of the footlights. "That's a question I would like to answer for you," he continued, "this way. Hit it Sam!" Out of the corner of his mouth he mumbled *Swanee.* In the pit a bald man nodded and stabbed at the keyboard of an upright piano. After two bars the band came in behind him, quietly. At first you would swear Harry was gliding except that you could hear his feet tapping the floor. He started slowly, moving about and trying some of his own variations of simple steps, followed by the blue-white circle of light. Up in the lighting booth Sid motioned to his assistant who slipped the mask from a second carbon spot. Sid flicked another switch and under the assistant's guidance a second finger of light stabbed out to converge in a bright circle on the stage with the first.

With the second chorus, Harry was warmed up to it. It came back to him neatly. He liked the feeling in his legs as he made the steps gradually more difficult. The crowd applauded as he increased the pace. Harry liked the warmth of the lights. His beat was perfect, and the crowd liked it. He signaled the pit for the last chorus and wound it up, moving fast. He got a terrific hand; three bows, then the band picked up their regular music and things got back on schedule. Harry was surrounded by people backstage who congratulated him, among them Glenn James' agent, a dapper man named Sam Parris, whom Harry had known in the old days. Sam smiled and held out a pudgy hand.

"Harry!" he said. "It's nice to see you again. I didn't know you were doing the old act. It was swell to see it again."

"Thanks, Sam," said Harry. "It was a sort of emergency. It was good to get it off again though, just for old times' sake."

"Look, Harry," Sam said, lowering his voice. "I came here to talk to Glenn, but now that I've caught your old act . . . Drop down to my office tomorrow at eleven, will you? There's a single spot that will be open soon in my downtown club that I'd like to have you fill . . ."

"Why sure, Sam. I'll be glad to. Tomorrow at eleven, huh? So long. I'll see you tomorrow."

Harry ran down the stairs, and whistled happily as he snapped on his mirror lights and slopped cold cream on his face and neck. Looks like it may be the chips again for me, he thought, and grinned. A few swipes with a towel and the mirror framed a fifty-five-year-old man again. He slipped into the old suit and, lighting a cigarette, he went out into the corridor. As he reached the stage, the lights were just going down.

Harry's nervous excitement was wearing off. When the lights went down he felt an emptiness. He puffed nervously at the cigarette as he headed for the stage door. Mac looked up from *Variety.* He stood up and held out his hand.

"That was swell, Mr. Godfrey," he said warmly. "It was like old times seein' you at the old act again."

"Thanks, Mac," said Harry. "Well, good night. I've gotta get home to the wife."

"G'night, Mr. Godfrey." Mac settled back with *Variety.*

Harry slid out into the dark alley. He couldn't understand why, but a dark theatre or a dark anyplace depressed him. He liked plenty of bright lights. He reached the street. There were bright blazing lights in profusion. He threw his shoulders back and grinned. His step quickened. #

Sportsmans in Spain

Super-first-class fellow, with one year's night-schools English, give report on boxing combat which are one hellabuloo

by EDUARDO JAYEN

REHBERGER

In these country wich are Spain I recently bump American sailor who mislay ship in our ports. As sailor emerge from American Consular establishment I accord him English salute. Sailor informs me with thanks to distinguished American Consul for large loans he—said sailor—now reside in No. 1 Easy Streets, Nor' West-by-West, until other ships arrive to carry him to United States.

Sailor urge me to accompany him in Park where there are café, sweet color flower, birds chippering in tree. Sailor make purchase of rich wine of Spain and agree provide me instructions in English language free of charges. So I resign Berlitz peoples.

We imbibes numerous doses of bottle content. Then sailor inquire: "Mack, what are your jobs?"

I reply I am journalist in local newspaper and exhibit clip of recent date. As mariner is ignorant of Spanish I translate like these:

Notes of Society

Yesterday, in Church of San Rafael is impose Baptism waters of River Jordan on first borned male infant of our esteem friend don Mentecato de Gandul and distinguish spouse. New Christian are name Joe.

* * *

For Health sakes take Fluid Electric Liver Invigorator.
All farmacy have him.

* * *

Also yesterday, in Church of Afflicted, were celebrate marriage of enchanting Señorita Maria de las Nievas Soltera with our dear esteem friend, Don Pedro Salchicon. Sweetheart enter Church in accord of nuptials march of Mandelsonns. Bride wear lovely gowns of angel skin on classical line, and he of other sex in rigorous etiquette. We wishes new matrimony eternal moon of honey.

* * *

Fluid Electric Liver Invigorator. Price small. Colossal Result.

* * *

Soon is expected in our city prestigious merchant and esteem friend, Don Panteleon Fulano de Tal, who have made extensive travel in these country. Don Pantaleon Fulano de Tal arrive naturally in company of elegant spouse, Doña Isabel, and beautiful daughter, Maria.

* * *

Take Fluid Electric Liver Invigorator. He are good For You!

As I finish, sailor emit harsh cry. "Rotten!" he exclaims. "It are prehistoric!"

"You bets," I rejoin. "But editor always make clamor for kindness for everybodys. If I write facts, last item go these way:

In few days is expected return to our city louzy thief and black markets rascal, Don Pantaleon Fulando de Tal, with Zulu wife and repugnant daughter. If normal trades restore we would proceed with happyness at funeral of said family wich are curse in commerce of these city. Meanwiles, we pray God send said family a running nose.

Sailor exclaim: "By gums! These are hot dogs!"

"Sure," I acknowledges, "yet if sent editor I will get a fire or be shooted."

"You dead right," he agree. "Editors everywhere is large fragment cheese. But, Mack," he continue, "are cheese more mighty than pen?"

As we talk of these and thats I inform sailor of grand idea—to institute in these city events wich is the boxings. He immediately are pickle with enthusiam and take me in partnerships. So I begin read article I compose for paper. He go these way:

Sport vigorizes the mentals and make that the body and soul spread out in equal parts . . .

"Holy Mikeral!" proclaim sailor. "Mack, it are monumental! Many peoples have wrote sports book but nothing like those word. Although residence here is on shorts side of market I do believe, on my solemn oats, that Spain tolerate more sportsmans for degree below Zero Fahrenheits as any country in world.

"Furthermores," sailor insist, "encouragement of sports are cosmic essential. Battle of Bunks Hill are won in Polo Ground, New York, by Red Socks in eight innings and 2 mans left in bases. On other hands, look at Eskimos! Did them poor fishes ever win battel? Mack, you have hit your head on the nail."

All those night I sweat inks on article for newspaper. When suns arise I finish:

Who Fight For . . .

Our beautiful city are stagnatling. Why? Because we do not our duty for stimulation of sports. Sports vigorises the mentals and make that body and soul spread out in equal parts. Therefore, as fulminating point of altrism we must have sportsmans.

As beginning, we propose fist combat wich are very lovely. Boxings are sport for mans but ladies look it with happyness. Who fight for . . .?*

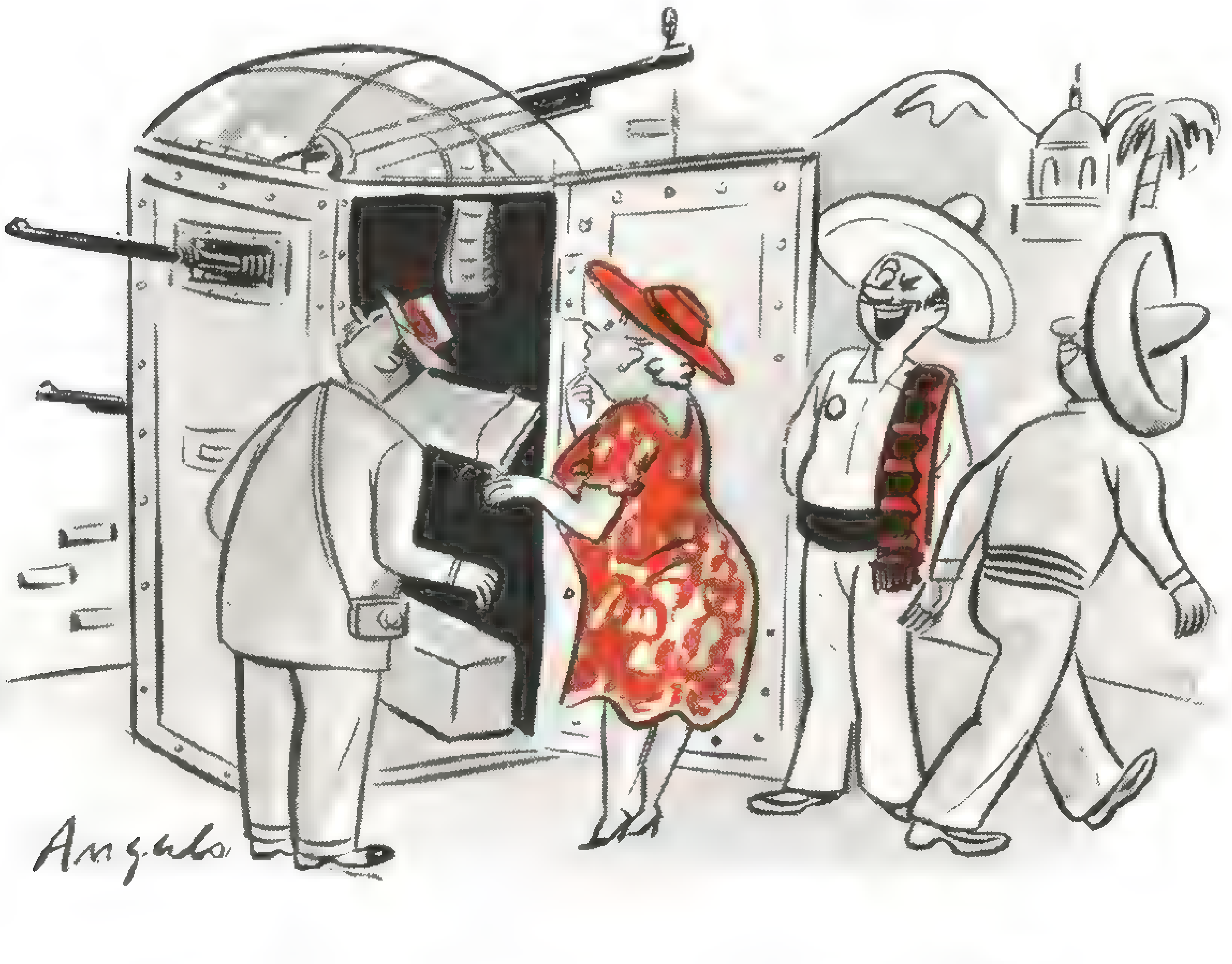
All the world is now invite to ensure that sport of boxings may function here pronto. Subscription are received at office of these newspaper and scrappers may enroll.

Already we are fortunates to engage service of celebrated North American, Mr. Mack, now in our city, Champion of fistics, as trainer and Director.

Well, pugils accumulate in our beautiful city, all crazy for battle. I am nominate reporter for events; and editor booster my salary ten pesetas each month. So I compose other article:

Hot congratulations to the hombres who commerce here the boxings. Name of . . . will soon be known to all civilized and non-civilized worlds. Thanks to iron will of gentlemans wich stepped a head we now have in our city . . .** society who style himself Club of Boxing Athletic. These boy has triumfed in spites of insuperable difficulty,*

(Continued on page 206)



Angelo

"And this, folks, is one of our voting booths!"

Country gentlemen as well as city habitants and undergraduate classes are all partaking of fall's new wardrobes. In goodly measure, then, Esquire presents ideas each can call its own

Variations on the Themes for Fall

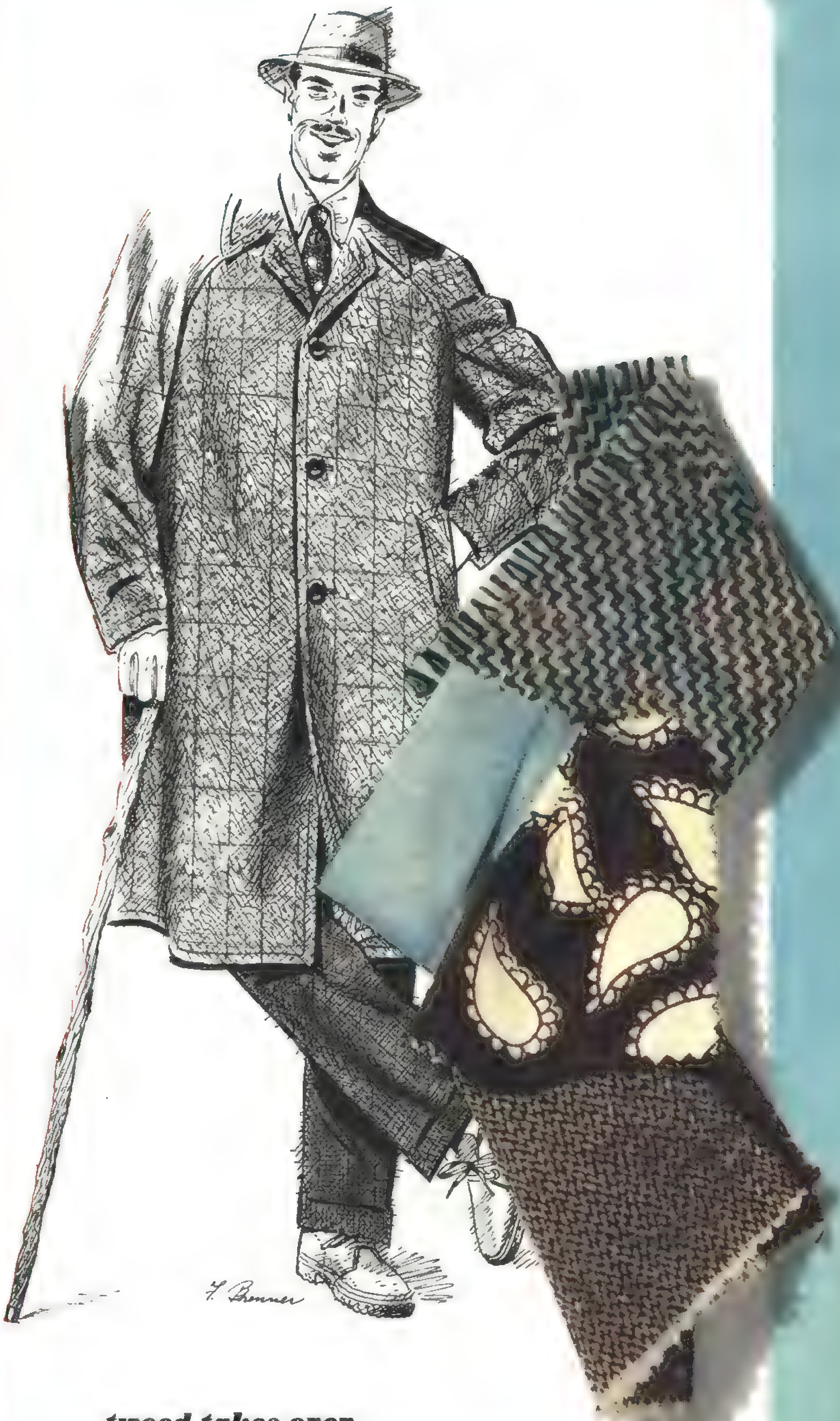
by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

WALTER LIPPMANN

In his column, *Today and Tomorrow*, appearing in more than a hundred and fifty newspapers, Walter Lippmann manages to present his political philosophy so cannily as to hew to that elusive and wary line that runs dead center through the American scene. Conservatives begrudgingly call him a converted liberal and the left-of-centers claim that he left their fold when he moved from the long-since-departed New York *World* to the New York *Herald Tribune*. All of which simply points to Walter Lippmann as a columnist who makes people think, and think hard too. Author of nineteen volumes of nonfiction, his newspaper stint has been termed the best prose appearing in public print. Even if one didn't know, you'd expect he was a Harvard man, and after graduating spent a year as assistant to Professor George Santayana, the famed philosopher. He went to the *World* soon after and became its editor eight years later. It was only after hard times wrote "30" on its last edition that Lippmann went into the other political camp. He's been there since.

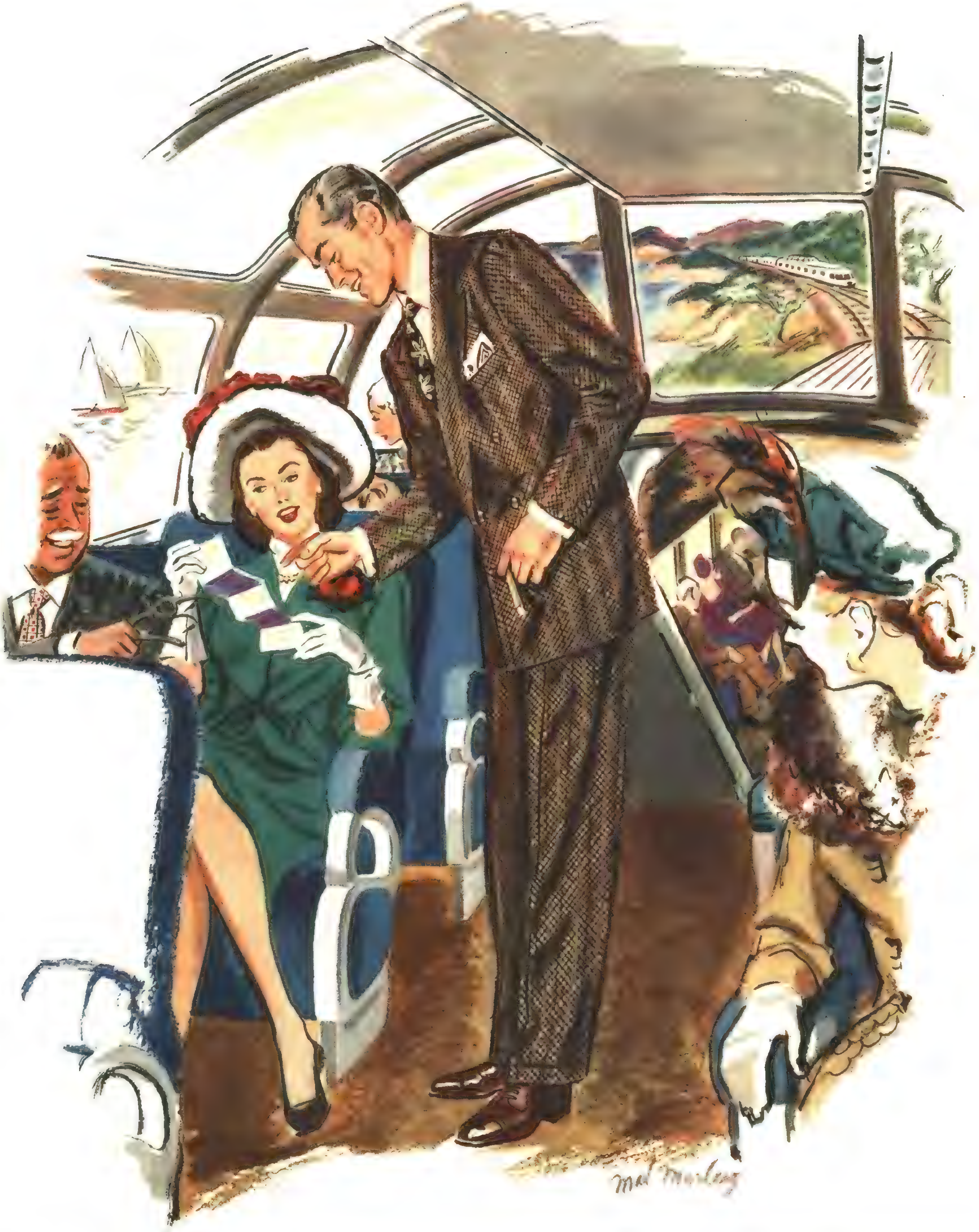
NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER

Grandson of the man whose name was almost synonymous with Midas, Nelson A. is the kind of fellow who'd make good even if his name was Jones or Brown. He made Phi Beta Kappa at Dartmouth and that's no cinch. After a clerkship with the Chase National Bank in its New York, Paris and London branches, he worked for the Rockefeller family in charge of renting and real estate in their mecca of sight-seers, New York's Rockefeller Center. His big break came when F.D.R. appointed him Co-ordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations between the American Republics in 1940. Co-ordinating was up his alley for he then became Assistant Secretary of State in charge of relations with the American Republics. Young Rockefeller's interests manifest themselves in his presidency of the International Basic Economy Corporation, his chairmanship of the Inter-American Development Commission, and presidency of the Museum of Modern Art.



tweed takes over

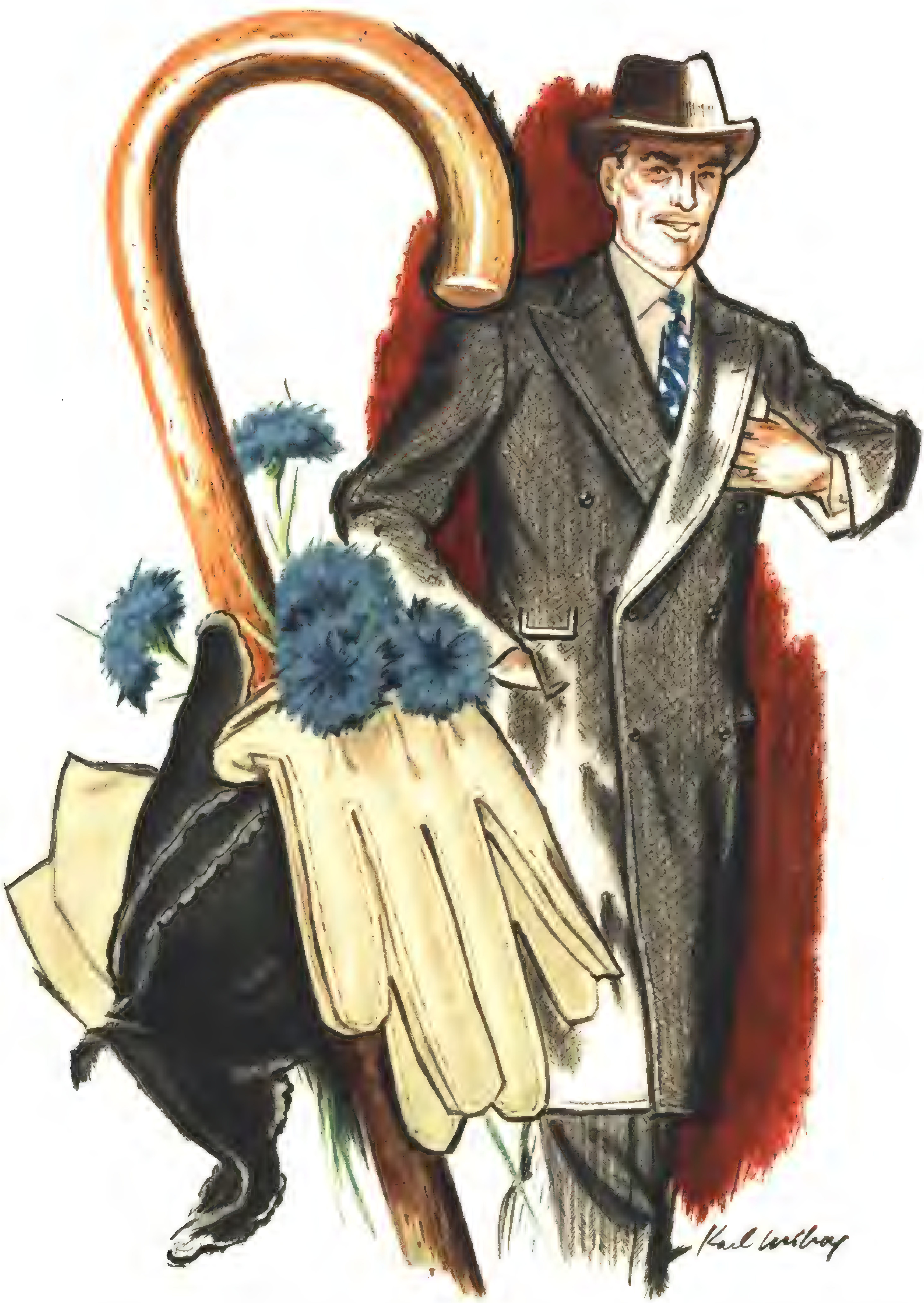
Having found its place in the country, tweed has settled down to a colorful life. The roomy raglan topcoat with military collar and slash pockets made of a multicolor tweed and blue overplaid is characteristic of the fabric's new setting. Complete harmony here, for the suit is tweed too. Brown.



TOWN BROWN GOES PLACES

Drawing by Mal Murley

Takes all shades to make a color, but if you've hit on Town Brown for your new worsted suit, you've picked one of the favorites. Here it's seen on a one-man chamber of commerce doing his stint in one of the new dome-top observation cars currently in use by the western lines. With all that extra scenery drifting by, you'd hardly expect a fellow to sit idly, particularly when his traveling companions show signs of interest in their surroundings. Back to Town Brown; here it sets off the alternating red and blue stripes on that double-breasted jacket. Notice also the fact that lapel rolls to waistline buttons set quite low, an innovation as new as the shade. If you're thinking about a trip, look into your wardrobe as well. The two go together, you know.

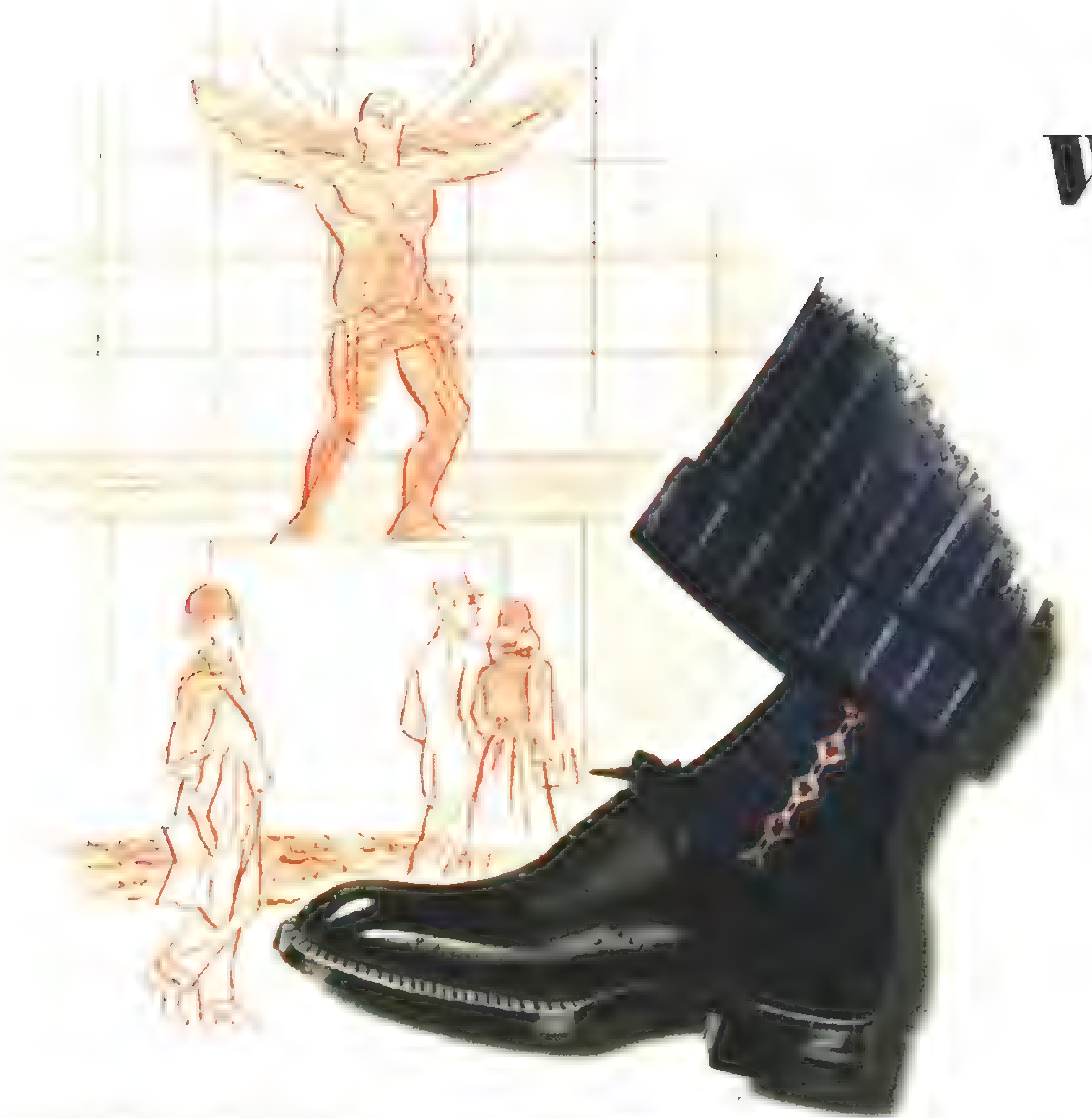


ACCESSORIES FOR AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON

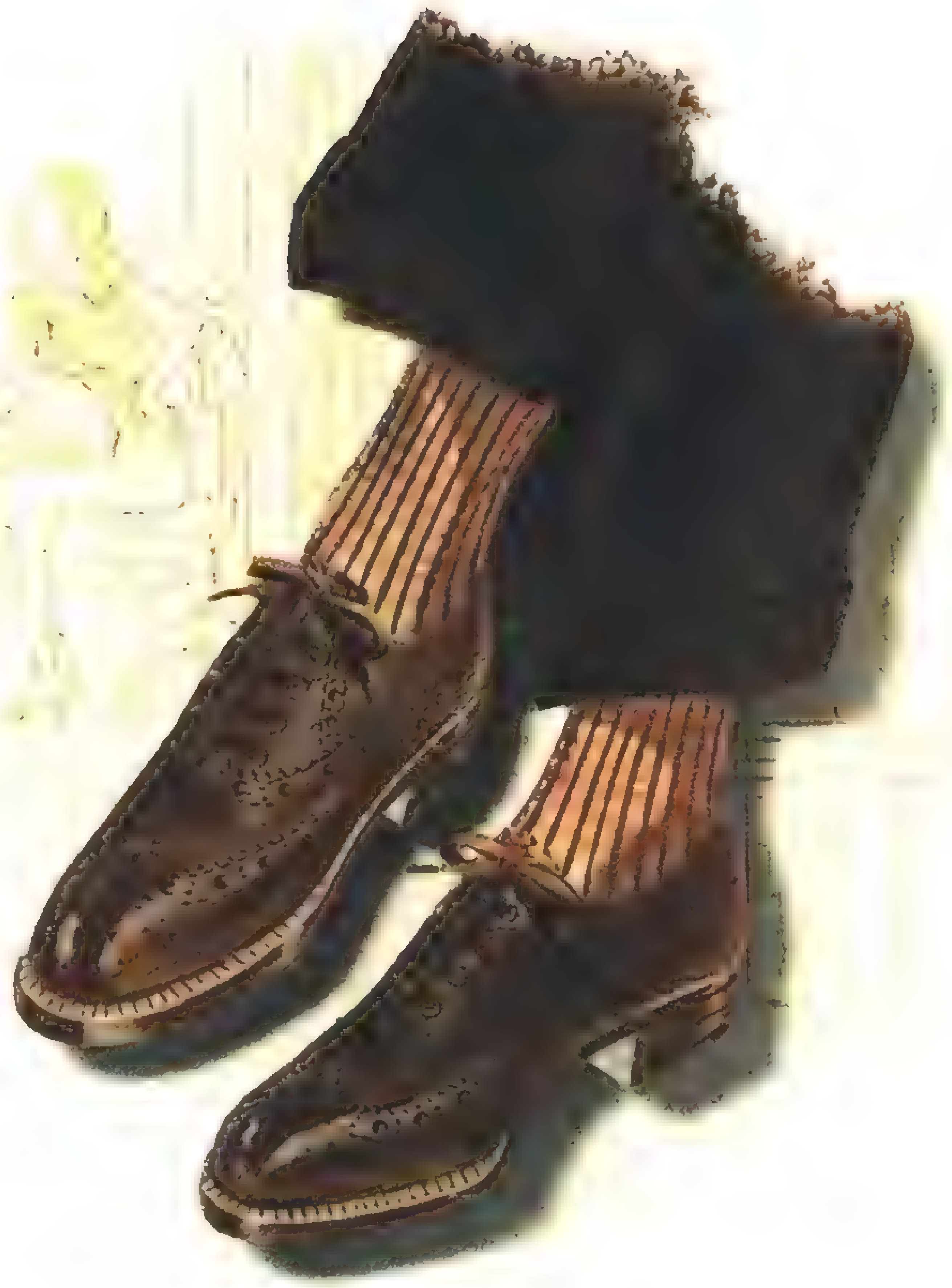
Drawing by Karl Milroy

Your first needs are, in the order mentioned, a pleasant companion, preferably one who'll hand you your gloves, cane and boutonniere. Then you'll want a small-patterned tweed topcoat in a neutral brown tone. See to it that the coat is double-breasted, has shoulders of good width, and is made with fairly broad lapels. Might just as well insist on a change pocket, for it's a practical place to have one. Next take to a brown Homburg hat for the pleasantly formal air the Homburg invariably bestows. Beneath these outer garments, you'll fancy a striped worsted suit, a shirt in ivory hue with wide-spread collar and French cuffs, and a tie interestingly patterned in blue and white. Those, as we said, are first needs, and from there you're on your own.

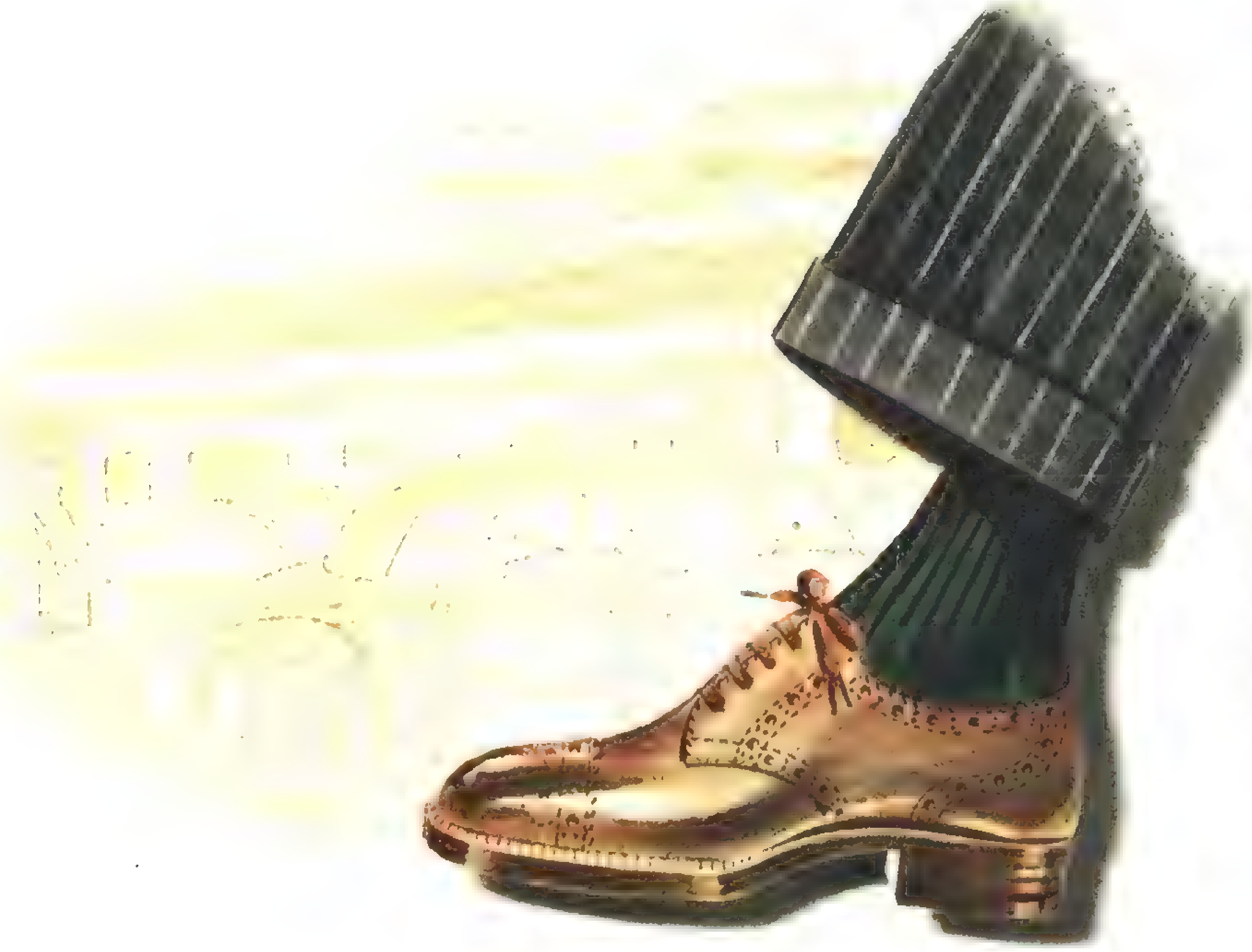
What's Afoot for Fall



Giving credit where it's properly due, pass the bouquets to the black straight-tip-model shoe for being the mainstay of most men's shoe wardrobes. Capable of a dual dress role, the black straight-tip gets many a brushing for daytime business wear, and then another going over before going out on the swing shift for evening wear, particularly with a dark colored suit. Looks fine here with a brightly clocked flat-knit lisle sock made in a navy blue mixture.



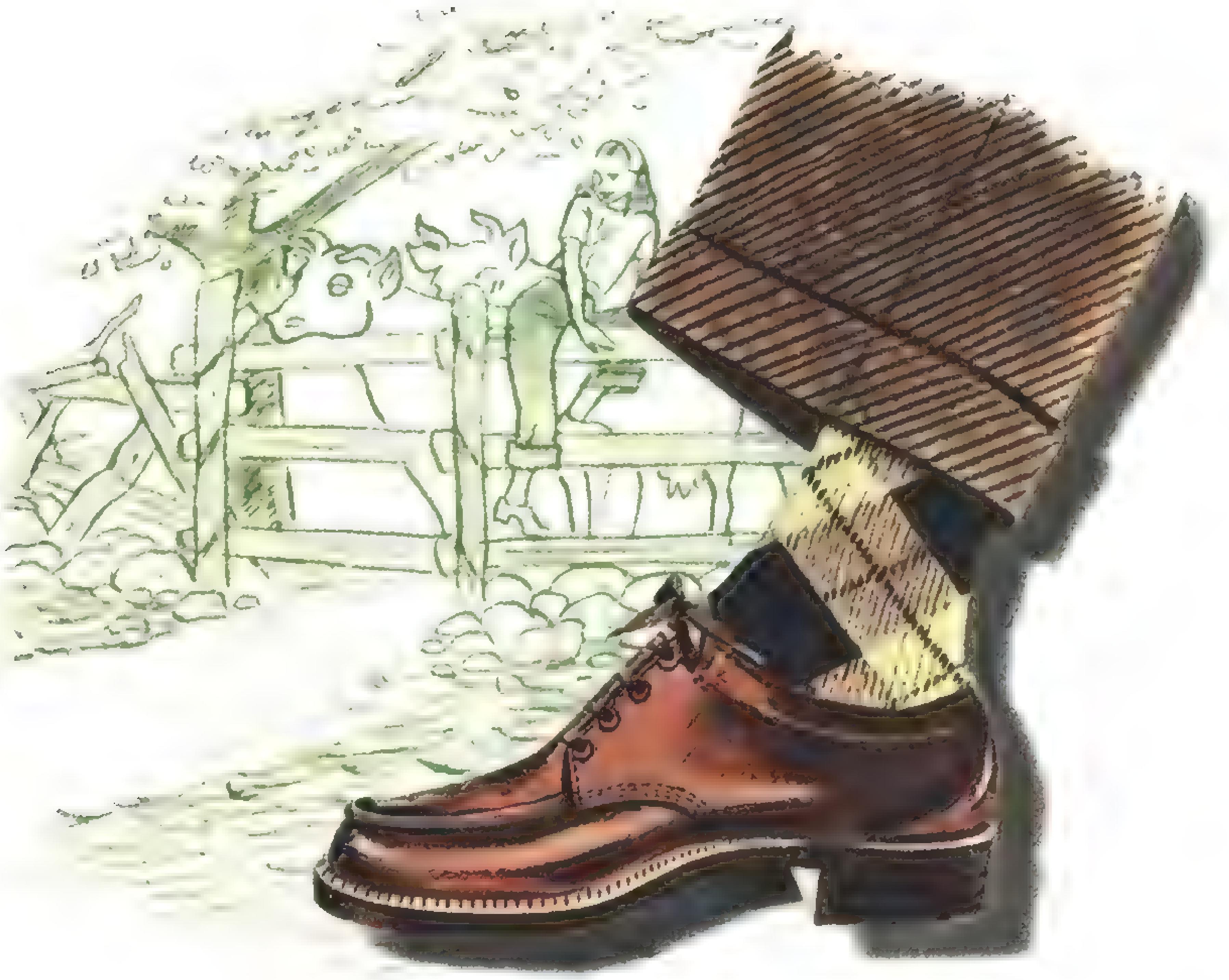
Wearing a pair of wing-tip shoes doesn't necessarily denote that you are able to get around faster than the next fellow (we'll challenge Mercury to a foot race any day). They do show, though, that you've recognized the importance of this model, and it's a good bet in fine-grain brown calfskin with brass eyelets and elaborately perforated. Wear them with the brown and tan fine-checked rib lisle socks shown here broken by a horizontal stripe, and a suit on the brown side.



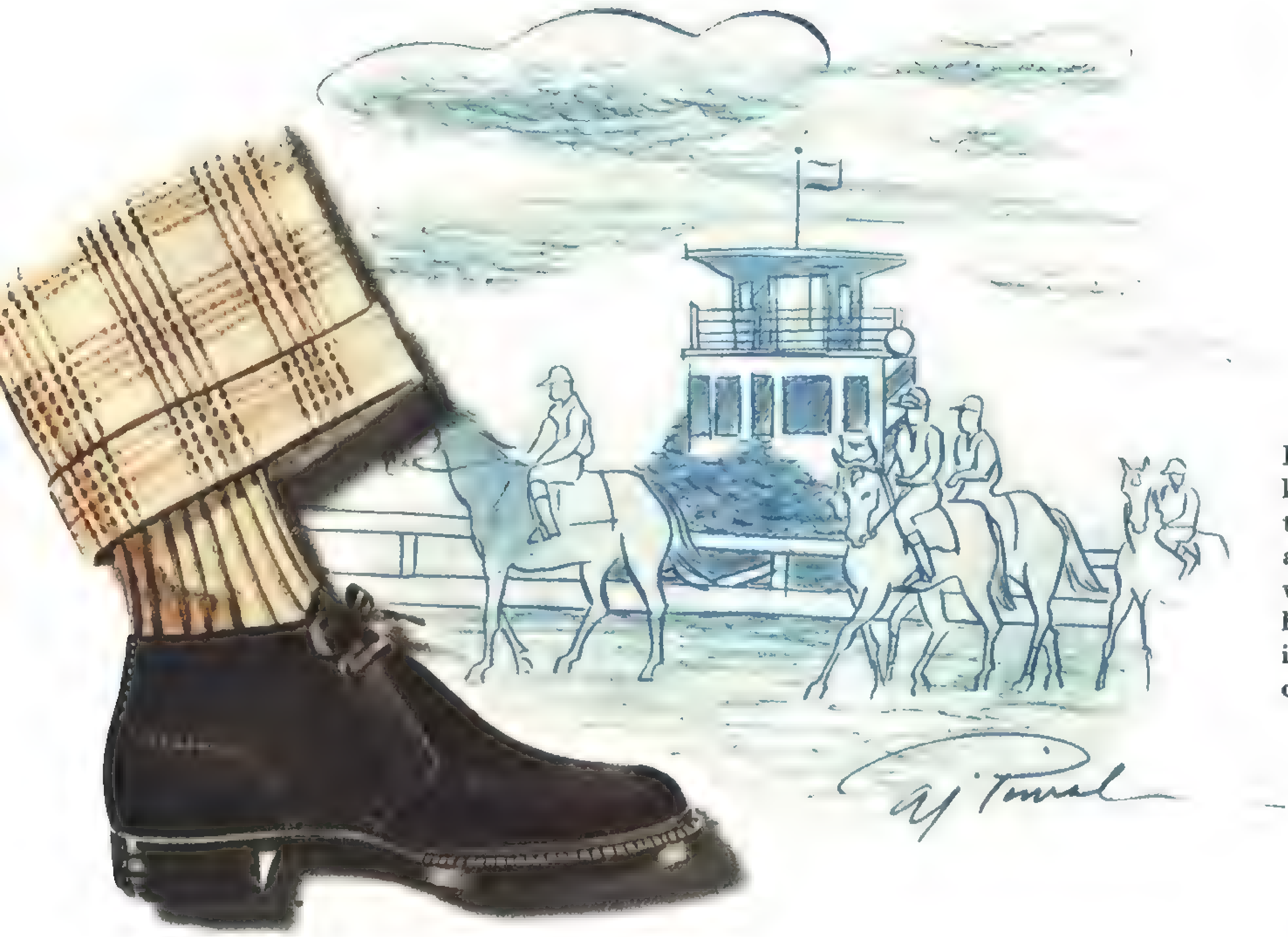
The number of men who prefer the blucher-type shoe today no doubt outnumber any army Field Marshal Blucher ever commanded. However, the similarity exists in name only now, for this brown grained-leather straight-tip blucher with medallion toecap bears no resemblance to the original made for that old geezer. Smart for town and country, it's illustrated in the good company of a grey striped worsted suit and socks of ribbed wool in a heather-green mixture.

Esky scouts around and finds a half dozen of the newer shoe ideas that belong in well-planned fall wardrobes

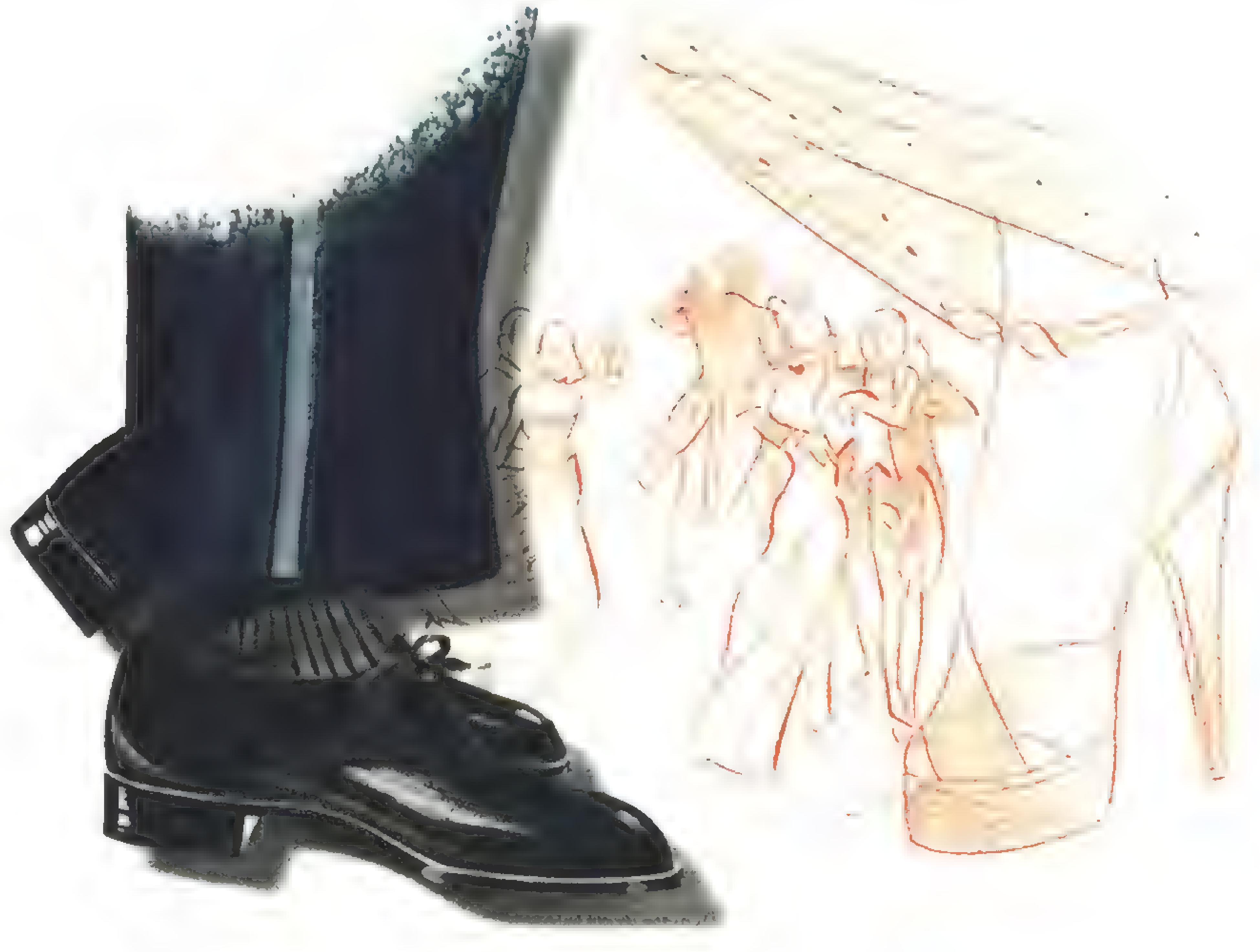
DRAWINGS BY AL PIMSLER



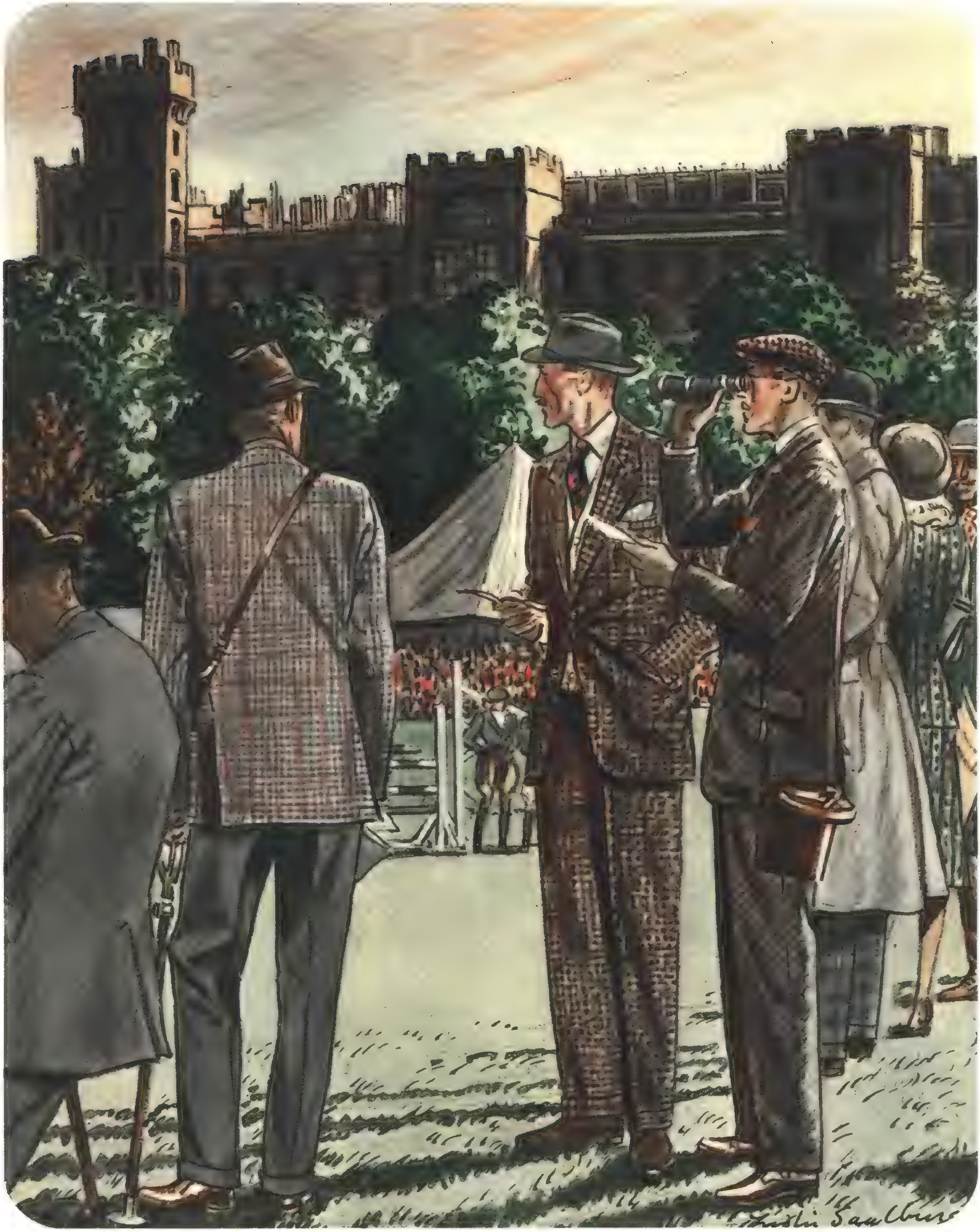
If you don't know a niblick from a numbered iron, and care less, then you'll want this heavy-duty moccasin with a leather sole for country wear. But if you do give two hoots about your golf shoes, then you'll go for this moccasin equipped with leather spiked soles or with molded-pattern rubber soles. Worn by participating as well as spectator sportsmen, these moccasins are perfect with those brown tweeds and plaid wool Argyle socks woven in brown, tan and yellow.



If your ankles haven't as yet experienced the trim good looks that surround the chukka boot, then there's a shoe treat in store for you this fall. Definitely in the country and sporting category, this comfortable shoe rated high with military men during the war. Pictured here in reverse brown calf with two eyelets, stormwelt and leather sole, it's a natural with that Glen plaid suit. Don't overlook the camel's hair color socks of ribbed wool and vicuna blend.



A shoe category for which there's no substitute, ever, is the evening shoe. No other type will do. And since the trend in evening wear is decidedly formal, you'll do well to include these in your fall clothing purchases. The two-eyelet blucher-type patent-leather model here has been seen around and stems from an approved fashion background. The socks are of ribbed black nylon and the suit is midnight blue. Offhand, we'd be willing to wager she's okay too.

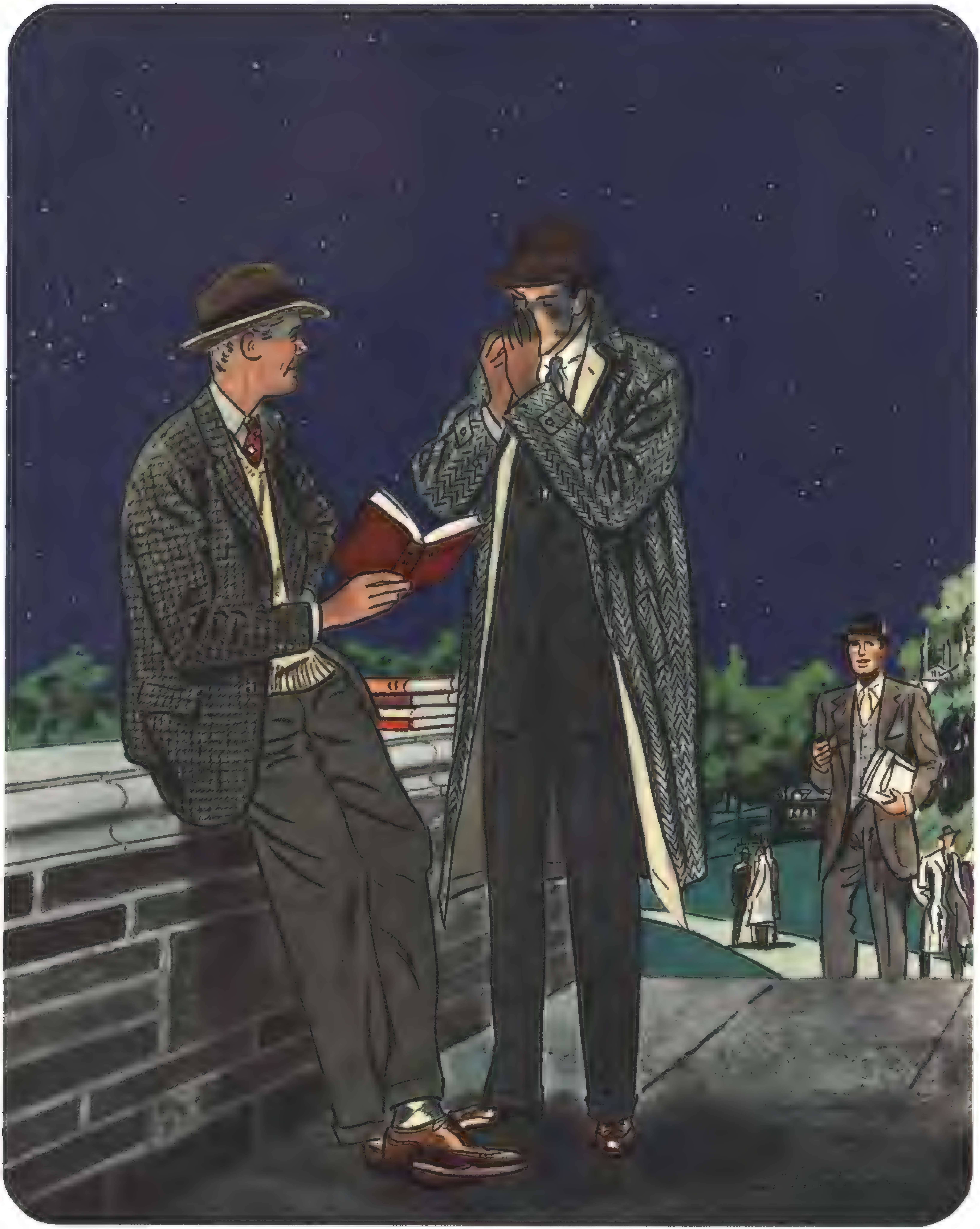


PAINTED IN ENGLAND ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

THE BRITISH SHOW GOOD FORM

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

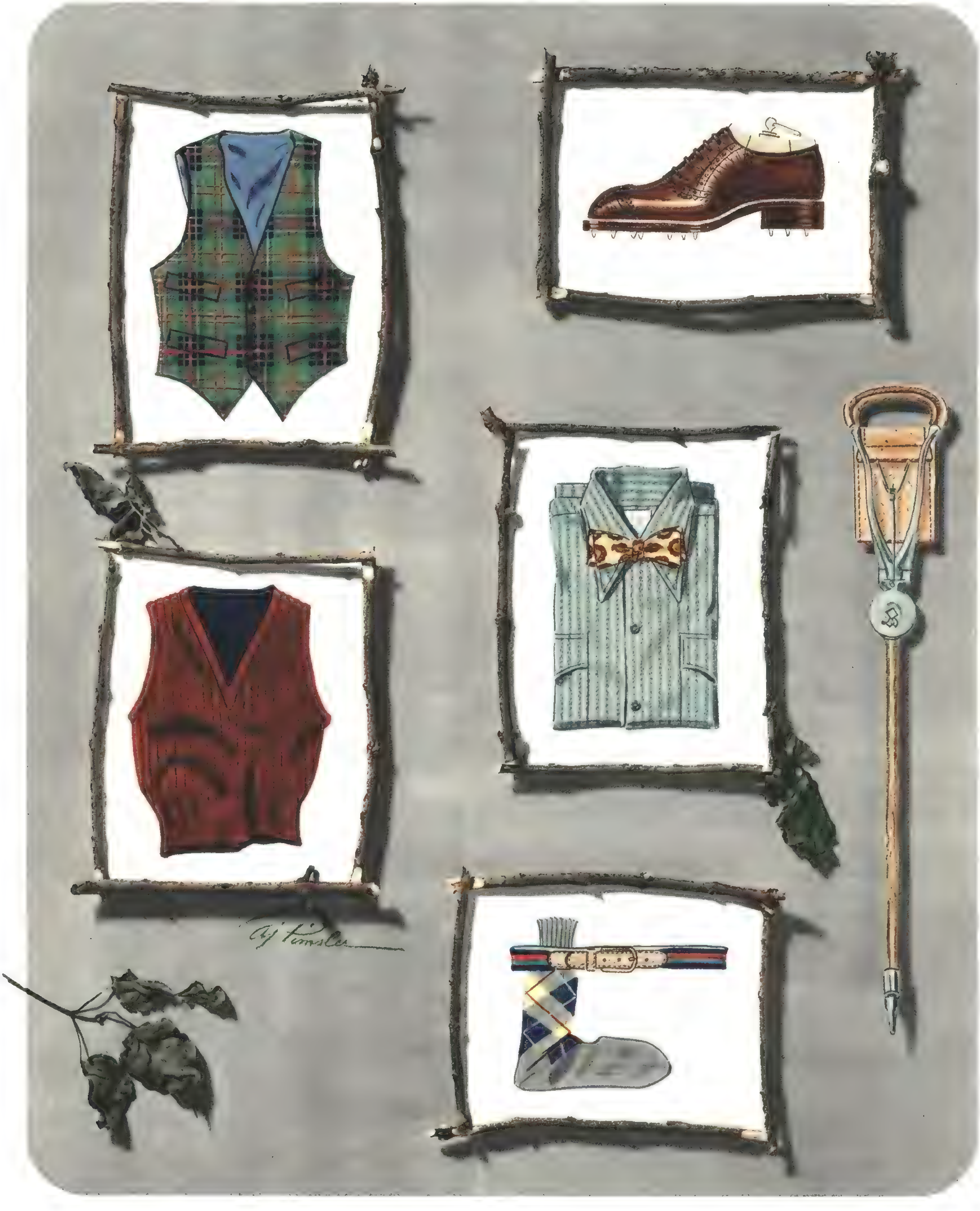
Collectively, this group of spectator sports presents as compact a fashion show as you'll find in England this fall. And since men's fashions quickly hurdle international boundaries, let's see what we'll be seeing soon at our own sporting scenes. Grey flannel takes it easy in the foreground and note the deep center-vent jacket. That side-vented small-check tweed jacket has many enthusiasts over there and looks well with grey flannels and a snap brim. A yellow knitted cardigan, green narrow-brim hat and brown reverse-calf bluchers give good color touches to center brown tweed suit. Chap with glasses wears tweed cap, diagonal tweed suit with slanting pockets, and plain-toe shoes. Best view of the show is up there in Windsor Castle.



CAMPUS NIGHT LIFE

Drawing by Robert Goodman

Scholastic schedules these hectic days know no normal routine and pursuers of arts and sciences are as likely to see the sun rise as set through their classroom windows. While these undergraduates are taking a break between classes, let's pick up a few new campus clothing pointers. Chap proving his point at the left wears a tan Shetland pull-over under his small-check tweed jacket. There's a lighter felt binding round his khaki-color hat and his covert slacks are in good company. That grey tweed and tan processed-cotton reversible coat on his chum is a sensible idea for anyone. It's worn over a grey flannel three-button suit that's getting a big play among university men. Snapped Homburgs are back from wartime hibernation. Look good, too.



GALLERY OF FALL SPORTING PRINTS

Drawing by Al Pimsler

If these accoutrements to autumn's outdoor wardrobes don't stir you out of your cozy chair, alas, nothing will. You'll miss the nippy days that will be ideal for those tartan flannel waistcoats worn with brown tweed jackets. And if you've closeted your clubs, then the comfort of a new golf shoe with saddle-strap reinforced instep will be for those who haven't. The reversible shell-stitched rib pullover, wine one side, blue the other, and the striped wool-blend sport shirt could be worn by fireside lollers, and that also goes for the printed challis bow. The hand-knitted wool Argyle socks and striped ribbon belt can be worn indoors or out. No sense poking holes in your Persian with that shooting stick. It's definitely an outdoor device. Sensible, too.

Standard operating procedure to assist fashionably emancipated males in selecting the proper headgear whatever their facial type, plus tips on hat care and a brief footnote on the how and when of caps

Much Ado About Hats

Gone are the dear dead days almost beyond recall when hats were more an expression of the hatter's art with little or no consideration for the man who bore the burden on his brow. Perhaps that's why our forefathers looked as uncomfortable as they probably were when facing the daguerreotype for posterity. The shape and size of a man's facial features rarely meant a whit to the fashioners of the fashionable fedoras, and big and little, stout and thin gentlemen saw themselves coming and going in the same shape and style hats.

All that has long since gone into the never-never-land. Hatters today are making models that flatter the individual characters of most men, and so let's look into their art.

According to physiognomists who know, all men are divided into five facial categories. It might be well to know your noggin niche because that's the best way to scout for the hat style that'll best suit you.

First: a tall, lean, narrow-faced man would do well to choose low-crown hats made with medium-width brims. The low crown will do much to offset vertical lines in the general physical make-up, and also tend to make the face look less lean and narrow. If he tilts the hat slightly at an angle, not only will he further break up those up-and-down lines, but will add a bit of the debonair to his dress. Try it. You'll see that it's actually so.

Second: the stout, stocky, full-faced man should wear a full- or squared-crown hat of moderate height and a medium-to-wide brim. The fullness of the crown will conform to his facial lines, while the width of the brim here is just what his build calls for.

Third: the big fellow with full features should prefer and look his best in a hat of medium proportions around the crown and a brim a bit on the flattish side. This lad will also like a snap-brim style with a full roll to the brim. There'd be feature harmony there, which is important when you're in the six-feet-and-over class.

Fourth: if you are on the slight side, and tend toward thinness, then go for the styles actually opposite to those the tall, heavy man wears. A hat with a tapered crown of fairly good height is in order, and you'll get added height without exaggeration. Bear the band in mind, too, for one that contrasts too much with the color of the felt will magnify the height of the crown. Incidentally, stay away from low, flat-model hats. Good-looking as they are, they're not for you. Sorry.

Fifth: the man with medium facial proportions, as most of us are, has the widest latitude of choices. Here, brims can range from narrow to fairly broad, and crown heights are yours all the way from low to high. Avoid, of course, extreme limits.

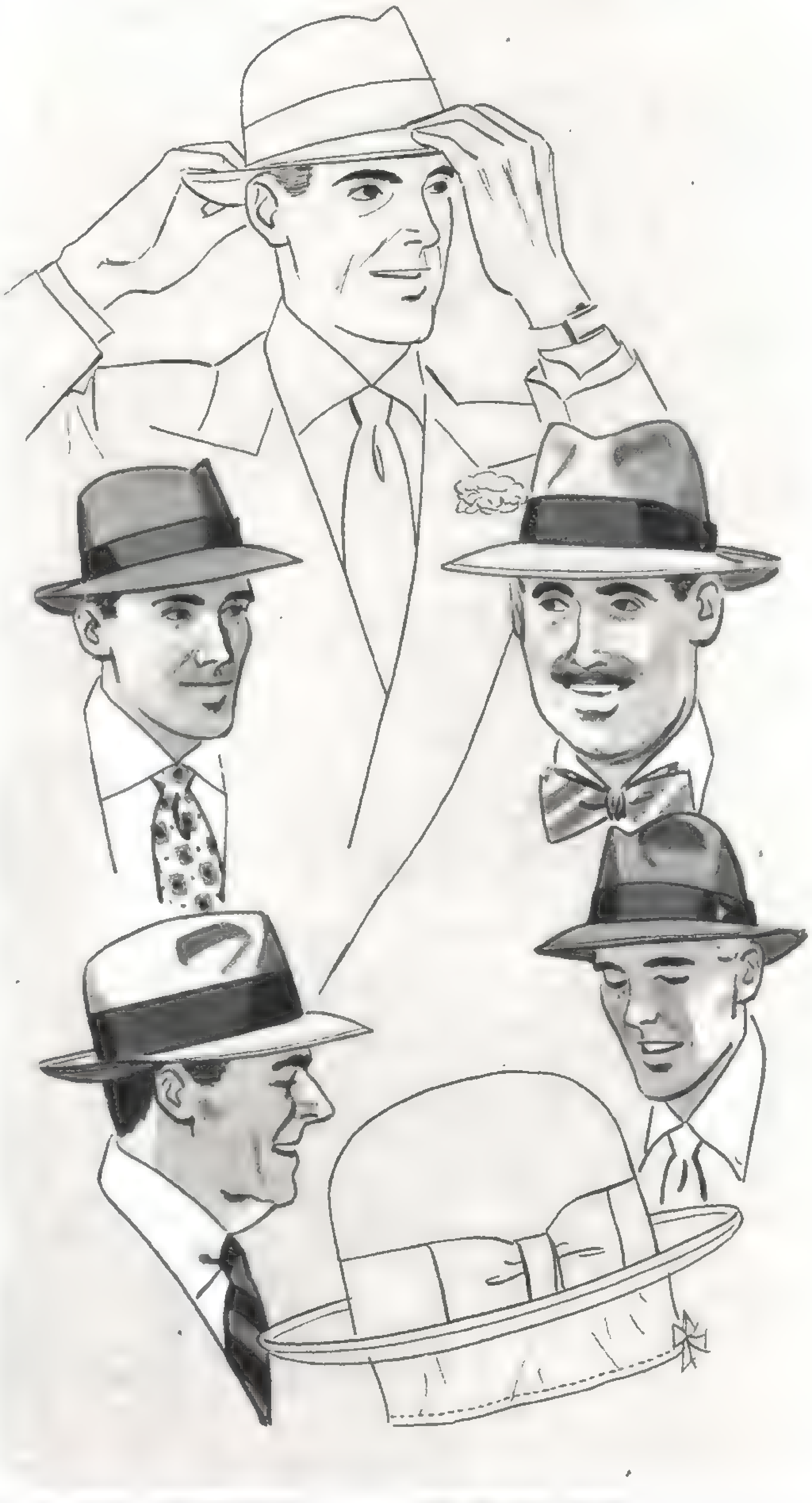
Before passing on to other hat intelligence, let us consider the proper method of putting on a hat. It's just as simple as the improper way, and in all probability you've been overlooking this detail. The right way is to use both hands, holding the brim in the front with one and the brim in the rear with the other. Then place your hat on your head. Simple. If you are wearing a snap-brim style, then dent the crown to your satisfaction before you don it.

Hats should be brushed regularly with a soft-bristle brush. Removing fine dust particles not only restores the felt color, but actually will prolong the hat's life. If you're caught in wet weather, take these few precautions: Avoid drying the hat near a radiator or any spot where the heat is higher than normal room temperature. Heat will contract the felt and ruin the leather band as sure as can be. In addition, turn the leather band inside out, reshape the crown so that it is undented, turn the brim up all the way around, set the hat aside on a table and let it dry gradually. When dry, brush thoroughly before reshaping.

Coming to the question of what type hat to wear with what type clothes, you'll see the answers are easy enough. The Homburg hat is acknowledged to be a bit on the formal side. This style goes best with worsted suits for town wear, preferably dark colored, or with a dress-up overcoat in black or midnight blue. This good-looker is also at its best with dinner-jacket wear. Sports and country clothes being in a class by themselves, then choose rough felt hats or the innumerable casual-type varieties. That holds good for a hat to wear with a tan polo coat or tweed suits. Slack and odd-jacket combinations can have a field day in choosing the correct type: Brim-up, brim-down, snap-brim, whichever pleases your fancy most.

Some men ask whether they should wear caps. We see no reason why not, taste being the deciding factor. Belonging strictly to the country-clothes category, caps are being seen at country sporting events. Matter of fact, university undergraduates have taken to a small shaped tweed cap with tweed suits or odd jackets and slacks.

Perhaps the most important hat note is the one that says wear one. For rapidly disappearing from the American outdoor scene, along with the barefoot boy, is the bareheaded man. ⧺

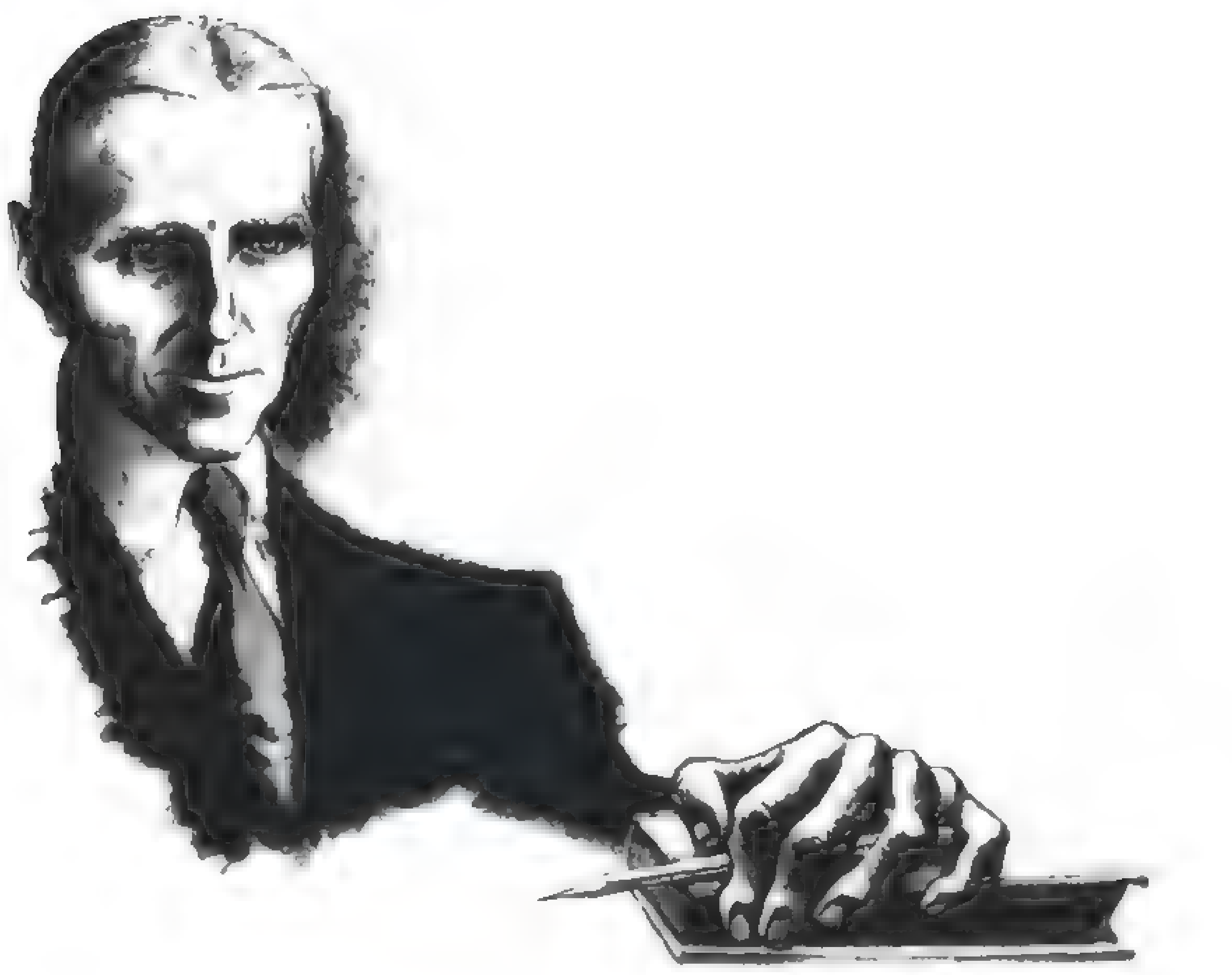


(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Recounting the career of Nikola Tesla, whose eccentric traits were outweighed by his generosity and inventive genius

Ahead of His Time

by DICK HOLDSWORTH



SIMPSON

THE place was New York's Mulberry Street section, "Little Italy"; the time, shortly before seven o'clock in the evening of August 11, 1896. Suddenly, in a thousand tenement flats, in stores, in the small manufacturing plants of the area, dishes began to rattle on shelves; window panes set up a steadily mounting clatter; loose objects started sliding around, and plaster cracked and fell in cascades from ceilings and walls.

Cries of "*Madre di Dio!*" and "*Gesu Cristo*" echoed from open windows. Strong arms gathered up the babies, the old and infirm as a mass exodus to open pavement commenced.

Many of the Italians were Neapolitans, born within the shadow of Vesuvius. To them what was happening was obvious: It was an earthquake!

Geysers of water gushed from burst mains and machinery weighing many tons tore loose from anchorages and shifted about dangerously.

In less than ten minutes all this had happened, and the area affected rapidly mushroomed until more than a score square city blocks shook as if in the grip of a giant.

The telephone system broke down under the load of frantic calls to police, but those worthies—a whole squad from the Mulberry Street Police Headquarters—had headed toward a loft building on Houston Street.

Strange things had been associated before with the loft building: weird lights had been radiating from the top floor; unexplained hums and noises had been heard.

When the police had pounded and puffed up the stairs of the loft structure, they saw a tall, thin man desperately banging away with a hammer at a small iron box attached to one of the supporting pillars of the room. Oblivious of the advancing cops, he raised the hammer once again and with a last desperate blow shattered the iron box.

The "earthquake" ceased.

Police records fail to reveal that an arrest was made on that fantastic day, and no serious injuries were reported as a result of the man-made quake. Perhaps the thin man was not hauled away in handcuffs for the reason that he was Nikola Tesla, called by Arthur Brisbane "our foremost electrician—greater even than Edison."

The iron gadget that had caused havoc in Mulberry Street was Tesla's telegeodynamic oscillator, a contraption operated by compressed air, that set up by means of a rapidly shuttling piston a tremendous vibration capable of wrecking all structures in its vicinity if permitted to reach a certain crescendo.

Years later, when the Empire State Building was erected, Tesla stated that this same oscillator could reduce it to rubble within a matter of minutes.

Tesla's first major contribution to science was an alternating-current motor, the transmission of electric power first in one direction and then in the other. Edison is credited with the invention of electric lighting, but his incandescent lamps burned on *direct* current, and a complete powerhouse was necessary for every square mile of area served, not to mention the thigh-thick cables which were necessary to carry the current into each building.

Tesla's discovery made possible the use of thousands of electrically driven machines from motors of electric trains to the clock on your kitchen wall. It eliminated the necessity for costly direct current conduits and brought electric lighting into universal use.

For this alone, Tesla, son of a poor Serbian clergyman and a blind, illiterate mother, received one million dollars in cash before his thirtieth birthday. The man who purchased it was George Westinghouse.

Born July 10, 1856, in the Austro-Hungarian province of Lika, Tesla survived malaria and cholera before he was ten. These illnesses left him too weakly to pursue the conventional military career. Instead, he became a scholar and at 18 graduated from the Real Gymnasium at Karlovac, Croatia.

His sickly childhood gave him a lifelong horror of germs, and at the height of his fame he always wore gloves, even in summer. He bought them by the dozens and they were always the same—grey suede. For years he dined in regal solitude at the Old Waldorf in New York—at a table reserved for him alone—and at each meal he used up 24 fine linen napkins. He never put the same one again to his lips. The same went for handkerchiefs.

So far as is known he sublimated sex completely. He contended that there was no time for *l'amour* if he was to accomplish what he had set out to do.

Over six feet, two inches tall, he weighed only about 140 pounds with his clothes on, and those clothes always were cut by the finest tailors of Bond Street and New York. Seeing him striding along Fifth Avenue in the early 1900's one would take him for an ambassador or banker. He had an unusually distinguished face, marked by a broad brow and deep-set intelligent eyes.

His platonic attitude toward women was, in his heyday, no deterrent to hopeful New York belles and their mothers. He was young and cultured, a genius whose name was on everyone's lips, *and* he was a millionaire. However, not one of the *femmes fatale* got to first base.

Despite his frail physique he had immense vitality and often worked for 72 hours at a stretch in his laboratory. He averaged two hours sleep per night.

His amazing mechanical abilities he ascribed to his mother who, though she was totally blind, could when she was past 60 tie three knots in a human eyelash with her fingers.

With just four cents in his pocket, Tesla landed in New York at the age of 27. He had been working for the Continental Edison Company in Strassburg and, having failed to interest European utility

"So what if Mrs. Vanswish does have a lot of new labor-saving devices! What's wrong with the one you married?"

bigwigs in his alternating-current idea, he decided to try his luck across the ocean.

He soon got a job with the great Edison himself, doing repair work on DC dynamos. It wasn't much of a position, but through it he came in contact with The Wizard and it was not long before he broached his alternating-current plan to him. Edison brushed him off. He just wasn't interested; after all he had a fortune tied up in direct current.

Tesla got his big break not long after he quit his Edison job in disgust, when he lectured on his revolutionary alternating-current theory in 1888 before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in New York.

The assembly grasped the terrific import of Tesla's discovery and overnight he was "made."

At that gathering was a short, bearded man who a month afterwards contacted the gangling scientist.

"I'm George Westinghouse," he told him in effect. "Invented the air brake for trains. Look, I'm prepared to give you a million dollars in cool cash, plus royalties, for your alternating current. Is it a deal?"

At that moment—weeks having gone past since his last pay check from Edison—Tesla had exactly $3.27 to his name. "It is a deal!" he agreed.

An index to his humanitarianism—a quality that more than balanced his eccentricities—concerns the Westinghouse deal. The royalty proviso specified that the Westinghouse corporation pay Tesla one dollar per horsepower on all AC articles sold. A financial reorganization of the Westinghouse company sometime later required that George Westinghouse get rid of the dollar-per-horsepower contract and the industrialist, who was helpless in the face of his bankers' demands, called on Tesla with the bad news.

"Under the terms of my contract with you, we already owe you $12,000,000," the man from Pittsburgh told the inventor. "Now, I am in the nasty position of having to ask you to wipe it off your books—in reality I'm asking you outright for twelve million dollars in cash."

"And if I don't agree?" asked Tesla calmly.

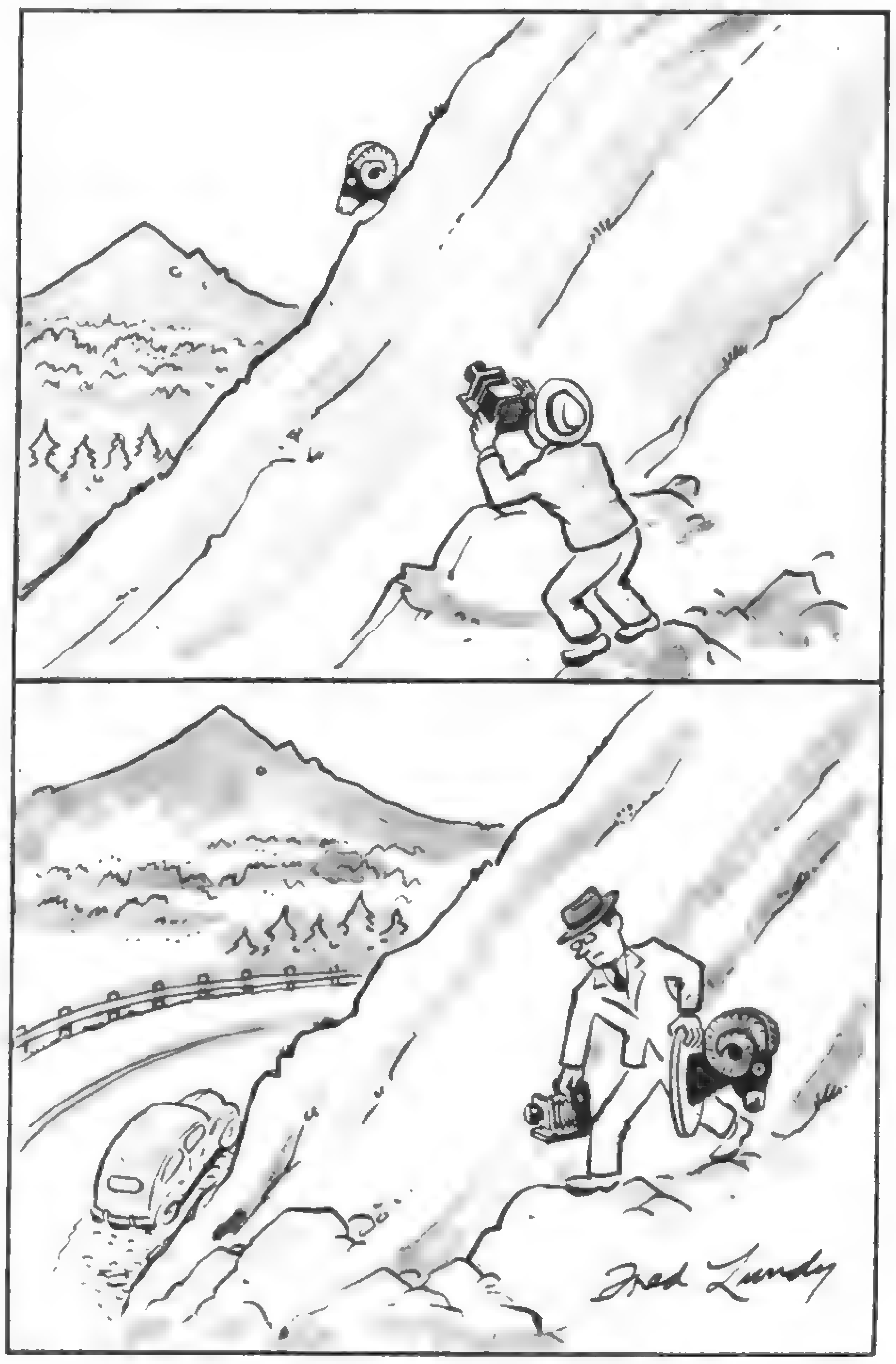
"Then I lose control of my company and no longer will be able to promote alternating current," was Westinghouse's reply. "My bankers say this dollar-a-horsepower deal can render the corporation insolvent."

"If I relinquish the contract you will remain in control of your company? And you will proceed with your plans to give my current system to the world?" pursued Tesla.

"Yes."

"Then tear the damn thing up!"

Latest estimates indicate that in 1941 there were 162,000,000 horsepower of electrical generating machinery operating in the U. S. alone. Most of this was AC. That would have made Tesla worth many millions, yet he died broke in 1943.



Drone bombers and V-2 type rockets were predicted and mechanisms which involved some of their basic principles invented by Tesla 50 years ago. At the first Electrical Exhibition held in the old Madison Square Garden in 1898 the inventor astonished spectators as he controlled by radio remote control an iron rowboat, which floated in a large tank of water in the center of the arena.

Packed with radio equipment that in turn operated an electric motor and rudder, the little boat started, stopped, backed up, and performed all manner of intricate maneuvers in obedience to a sending device operated by Tesla at the far end of the building. At the time resentment flared high at the sinking of the battleship Maine in Havana Harbor.

"Why, with your radio boat—loaded with dynamite—we would have any enemy navy in the world at the bottom in no time," exclaimed an admiral who saw the demonstration.

"With this principle," replied Nikola Tesla more prophetically than he knew, "you may live to see man-made horrors beyond your comprehension."

Eight years before, in 1890, Tesla perfected an electronic tube for use as a detector in a radio system, beating Guglielmo Marconi to the punch by six years. Before the Italian arrived in London with his "wireless machine," the Great Serb had successfully broadcast electrical impulses from his Houston Street laboratory to a receiving set aboard a ship twenty-five miles up the Hudson river.

But Tesla's grasp of electrical transmission did not stop at sound. In 1899, at a laboratory and broadcasting station he built at Colorado Springs, it is said he transmitted enough actual *power* across twenty-six mountain miles to light 200 incandescent lamps—*without wires*!

At his western lab he found that the electrical impulses sent out from the broadcasting station traveled in ever-enlarging circles until they passed over the bulge of the earth, then in smaller circles, converging again between the southwest corner of Australia and the southern tip of Africa. There, an electrical "south pole" was built up, characterized by a wave of tremendous range that rose and fell in harmony with the sending set at Colorado Springs. This wave sent back an echo which, though it traveled along the curvature of the earth rather than up and down, was the forerunner of the radar idea. And that was in 1899!

Tesla had a keen sense of humor which he often applied to his own advantage. It came in handy during one of the many periods when his bank roll was thinner than the human skeleton in the circus. When impatient bill collectors would call at his laboratory, he would grab up one of his wireless vacuum lamps—a brilliant tubular light the size of a three-cell flashlight that got its "juice" by remote power emanating from a charged wire encircling the roof of the room—and set it rolling on the floor toward the intruder.

"Run for your life!" he would shout, and the collector or process server invariably did.

A peculiarity of Tesla's was three-dimensional, "conjural-photo" vision. This seems the best description offered of a faculty he possessed for visualizing, or conjuring up on the screen of his mind any machine or invention he happened to think up.

Supposing he had thought of a new type of coil or generator. Immediately after conception of the idea, that device was existent in his mind's eye down to the last detail and measurement. Instead of submitting a blueprint or drawing to his model maker, he would describe the embryo invention to him from the ground up, supplying sizes and shapes of the parts required with micrometric accuracy. Because of this unique ability, plans of hundreds of his brain children were never put down on paper and consequently are lost to science.

He had the typical scientist's attitude toward finances and though he numbered among his friends such tycoons as Westinghouse and J. P. Morgan (who privately financed many of his projects), scores of his inventions died stillborn for the lack of money to pursue them further. Others, the profits from which would have provided ample funds, were stolen outright from him because he couldn't be bothered with the red tape of procuring patents.

He simply wasn't interested in some phases of electrical research. A point in case was his knowledge of what we know now as X-rays, half a decade before they were "discovered" by Wilhelm Roentgen of Germany.

A young technician in his laboratory who had been working around a certain type of high-voltage tube developed a cancerous-like sore on his hand that eventually resulted in the loss of his arm. Tesla, investigating, found that the tube gave off a ray capable of altering the molecular structure of the flesh. But because the rays had caused the loss of his employee's arm—likely the first X-ray burn on record—he ordered the tube destroyed.

Despite the vast number of ideas he never got down on paper, Nikola Tesla was responsible for more than 200 inventions before his death in 1943, leaving a magnificent legacy to a world which has never fully recognized him. ##

The Discoverer

Painfully wounded, and lost in the seemingly hostile forest, the hunter had only his stubborn will to survive

by ROBERT SWITZER

At first he was not frightened, only angry at his own careless stupidity. That was all it was, careless stupidity. But he was not frightened, because he believed that Joe and the Indian would have heard the shot, and even if they had not heard it they would come looking for him after awhile. That Indian would find him. That Indian would have no trouble at all finding him. That was what he believed at first.

He had parted from Joe and the Indian, saying that he would go up and work along the ridge and if there were no deer up there he would meet them at the other end of the ridge, about a mile away. Joe had said all right and the Indian had said nothing because Indians never do say anything. He had left them and climbed to the top of the ridge, sweating and out of breath and his heart hammering when he got there, and, looking out over the rolling, padded, unbelievably green forest, he knew he had not climbed up here after deer but just to look at the forest. The strange, wonderful feeling of being all by himself came over him, and he sat down on a rock to rest and looked out over the forest. He lit a cigarette, but it did not taste like a cigarette but like something harsh that burned in his nostrils and he put it out, pressing it far down into the moist, cool moss that felt like ten layers of crepe sole under his feet. He made his way along the ridge, keeping near the edge because there was no path up here and the underbrush was not so thick along the edge where it was mostly rock. When he came to a place where the ridge narrowed to a flat, rocky space some hundred yards wide he crossed over to see what there was to see from the other side. The bear went over the mountain, he said to himself, and grinned happily because now he knew exactly why that bear had gone over the mountain.

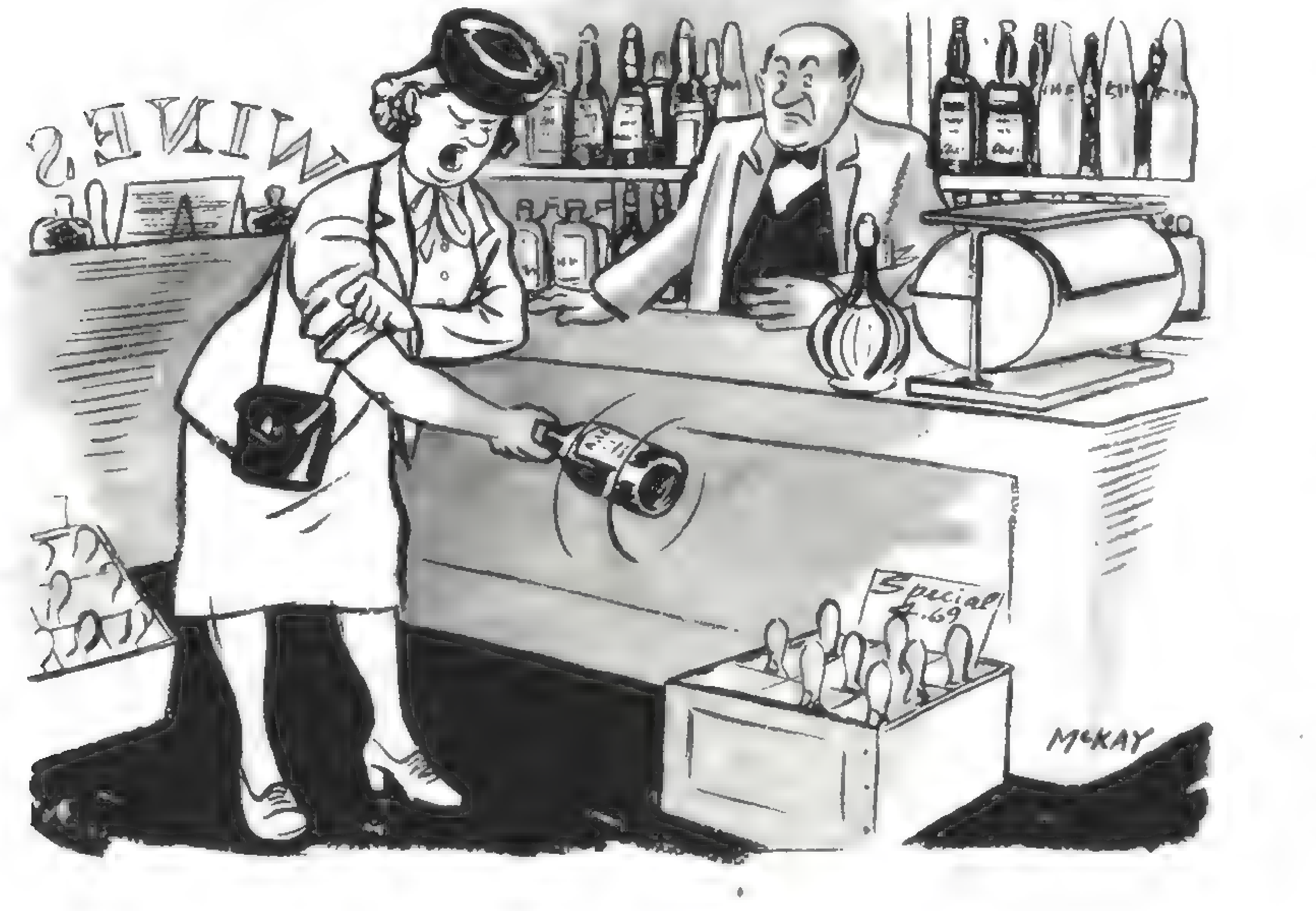
From the other side he saw the little river, twisting and sparkling through all that green, and beyond the river another ridge rising steeply with jack pine growing thinly along the crest like a comb with the teeth turned upward. Because he had never been in a forest when he was a small boy, nor at any other time, he now behaved like a small boy in a forest and he had to, he just had to go down there to the river, and he went down from the ridge, sliding sometimes, catching hold of bushes sometimes, and always carrying the 30-30 carefully, with the safety on. At the bottom, surprisingly to him, coming from nowhere and obviously going nowhere, was a path leading in the direction of the river. He followed the trail, wondering about it because he did not know that no matter where you went in the forest you would always find paths. After a way the path turned to the left and he followed it until it seemed to him that the path was paralleling the river and not getting any closer to it. He left the path and pushed his way through the bush and discovered the third forest.

There are three forests. One of the forests is from above—a soft, billowing, solid mass of green; another forest is when you are following a path—individual trees, growing and alive and spaced; and the third forest, the one he was discovering now, is when you are really in the woods and no fooling. Then you find the little branches that whip at you, and the brittle branches that stab and claw at you, and the traps spun by insects that curl across your face with no weight but with a sticky sensation that feels wrong, and you discover most of all how much of the forest is dead and underfoot, to trip, to hide irregularities in the ground, to offer a footing and to collapse when you trust it.

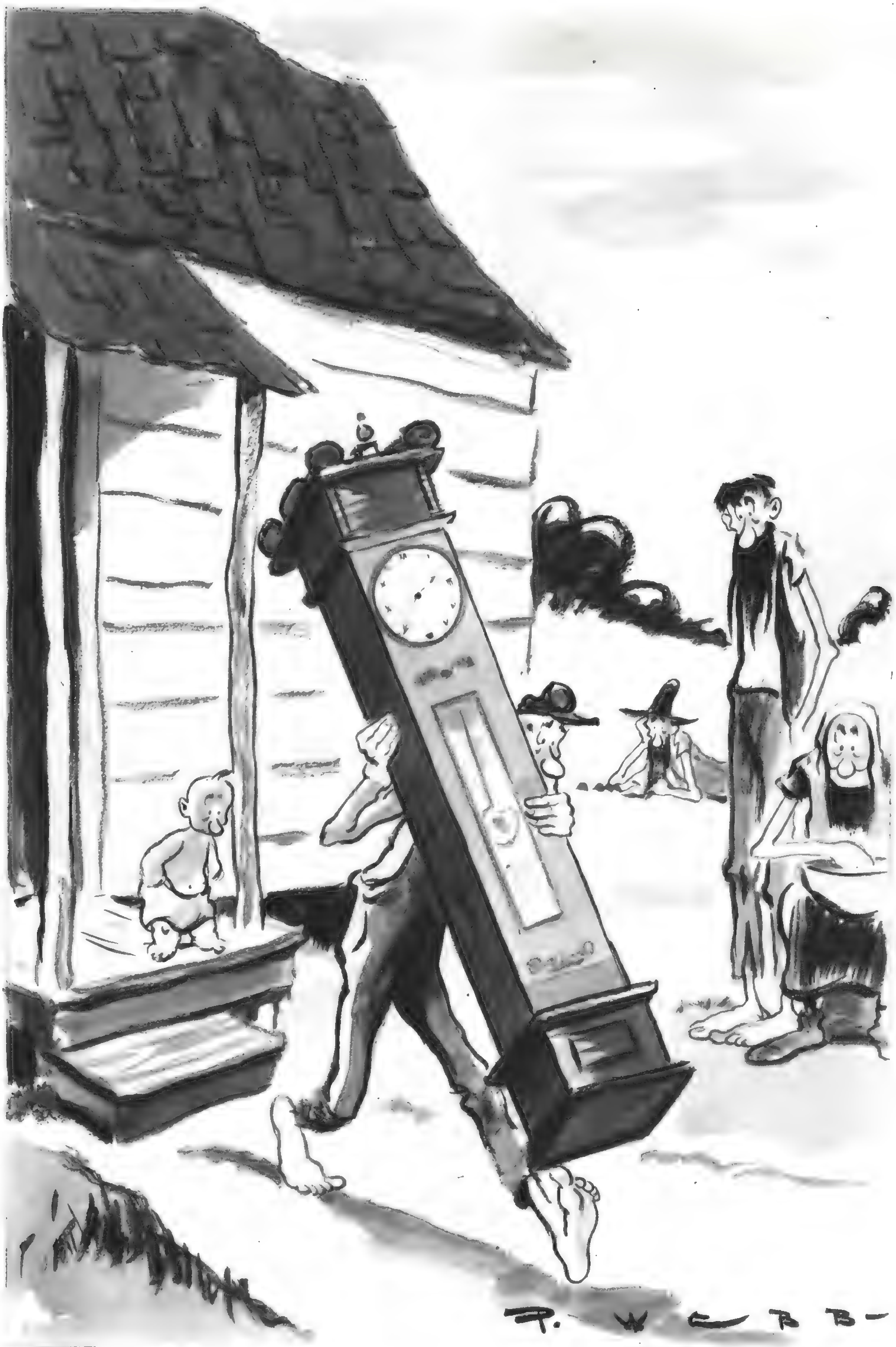
He reached the river, though, and it was smaller than he had thought, actually no more than a fairly wide stream, shallow and slow running. He looked up the stream to the right and there, two hundred yards away, was the moose, standing knee deep in the water. A chill flashed through him and instantaneous with the chill, the thought: What if I miss him? And he felt that he was faced with a very great responsibility, the responsibility of not missing that moose. He went back into the bush and moved upstream as quietly as he could, but it seemed to him that he was making a great deal of noise. It took him a long time to get to where he thought the moose should be, and slipping the safety off the 30-30, he again pushed through to the edge of the stream. But the moose was still a long way off. He did not know whether he had misjudged the distance he had come or whether the moose had moved, too. Again through the bush, and when he came out again he could not see the moose at all. Then he heard splashing ahead of him, around a bend in the stream. Again through the bush, stopping often to listen for the splashing. The sound stayed ahead of him. He followed it. After awhile he did not hear it, and he stood still, listening, and then he heard it, very near, so near that the cold crawled into his groin and moved around there and his lips felt parched. He came out on the edge of the stream and the moose stared at him and the sudden fright was awful. Incredibly enormous, the moose stood directly across the stream from him and stared at him and he stared at it and neither of them moved. He raised the 30-30 slowly, not wanting to, afraid to, but he raised the 30-30 slowly and with one bound the moose was gone crashing into the bush. Dismayed relief washed through his chest in warm waves and then, fiercely, he wanted that moose. The crashing in the woods ceased suddenly and he knew the moose was in there, waiting, listening, not sure of the danger.

He waded into the stream, moving his feet cautiously over the rough bottom, holding the 30-30 high. The water came up over the tops of his boots but that was a small thing. To balance himself he held his arms out from his body, bending them like the wings of a bird. The water reached his thighs before it began to get shallower, and he reached the other side. There was a little bank here, not high, but clut-

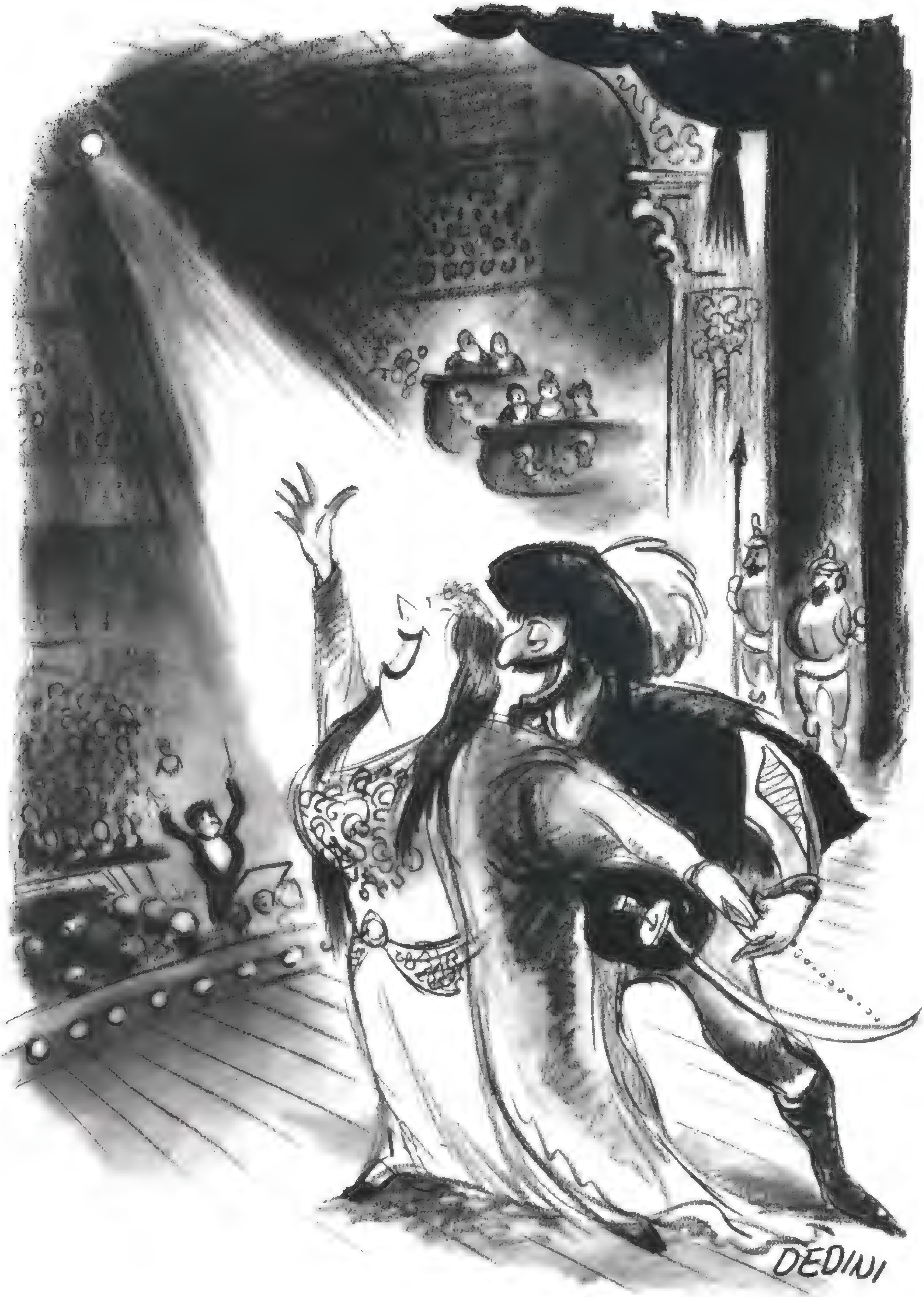
(Continued on page 229)



"Yes, I think this will do nicely"



"Thar he goes . . . over to ask Lem Hawkins what time is it . . . wonder why he don't git somethin' smaller?"



"Don't forget the spaghetti dinner at Sparolini's after the show"

It was a hard way to freedom for the two fugitives who desperately fought their way through the freezing snow

The Last Match

by HARRY EDWARD NEAL

Pete and Foxy stood motionless in the dark grove, their eyes intent on the freight train standing only two hundred feet away. From the caboose the rays of a flashlight swept along the snow. Then the couplers clanked and the freight crept into the night.

Foxy said, "They sure were looking for us. What do we do now?"

"We can't stay here," Pete replied. "Come on, let's scram."

Foxy grabbed his arm. "Wait. There's something we gotta settle."

"Meanin' what?"

"Meanin' the money."

"Oh."

"Yeah. I figure there's no telling what might happen. And if we get separated I'd rather have my split in my pocket."

"But we ain't going to be separated, see? We gotta stick together, at least until we get to Mexico. Ain't that right?"

"Sure, sure, but something unexpected might come up, like when you had to kill that guy back in Thief River Falls."

"If he hadn't come in just when I was gettin' at the tin box I wouldn't have cracked his skull."

"That's what I mean, something unexpected. How about the money?"

Pete fingered the automatic in his overcoat pocket. "I ought to get a bigger cut now for killin' the guy," he protested.

"That's movie stuff, Pete, and we said we'd split fifty-fifty."

Pete reached into a trousers pocket. "Give us a light," he ordered.

Foxy struck a match and cupped his hands about it as Pete counted the money. The match flickered out and Foxy lit another. Four matches later Pete handed Foxy a thousand dollars and put the other thousand back in his pocket.

"This should take us to Mexico, all right," Foxy said. "Then our worries'll be over. Where the hell are we now, anyhow?"

"That freight didn't take us far, but we might be in North Dakota."

"Maybe." Foxy lit a cigarette and gave one to Pete. "Well, we'll get to a highway and thumb a ride. Safer traveling that way."

They started across the open country, Pete in the lead. His two hundred pounds made his feet sink into the snow and Foxy, who was small, walked in Pete's big tracks. After nearly two hours hiking, Pete pointed to a house. "Shall we stop there or not?"

Foxy reflected. "I think we oughta warm up. The snow's down in my galoshes, and my feet are wet. Let's take a chance."

As they approached the small unlighted cabin, Pete took his automatic from his pocket. Hearing no sound from within he tried the door. It was locked. He backed away, raised his foot and kicked it open, then he jumped in, ready to shoot. Foxy followed slowly.

They could see a small oilstove, a white iron bed and a table with a kerosene lamp. Pete ignited the wick and both men held their hands over the chimney, rubbing the cold from their fingers. "Not bad," Pete said. "We can sleep here till mornin'."

"Are you crazy? We've left a trail in the snow all the way from that rattler, and the cops will be on it before daylight."

"I guess you're right for once. We'll thaw out and then scram." He carried the lamp to an inner doorway. "Kitchen," he announced, and disappeared. Foxy lighted the oilstove, removed his galoshes, shoes and socks and massaged each thin, white foot.

Pete came back, his arms filled with clothing which he dumped on the bed. Foxy picked up a heavy mackinaw lined with sheepskin. "Boy! This is just what we need, pal!"

Pete snatched up the coat. "It's what *I* need," he growled, as he pulled it on. "This was made for a man—not a weasel." Repressing his anger, Foxy selected the only other warm garment, a heavy, ragged sweater.

The oilstove sputtered and Foxy knelt down to adjust the wick. Glancing under the bed he saw a pair of high-laced boots. He pulled them out and placed one beside his bare foot. Obviously it was much too large. Pete laughed and grabbed both boots. He tried them on. A further search of the crumpled pile revealed a huge cap with fur-lined ear muffs, obviously Pete's size.

Foxy carried the lamp into the kitchen. In a few minutes he returned with an opened box of crackers.

"Is that all the food you could find?" Pete asked.

"That's all there is," Foxy declared.

"Oh, well, we can have bacon and eggs in a few hours. And hot coffee. There must be a town near here."

Foxy put the crackers in his overcoat pocket. "I hope you're right; anyhow we'd better be shoving off. If we mope along in this snow in daylight, the law can spot us from a plane a mile away."

Pete pulled out the table drawer. "Hey, look!" he cried. He held up two heavy, fur-lined leather mittens. Grinning, he put them on, turning his hands back and forth near Foxy's sharp nose. "Only one pair," he gloated. "Tough luck, Foxy."

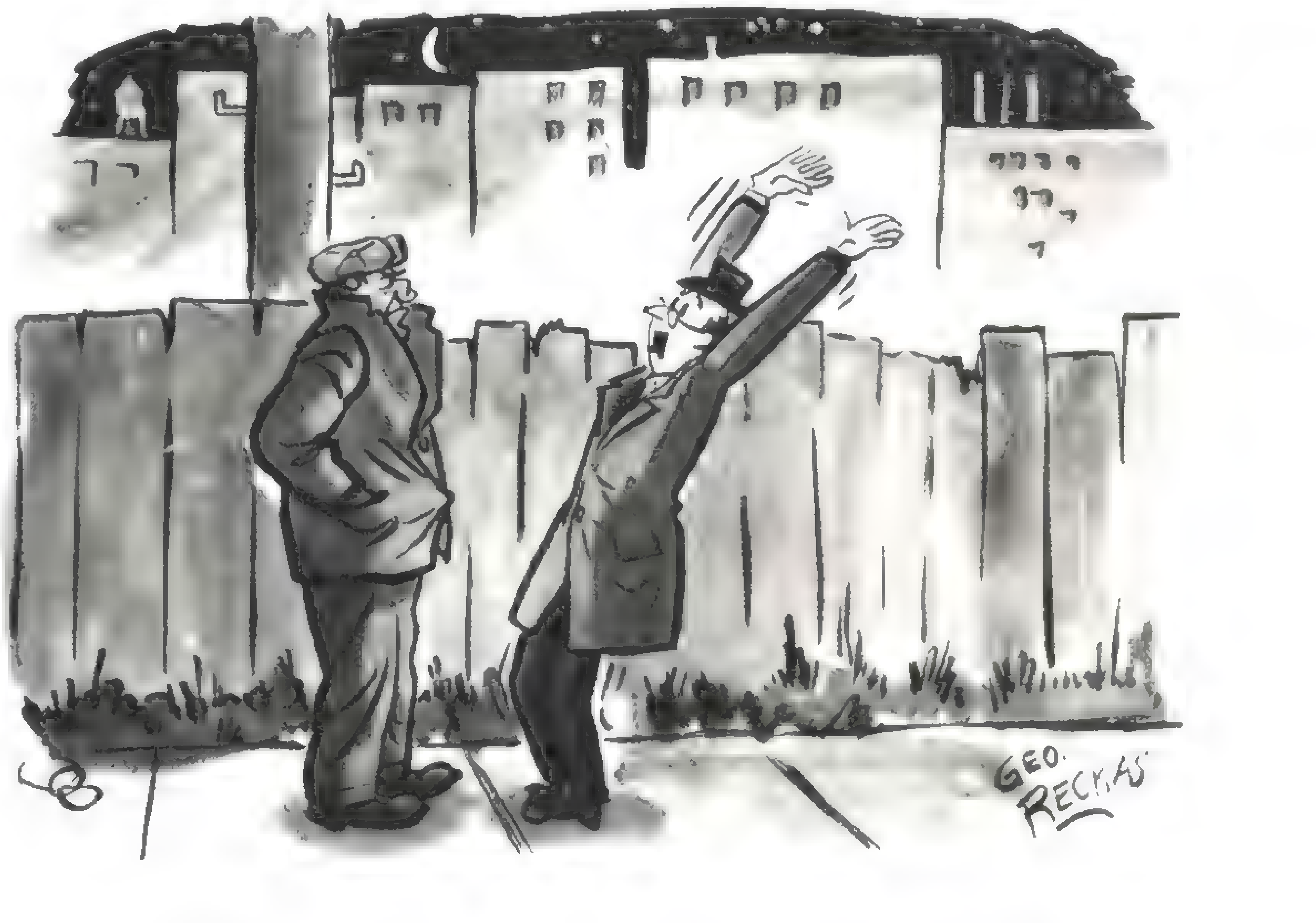
Foxy stuck his hand into the drawer and ran it vainly over the bottom; then he buttoned the torn sweater under his overcoat and suit jacket, took the soggy socks down off the back of the chair and put them on. He winced as he pulled on his wet shoes and galoshes and dejectedly followed Pete out the door.

A rising wind whipped crystals of surface snow into their drawn faces. They plodded over rolling white hills until dawn broke with an ominous, ashen light. At the bottom of a hill they stopped, breathing hard. Shielding his eyes from the wind Pete looked up the slope. "Maybe we'll see the road from there," he said hopefully.

Foxy rubbed his ears. "You'd better be right; I'm all in."

"Come on, then. It's gettin' light and we don't want to be in open country if a plane comes over. We'd look like two ants on a pile of sugar."

At the top of the hill the snow stung harder than ever and they tried to cover their faces with their (*Continued on page 181*)

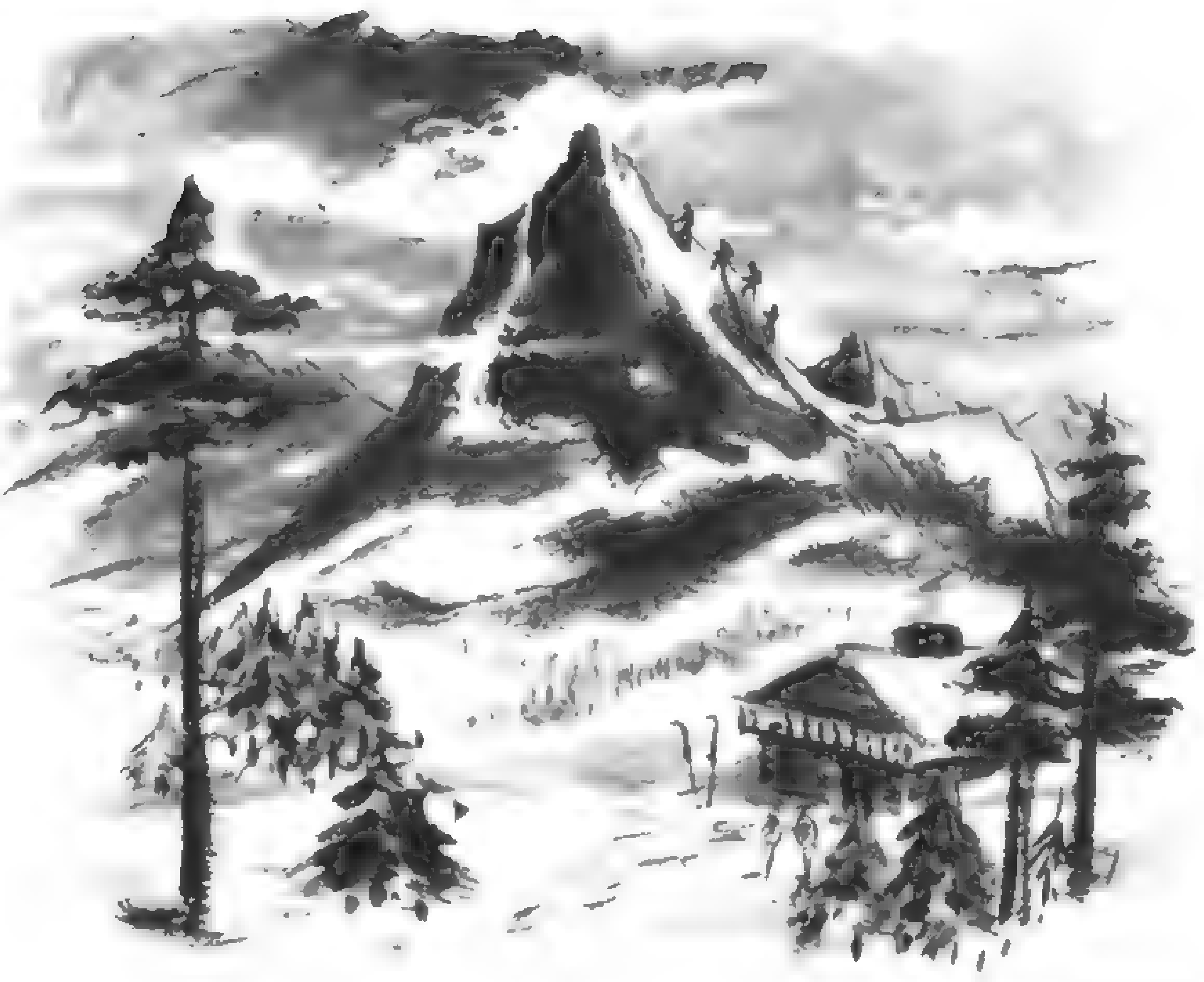


"You're wasting your time, Mac, I'm a schoolteacher!"

Round the Swiss Clock

Switzerland's hospitality operates as precisely as its democracy and watches and the sun shines bright on the Alps

by **RICHARD JOSEPH**



SWITZERLAND is one European country the American tourist can really cheer about this year. Always one of the world's most popular tourist countries, Switzerland had no war damage to recover from, which is the main reason why her house is in such good order. Less important—but still a reason—is the fact that the outstanding characteristic of the Swiss, amounting almost to a national genius, is the ability to get things done.

With the tourist trade one of their country's major industries, the Swiss have organized it as carefully as they assemble a watch. The American visitor senses this almost as soon as he enters the country. Customs and immigration formalities are kept at a minimum, and they are carried through quickly and courteously. Once in Switzerland it speedily dawns on you that the country is just one big resort, or so it will seem if Swiss people interested in the tourist business—and that appears to be almost everybody—have their way.

Switzerland has more hotel rooms per capita than any other country in the world; there are 200,000 beds for tourists; 28,000 keepers of hotels, restaurants and inns; and 1200 mountain guides. Practically every other Swiss between the ages of sixteen and forty is a ski instructor, or could be if he wanted to.

Probably in no other country does the visitor stand less of a chance of being clipped. The Swiss cab driver, porter, restaurateur or hotel proprietor is used to dealing with foreigners, and he expects to be doing business with them for the rest of his life, so he feels no overpowering urge to soak the sucker while he can.

There are, literally, no such things in Switzerland as a bad hotel, an uncomfortable bed, or a subpar meal. One night, for example, we pulled into a town late and with no hotel reservations—always a bad idea, wherever you might be. All the large hotels were booked to capacity, we found out. A Swiss businessman we'd met on the train, acting as though he feared this would disgrace his proud country before the United States, dedicated himself to the project of finding us a hotel room. He finally fixed us up in a little place on the edge of town.

Next day we mentioned the name of the hotel to a tourist official. He clutched his cheek and turned pale at the thought of an American reporter having to stop at such a fourth-rate flea bag . . . this about a place where we'd enjoyed a wonderful steak dinner for about a dollar, had a fine continental breakfast for thirty-five cents, and paid about $1.50 for a magnificent bed in a room that looked as though it had been scrubbed with G.I. soap, then dusted with a white silk shirt!

The visitor can check his list of the various factors that make for happy vacationing; Switzerland has them all—interesting places to see and convenient means of getting there, excellent hotels and restaurants, moderate prices, efficient service and friendly treatment.

Take efficiency, for example. On the Swiss telephone system you can call anyplace in the country just by dialing. You simply dial an introductory digit for the city or region, then dial the number. Small country? Sure, but the length of Switzerland is about the distance between New York and Washington. Try dialing Washington from New York sometime, and see what you get.

The whole Swiss system seems to run, actually, by clockwork. You can set your watch by the arrival and departure of trains—but the Swiss don't usually have to set their watches. They expect them to run on time.

Make a date with a Swiss at noon, and he'll be there at 12; not at 11:58 or 12:02.

Yet this almost machinelike efficiency has not been achieved at the expense of more human values, as you might expect from a study of recent European history. As a matter of fact, Switzerland violates most of our political clichés. It enjoys discipline without dictatorship, democracy without discord, dissension without disruption, difference without discrimination.

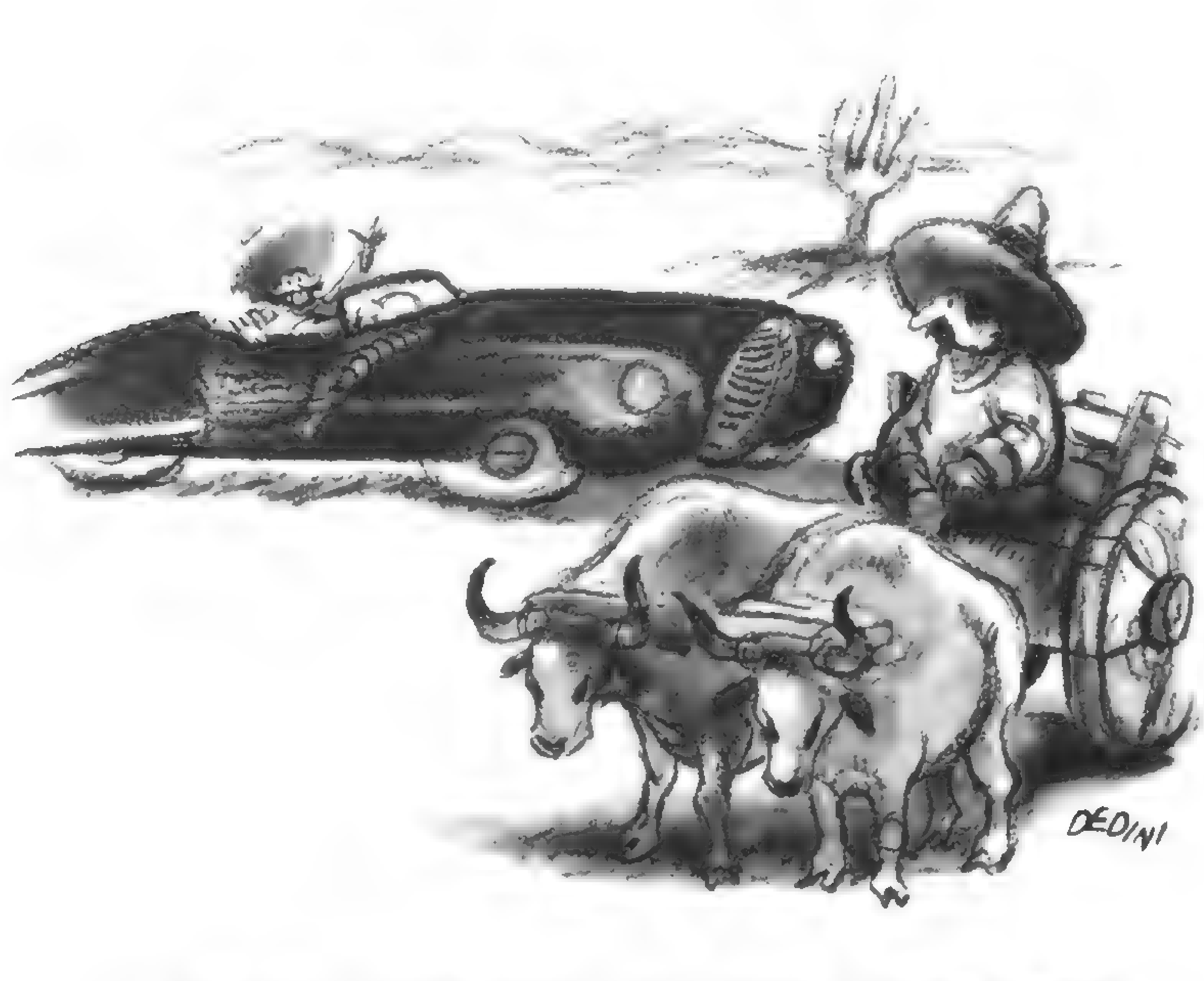
In Switzerland the rights and dignity of the individual are ranked above almost every other consideration. In a nation of minorities, the right of every minority is protected by law and custom. There are, for example, four national languages: German, French, Italian, and Romansch—of which last, two dialects are recognized. The Federal Constitution protects the right of every Swiss to speak and to transact his business with the government in his own tongue. About 57 per cent of the population is Protestant, 41 per cent Catholic, and 2 per cent belong to other creeds. Each creed is equally protected, none is favored, none is forbidden. A church in a small village might hold a Protestant service at nine in the morning, and at ten-thirty the Catholic priest takes over for Mass.

Swiss democracy is one of the purest of modern times, with citizens taking a close and loving interest in communal, cantonal and national affairs, and making frequent use of the initiative and referendum to make their wishes known. In the rural and more sparsely populated cantons, an ancient type of popular assembly, called the *Landesgemeinde*, has survived, at which the male citizens, carrying swords symbolic of their status as freemen, assemble on the main square of the capital town to hear reports submitted by their political representative, hold elections, and vote new laws by a show of hands.

All these factors in Swiss life make themselves felt to the casual visitor, if only in a sense of the basic decency of the people of the country. Every canton and region has its own specific charms for the tourist, based on scenery, recreational facilities and local cultures.

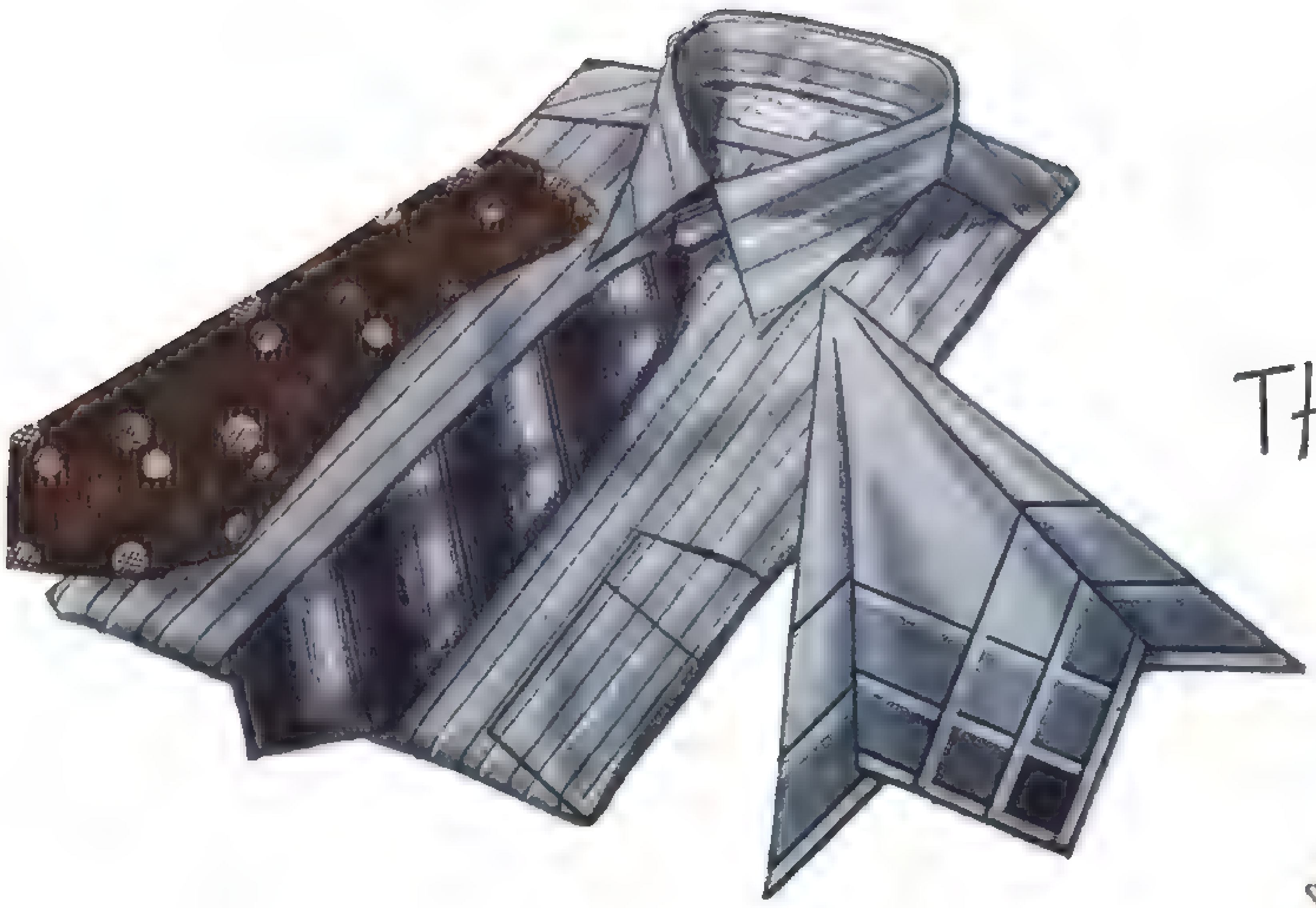
Where to go: Geneva is probably as good a place as any to start your Swiss visit. It's a principal gateway from France, features a beautiful location at the end of Lake Geneva, and symbolizes more than any other city, perhaps, Switzerland's unique position as the great neutral among the nations of the world. You'll probably feel a certain sadness as you browse among the

(Continued on page 183)

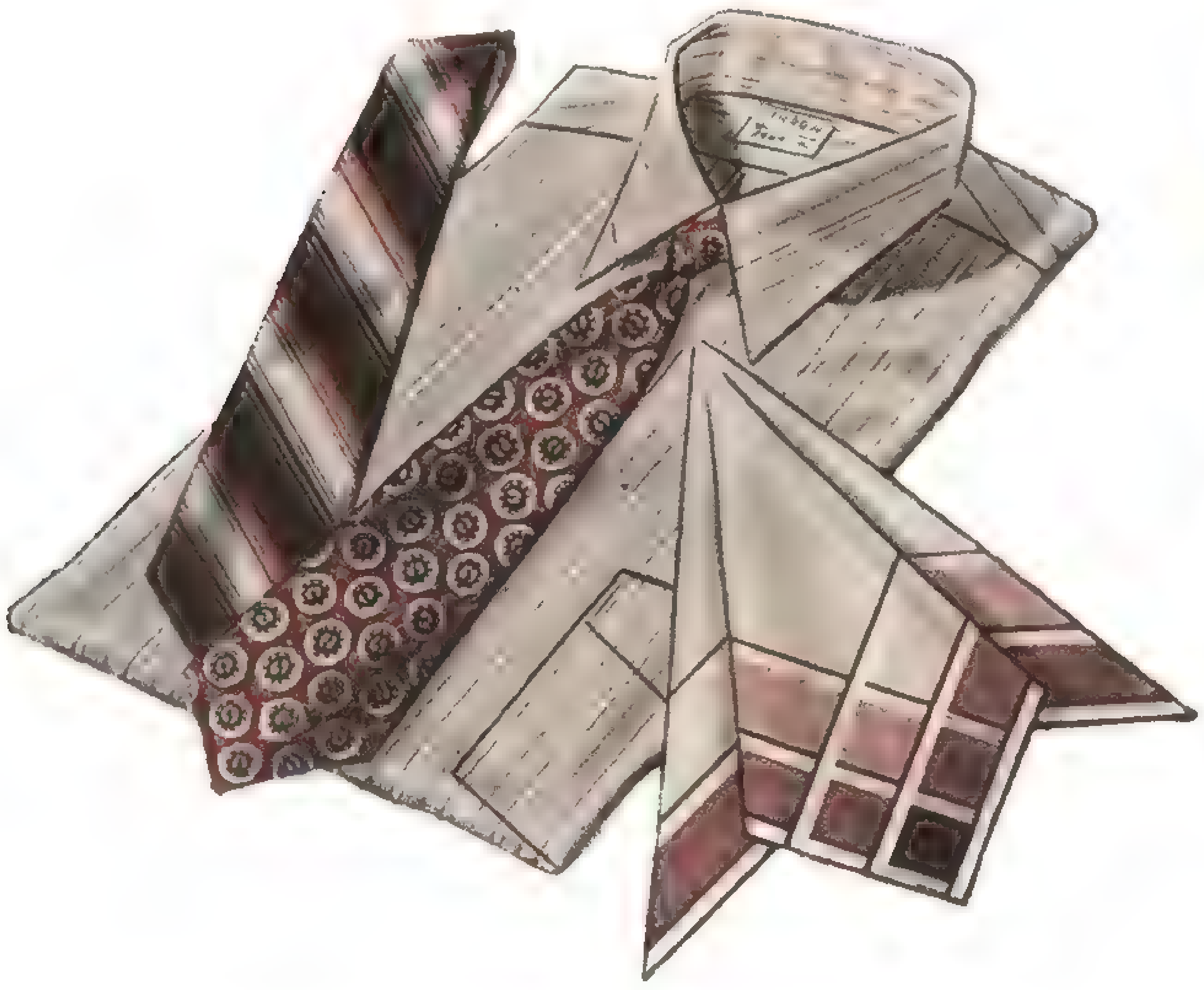


"I get places much faster now, Carlos, and have much more time for siestas"

"RACKETY RACK THE TEAM IS BACK! R-A-A-AY!"

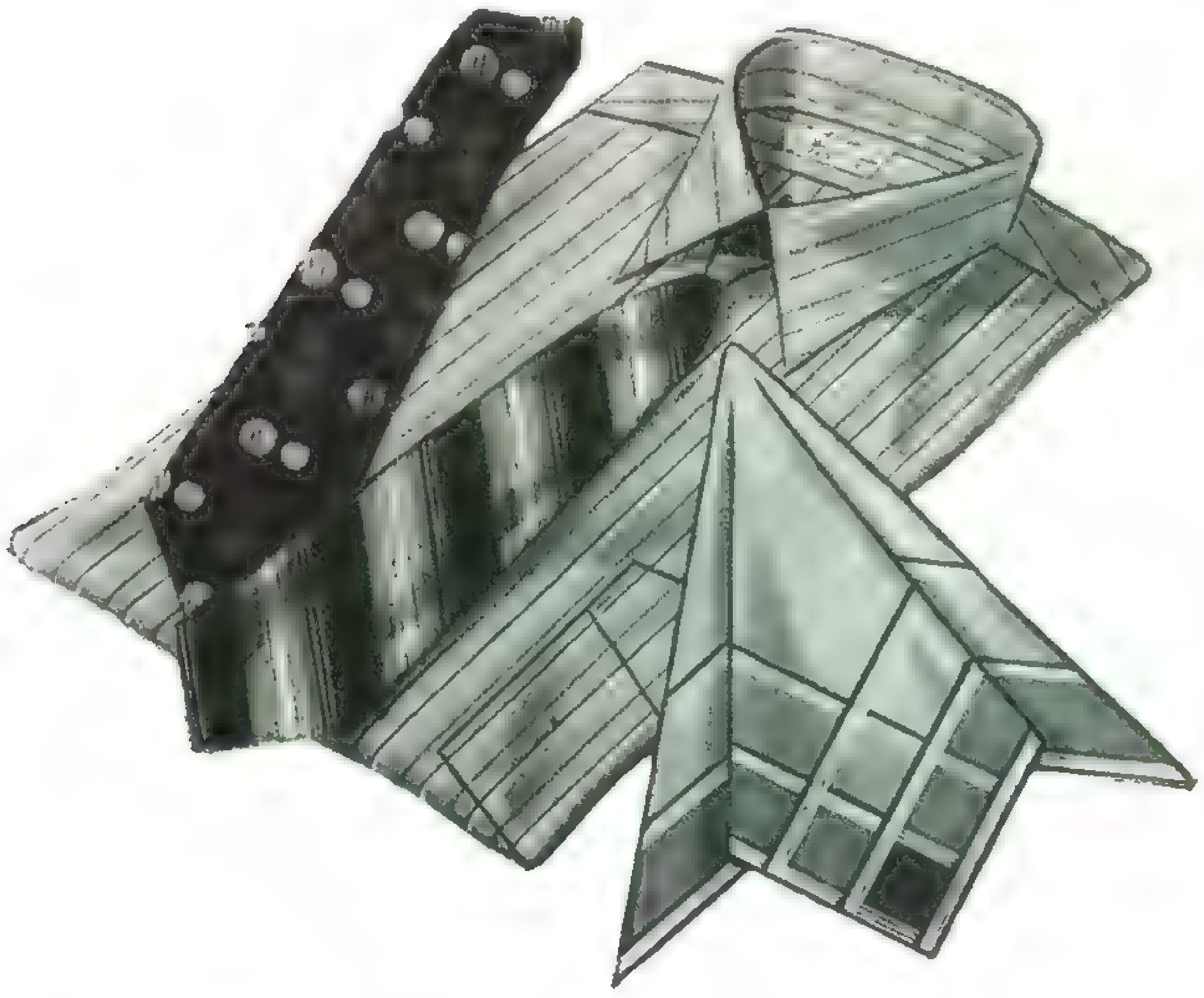


The football team? No! The ARROW "go-together" team! Again, this Fall, college men (and all other men—all with good taste!) can buy *complete Arrow ensembles*—in one package. Read about "Huddle Stripes"—the season's hottest style news!

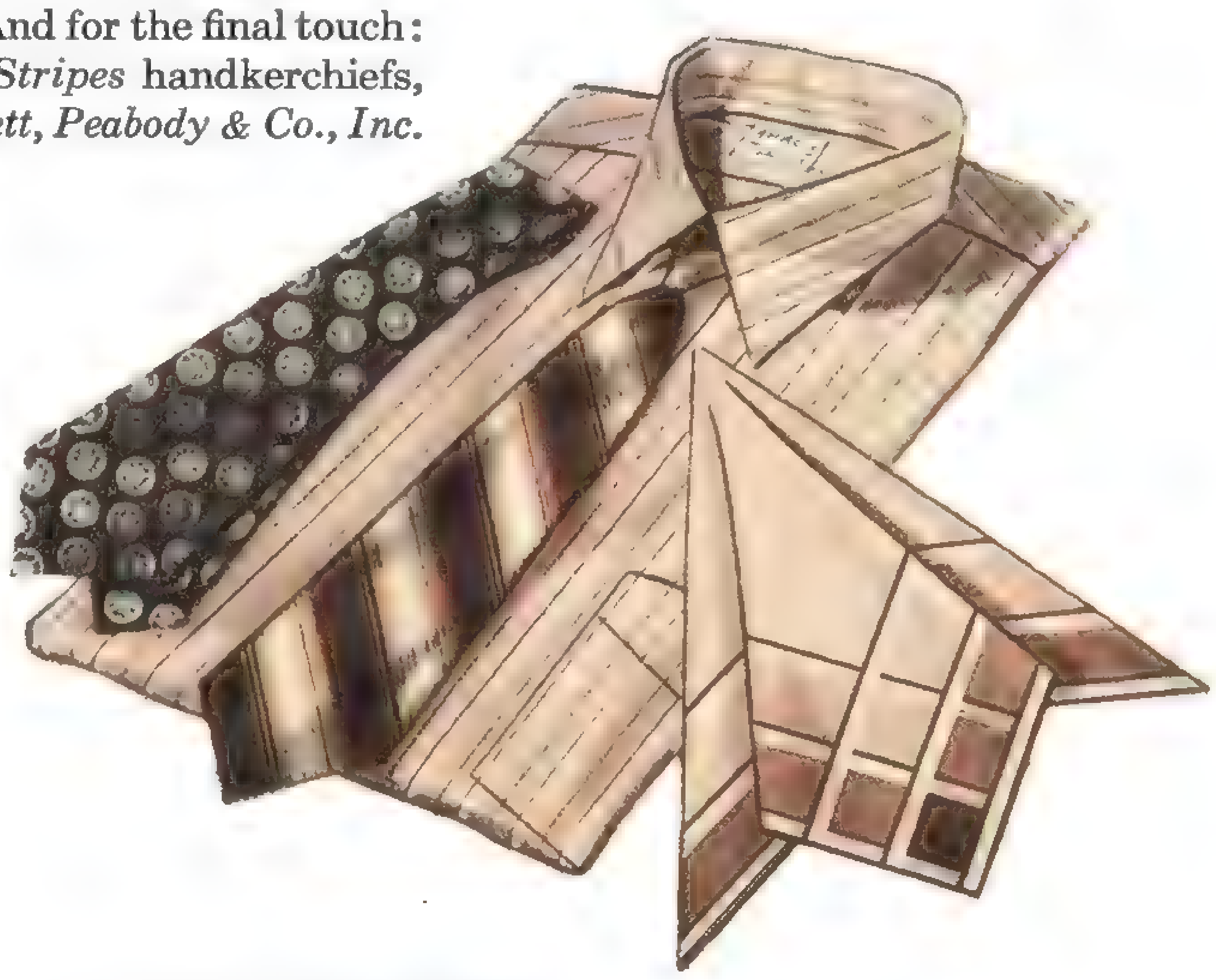


Huddle Stripes ($3.95) have a *smart, soft-spoken* pattern. And their soft shades of blue, tan, gray, and green don't try to out-sing your suit—*or* tie!

Made to go with the shirts are *Huddle Stripes* ties in three groups: neat figures, fine stripes and not too-subdued small-circle patterns ($1.00 & $1.50). And for the final touch: *Huddle Stripes* handkerchiefs, 65¢. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*



Huddle Stripes, being Arrows, have collars whose set is *perfect* . . . the "Mitoga" trade-mark, meaning: shaped-to-*your*-shape . . . and the Sanforized label—so the fabric can't shrink more than 1%. Nice?



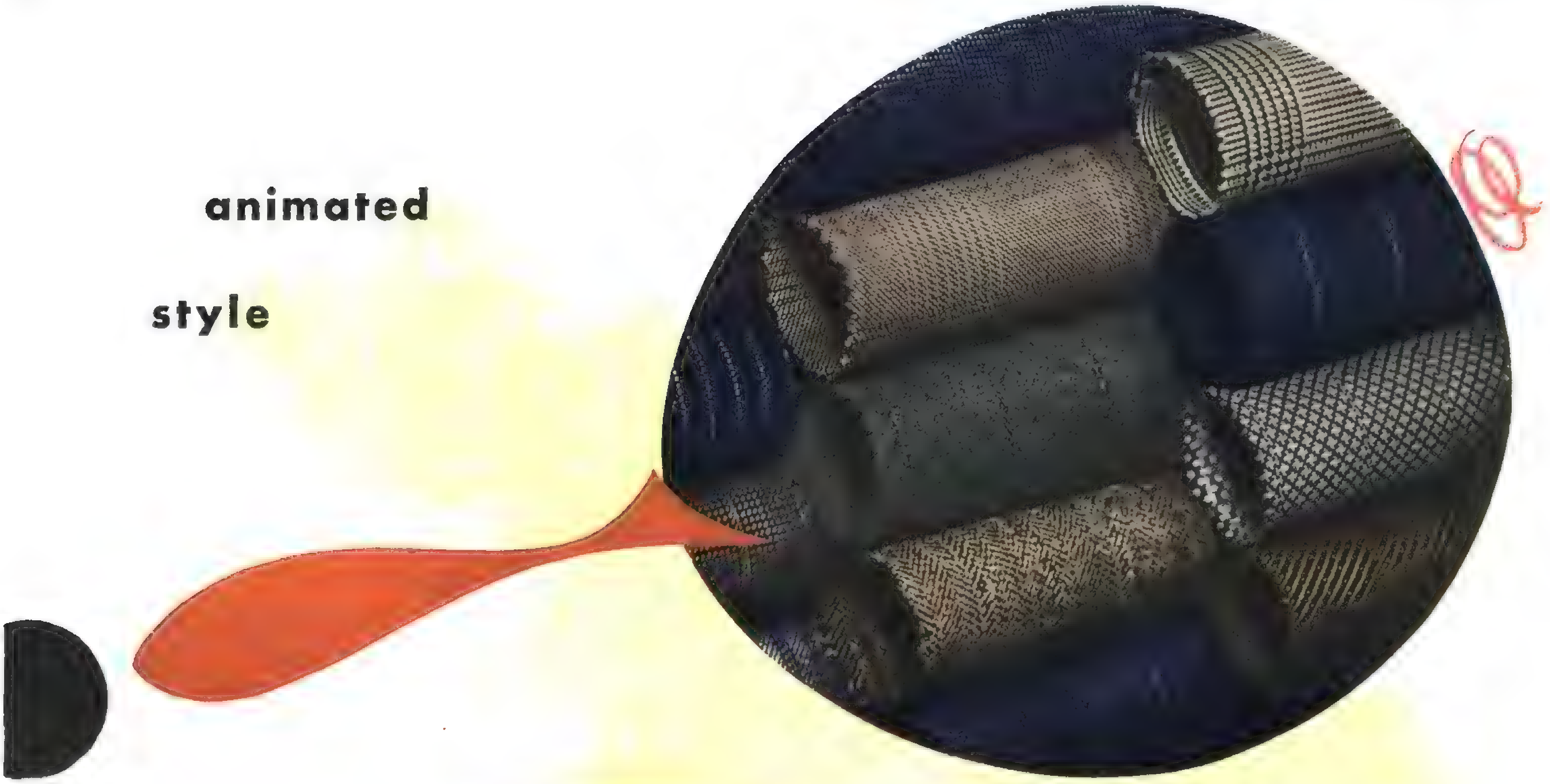
Look for the Arrow trade-mark

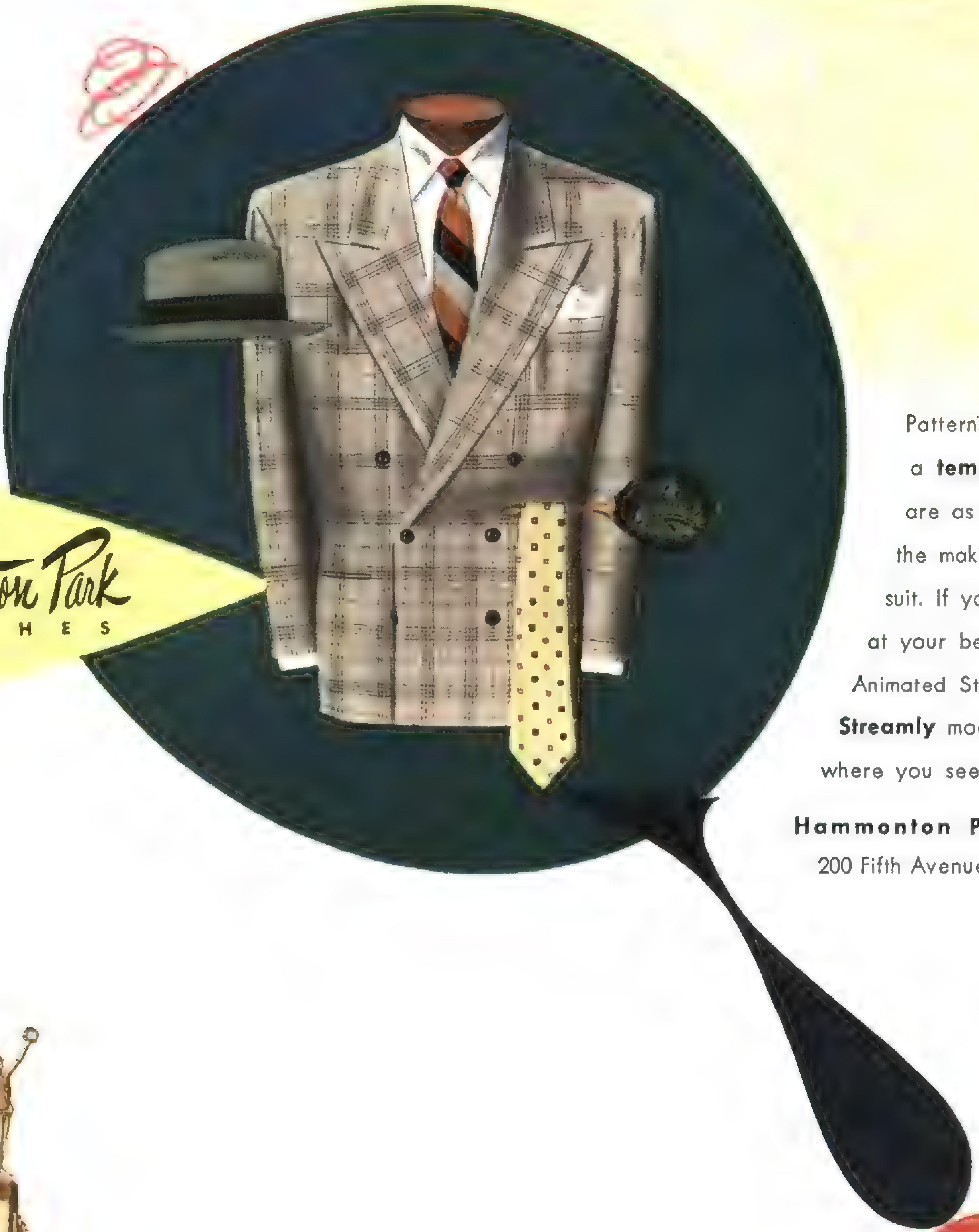
ARROW

Huddle Stripes

animated

style





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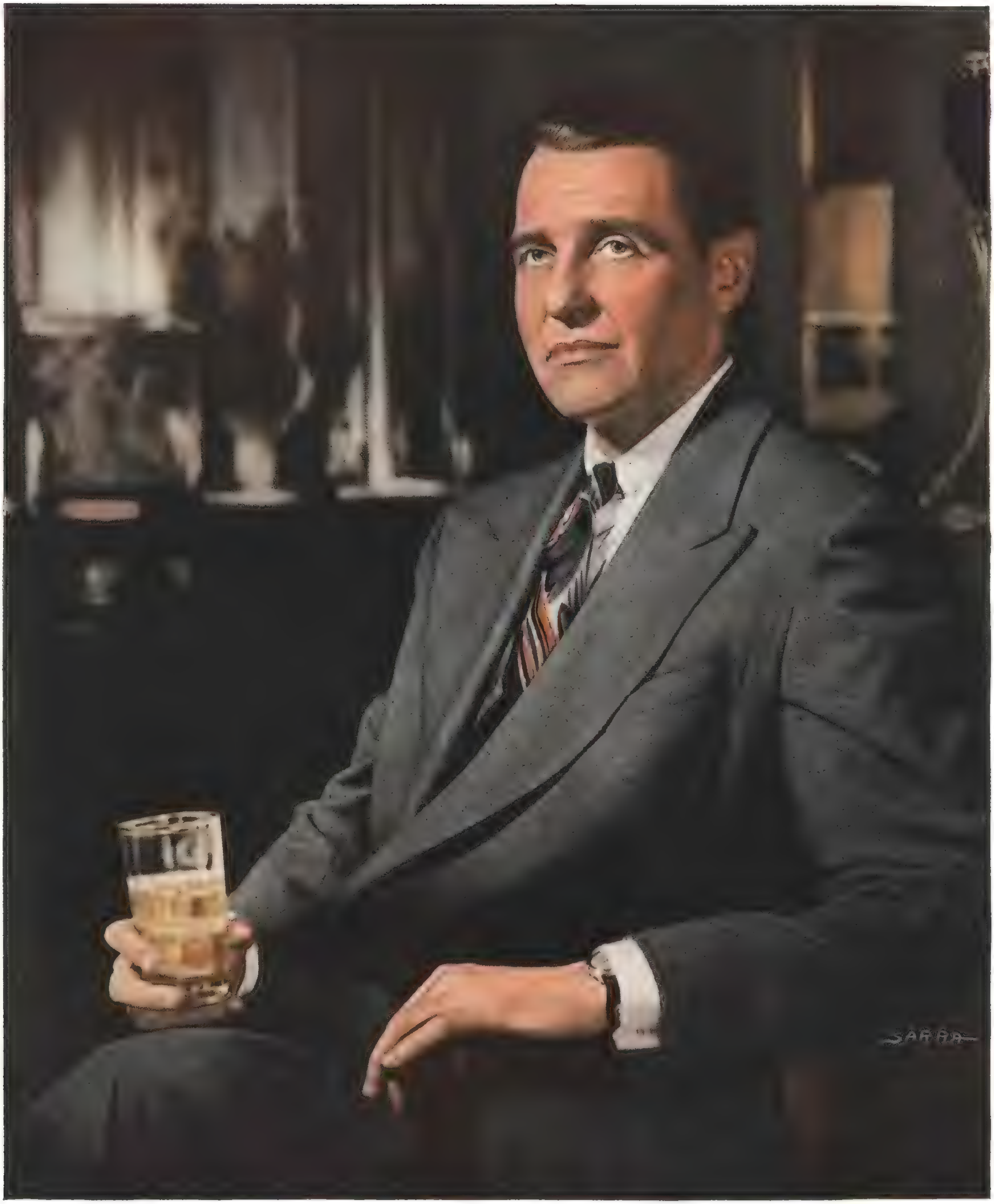

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Book Briefs

If you are a dub these books will help you cut corners to proficiency in the sports at which men ought to be adept

Be a Better Horseman

by Capt. Vladimir S. Littauer
(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $7.50)

An instruction book worked out in text and photographs that accounts for almost anything that can happen on a horse. Done in a conversational style that makes for easy reading.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
GIFT VALUE	▨	▨	▨	▨
READABILITY	▨	▨	▨	▨
ILLUSTRATIONS	▨	▨	▨	▨
BRAINFOOD	▨	▨	▨	▨

You Can Learn to Fly

by Howard and Strohmeier
(Prentice Hall, $3.75)

Two experienced pilots give the beginner a reassuring introduction to private flying and prove, for example, that it takes less co-ördination to fly a plane than to drive a car.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
GIFT VALUE	▨	▨	▨	
READABILITY	▨	▨	▨	▨
ILLUSTRATIONS	▨	▨		
BRAINFOOD	▨	▨	▨	▨

Downhill Skiing

by Otto Lang
(Henry Holt, $2.50)

Helpful photographs and expert text on everything from schusses to telemarks. Author also includes chapters on dynamic principles of the sport and on equipment.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
GIFT VALUE	▨	▨	▨	
READABILITY	▨	▨	▨	
ILLUSTRATIONS	▨	▨	▨	▨
BRAINFOOD	▨	▨	▨	

Tennis Made Easy

by Lloyd Budge
(A. S. Barnes, $1.50)

A rarity—an instruction book by a teacher instead of a name-star. Besides practical advice on various shots, author explains theories of strategy, timing and footwork.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
GIFT VALUE	▨	▨	▨	
READABILITY	▨	▨	▨	
ILLUSTRATIONS	▨	▨	▨	▨
BRAINFOOD	▨	▨	▨	

Nine Bad Shots of Golf

by Jim Dante and Leo Diegel
(Whittlesey House, $2.50)

Almost every golfer either slices, hooks, tops, smothers, pulls, pushes, skys, sclaffs or shanks. This volume shows in words and drawings how to correct each of these faults.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
GIFT VALUE	▨	▨	▨	
READABILITY	▨	▨	▨	
ILLUSTRATIONS	▨	▨	▨	
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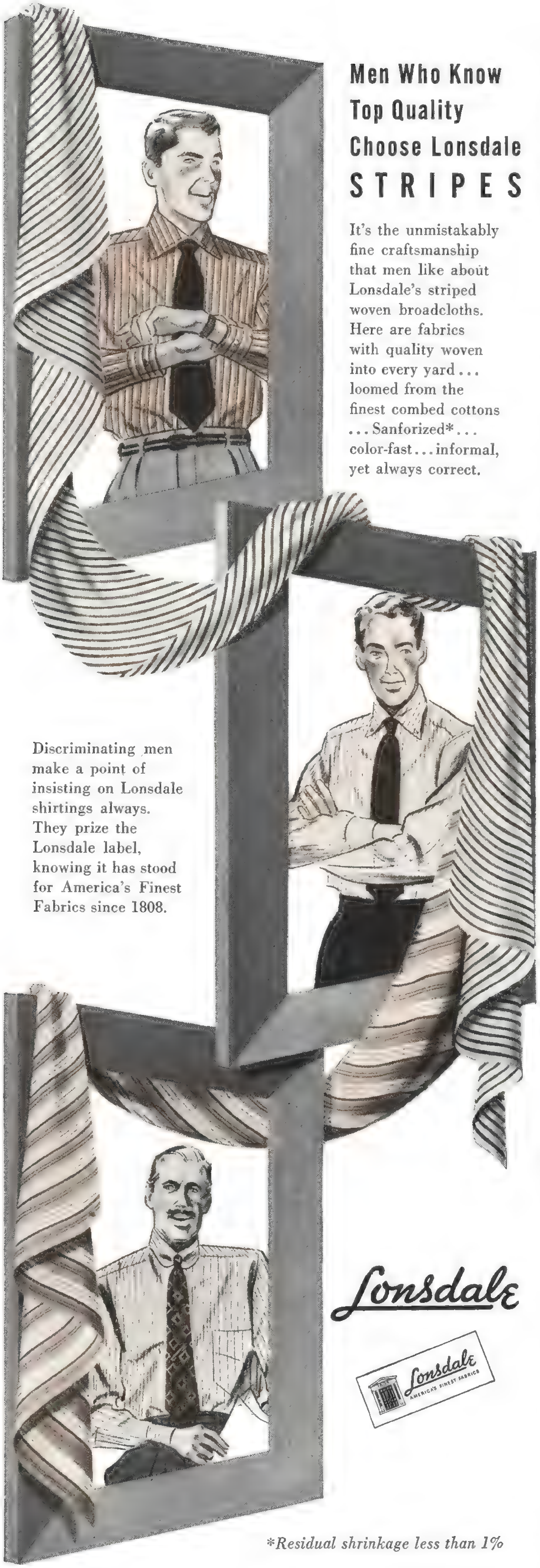

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Lonsdale AMERICA'S FINEST FABRICS

*Residual shrinkage less than 1%

Life in Merrie England

Continued from page 63

greedy industrialist, or the local politico who can see to the end of his nose, or the Pinko, or the Hate Shirter, and then see if you still think we are safe and as far from life à la Merrie England as would appear on the surface.

Travel is broadening, but it can also scare the pants off you. Wake up back home. Because, take it from me, if you do achieve the slide down to the standards of living prevailing here, you ain't gonna like it.

The Eggs and Us

I do not know exactly where you stand on the question of that type of personal journalism in which the writer or columnist kills you with the account of the funny things that have happened to him and his family during the time he went away on holiday. For myself, I am inclined to shy away from such items and turn to the stock-market reports or the advertising columns for laughs, but there are rare occasions where I feel a fellow may permit himself the luxury of narrating his own personal misadventures, particularly when they are of an instructive and educational nature and he is certain that his clients will derive some benefits therefrom.

May I then begin this essay by suggesting that if you have never attempted to chaperon ten-dozen farm-fresh eggs to Europe, and get them there with the hulls intact and in fit condition to be eaten, then you have not lived; neither have you suffered. Primarily, you must love an egg a great deal to undertake such a task. And, by the same token, you must be prepared to experience a considerable disillusionment with this food, a period following arrival at your destination of considerable coolness between you and it, or rather them. Sometimes the friendship is never resumed. I have not yet recovered to the point where I care to consider anything even remotely resembling an egg.

Behind this account lies the fact that last year when Pauline and I summered in Great Britain we missed eggs. The ration is supposed to be one a week here, but this is just a beautiful dream, a kind of campaign promise never underwritten by the parties most interested, the British hens. The Summer of 1946 we encountered two fresh eggs in our entire trip.

This year, when it came time to prepare to go to England to resume consultations on the forthcoming screen version of *The Snow Goose*, we conceived the notion of lugging our own supply of eggs from our own farm to our South Devon retreat. The scheme was to acquire some of those aluminum egg mailing boxes, persuade our hens to deposit the fruits of their love in the compartments the night before sailing, as it were, get them aboard ship, and six days later escort them ashore in England still young and gay and flirty.

We decided upon ten dozen as a reasonable cache, packed and wrapped them, each in its little aluminum nest in the aluminum tins, the whole tied together with a couple of trunk straps. If you have never tried traveling with 120 young and tender . . . but I have said that before.

The thing to do, we decided, was that I was to carry them at all times, and never give them out of my hands. No stranger should come in contact with them, no steward or porter or baggage-wrestler.

Picture us, then, arriving at the Cunard pier on sailing day with mountains of baggage and your correspondent gingerly lugging the ten-dozen eggs. The boxes stood three feet high from the floor. And they didn't stand very good, due to the straps and the packing. The whole contraption had a horrible tendency to teeter when left momentarily unattended. Have you ever hoisted 120 eggs? Within ten minutes you begin to think that each one weighs a ton. Your arms go lame, your fingers tie up with cramps, and your nerves are frayed to tatters.

Eggs! Jumping Jehosaphat, what's so wonderful about eggs that man should suffer so? Every baggage truck on the pier appeared to be aimed directly at my eggs with a kind of malignant persistence. Porters wheeling trunks and suitcases missed them by fractions of an inch. The long walk to the gangplank became a kind of black nightmare punctuated by piercing shrieks from Pauline every few moments, "OHHHHHHHH! Look out for the eggs . . ."

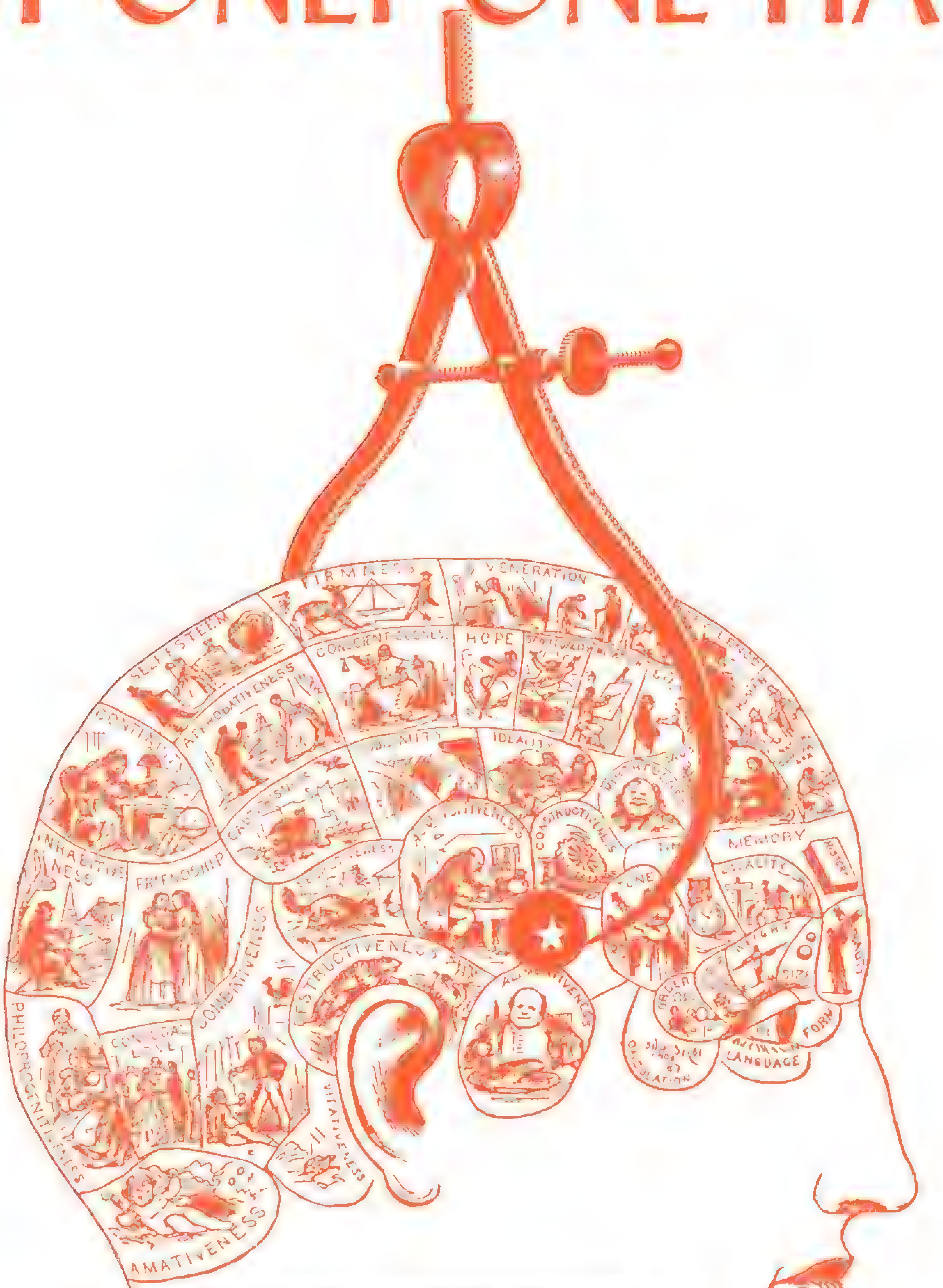
It seemed that every few moments I was required to set them down to reach inside my pockets for tickets, passports, moneys, identification. Then they would teeter. Pauline grew wan and shaky from watching them. I tried leaning them against something while I fumbled for documents. Four men came and picked up the object against which I had leaned them and carried it away. Pauline screamed. The eggs teetered and headed for the dock. I got one foot under them. The documents flew skywards. The eggs hit my instep, all but shattering the bone. Pauline dove for them. We bumped heads. A baggage truck ran over my other foot. We came up with the egg box, before it hit, shaken but undamaged. The sweat poured from our pale brows. We breathed hard. We were beginning to dislike eggs.

Wrecked physically from the effort, I got them up the gangplank and into the cabin, fighting off a platoon of stewards and porters who offered to take them from me and help me with the burden. By now I was wedded to them. And once I got them to the cabin, the worry would be over

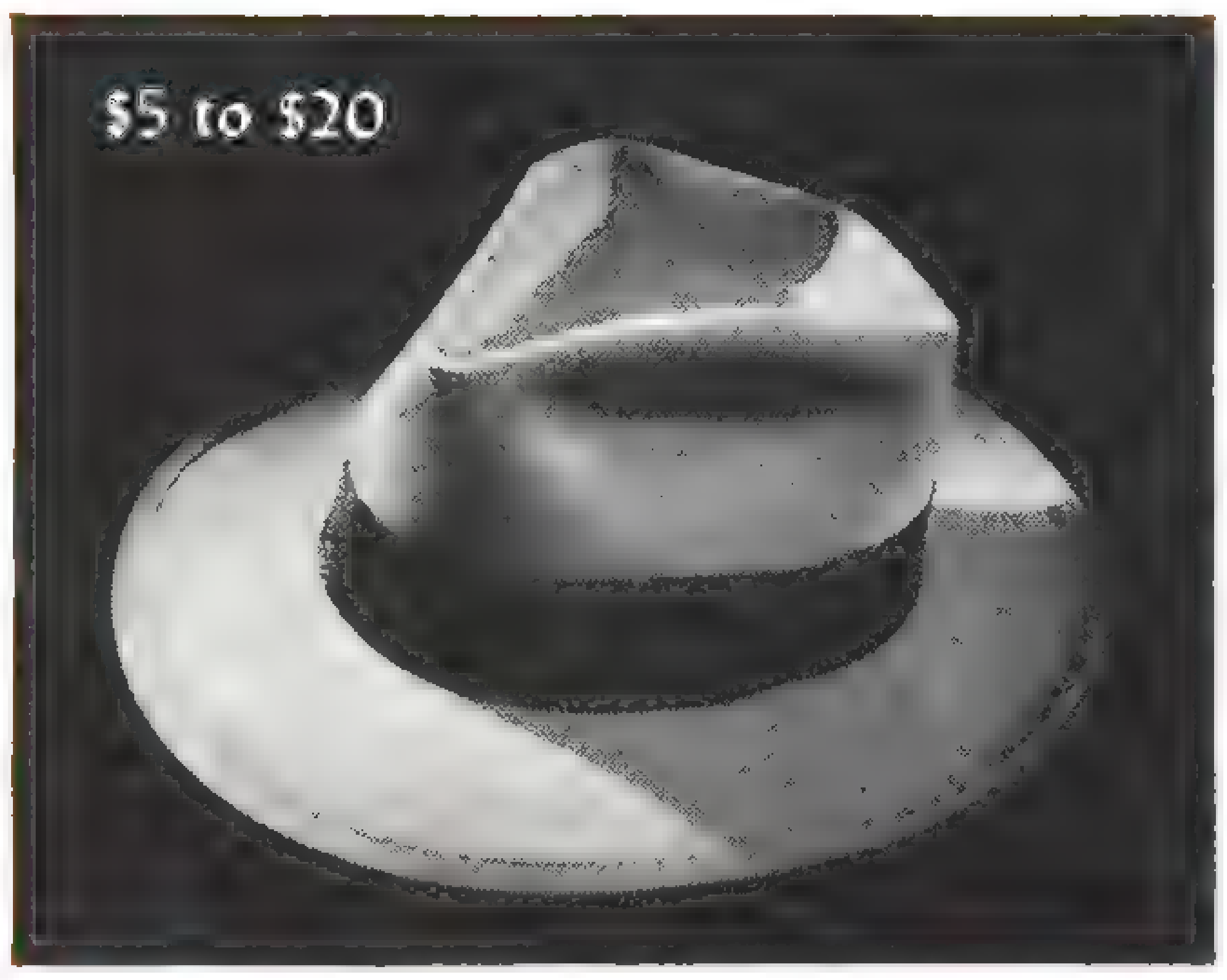
Continued on page 138

9 OUT OF 10 MEN HAVE IT*

BUT ONLY ONE HAT HAS!


FIRMNESS
VENERATION
SELF-ESTEEM
CONSCIENTIOUSNESS
HOPE
APPROBATIVENESS
IDEALITY
CONSTRUCTIVENESS
MEMORY
INHABITIVENESS
FRIENDSHIP
COMBATIVENESS
DESTRUCTIVENESS
PHILOPROGENITIVENESS
VITATIVENESS
AMATIVENESS
LANGUAGE
FORM

* Not phrenology—but straight fact! According to actual head shape measurements of thousands of men throughout the country, 90 out of 100 men's heads slope in at the temples.



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Life in Merrie England

Continued from page 136

for at least five days.

Oh, yeah?

Have you ever tried to dispose of 120 eggs in a steamer cabin, along with two trunks and sixteen other pieces of luggage, so that they would be safe? This corner . . . they'll fall over; that corner . . . too near the trunk, it's dangerous; on top of that closet . . . Good God, no . . . There behind the door then . . . Are you mad? What happens when somebody opens the door suddenly? In the bathtub then. Oh, and what do I do, dear, when I feel like taking a bath? There on the dresser, then. Oh yes, and where am I supposed to put MY things? Lissen, darrrrrrling, whose idea was it anyway to take these damn eggs? Now, don't fuss; you'll be glad you have them when we get to England. We'll find a place.

We compromised finally by gingerly laying the boxes, still roped together on their sides, on the floor under the bed and blocking them with handbags. At least they couldn't fall over onto the floor. That was as far as they could go.

Oh, yeah?

Two days out we ran into some weather. We were sitting at dinner when our palatial liner heeled over. Some of the crockery and silver slid and crashed. Pauline emitted a piercing scream.

"Darling," I inquired anxiously, "are you hurt?" She was pale again.

"No. B-but . . . our eggs . . ."

We ran for the cabin. The ship was really rolling now. We reached it in the nick of time. The protecting handbags had come loose. Just as we opened the door the liner heeled again, and our ten-dozen eggs were on the march.

"Fall on them!" shrieked Pauline who, although a Hungarian by birth, has acquired a considerable knowledge of American sport and its terminology, and a keen sense of maneuver. It was the only thing to do, too, because the eggs were shooting the length of the cabin, headed for the steel bulkhead and transition. Calling to memory my days on the scrub squad at Columbia, I dove for them. Now falling on a football is one thing and lighting on four large aluminum boxes of eggs so as not to do them a hurt is something else again. My shoulder is all right now. The X-rays showed there was no fracture as was first suspected.

In the excitement, however, of pinioning ten-dozen rampant, excited eggs, the injury went momentarily unnoticed. The ship tilted over in the other direction. Panic stricken, the eggs fought back, breaking my hold on them.

Pauline, ever the cool and heady little field general, shouted, "Leg scissors!" I clamped a Joe Stecher on them and barked my shins against the trunk, but held them momentarily helpless, each egg trembling like a leaf. During the breathing spell we debated what to do and how to control them, for they had lost all sense of reason. Leaving them alone in the cabin was out of the question.

Pauline came up with a solution: "Darling, there's only one thing to do. You'll have to take them to bed with you. Then they won't slide and you'll be able to hold them . . ."

"To bed with me!!! Listen, the idea was to get eggs to England, not chickens. If I'd wanted them hatched, I could have . . ."

"Now, darling . . . don't make such a fuss. You can see it's the only way. It would be a shame, after we had got them this far, if something happened to them . . ."

Have you ever tried spending a night in bed with 120 nervous eggs? Or have I asked that already?

The storm abated the next morning. So had my passion for eggs in any form, including Bénédict and *aux fines herbes*. I was haunted by them. Also I was cracking up physically as well as mentally. And there still remained the landing at Southampton and the trip to London.

The affair in the custom's shed remains only as a vague nightmare. We left them unattended for a moment to expose the contents of our luggage. When we returned, they were gone. A porter had shifted them with somebody else's baggage and a large passenger whose feet were hurting her was sitting on them.

"Madame," I said, "I am sorry, but you are sitting on our eggs..."

The large lady passenger glared: "How dare you, sir . . .?"

"I said sitting, not setting . . . If you have hurt a hair on their . . . I mean if you don't want scrambled . . ."

She got up. The aluminum boxes showed a visible dent. We took the eggs out, examined, soothed and cuddled them, quieted their fears—and missed the boat train. We landed in Waterloo Station at one o'clock in the morning, where we lost them for two hours in the inclosure where you go to claim your baggage. They simply vanished from the ken of man—120 inexperienced, travel-shy eggs.

The big London Bobby in charge of the inclosure took note of our loss.

"Heggs, you say. A 'undred and twenty heggs. What would you be wanting now with a 'undred and twenty heggs?"

Pauline explained, "We just want to eat them . . ."

"Heat them! Lumme. 'Ooever 'eard of hanybody heating a 'undred and twenty heggs at this hour of the morning? Ow, you h'Americans."

Pauline did not think this was funny. All through the trip she had been obsessed that the eggs would be stolen. Now she was convinced of it and demanded Scotland Yard, Sherlock Holmes, the C.I.D. and Lord Peter Wimsey. It had been hotter than

Continued on page 140

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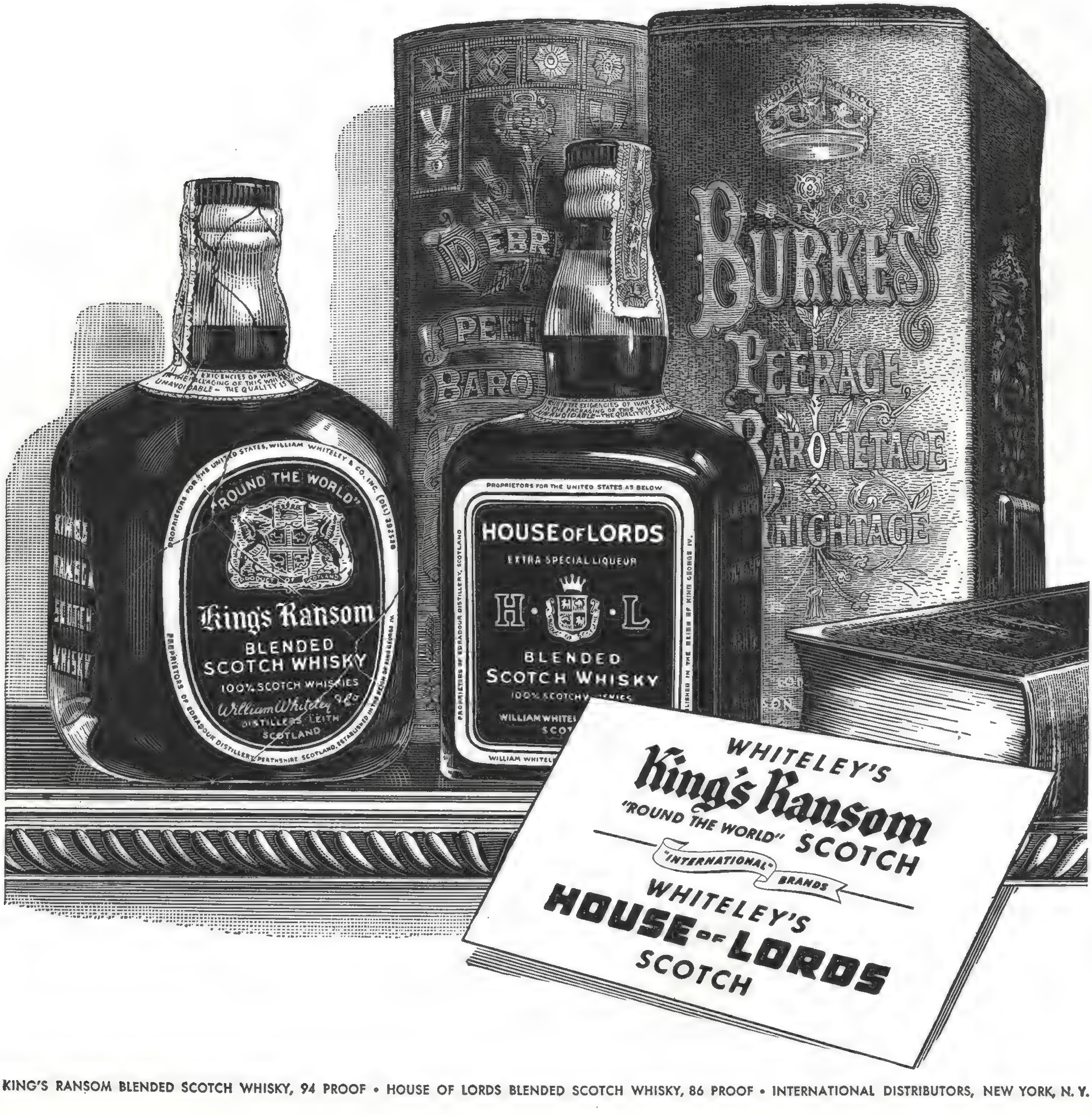
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Life in Merrie England

Continued from page 138

Tophet on the train. It was hot on the railroad platform. If we found the eggs they would probably be cooked. I was for abandoning the whole thing. Pauline took one more look and found them under the letter "S," instead of our initial "G." When she suggested that the "S" stood for Softboiledeggs and that we should have looked there in the first place, *I* did not think it was funny. I was also sorry to see the damned things again. The eggs were hysterical again and had to be soothed, which took time.

We got into a cab and headed for the hotel. Just over the bridge a lorry shot out from a blacked-out side street; the cab swerved towards the curb. "Save them!" screamed Pauline, my always cool and collected better half. I got my arms around the heggs just in time and cushioned them from the shock of climbing up onto the sidewalk. The edge of the aluminum box cut my chin, but no stitches were necessary, and after awhile the bleeding stopped.

We reached the hotel at four in the morning, exhausted in mind, broken in body and wrecked in spirit, but with every one of the ten dozen eggs intact. We had done it. And for each egg of the 120, I had a personal and individual hatred. But, at least, when the revulsion passed, we would have some eggs to eat.

The next morning, the waiter came in to take our order. He said, "Would you like some nice fresh eggs for breakfast, sir? Oh yes, we can get them now. They're in better supply this year . . ."

Heggs!

Our Own Travelogue

The French they are a funny people. When the liner anchors off the battered mole and breakwater of Cherbourg harbor, preparatory to discharging the tourist traffic for Paris, the first thing that greets your eye is a sign painted in white on the side of the mole: "ACHTUNG! ANKERN VERBOTEN," a relic of the German occupation and, as usual, forbidding something, this time anchoring. Now wouldn't you think the first thing the French would do, once we cleaned the swine out of their town for them, would be to paint out all traces of their bondage? But there it still stands at the gateway to the still-battered port as a reminder of the day when the Nazis ran things there.

It seemed strange to be viewing Cherbourg from the other side again, the collapsed U-boat pens, the skeletons of the dock installations, the wreck of the big Normandie pier and the shell-blasted forts and pillboxes on the moles. The last time I had been there was in the Summer of 1944, shortly after the American troops had taken it away from the Germans, when it was even more of a mess, due to the fantastic demolitions the Nazis had carried out in their attempts to deny us the use of the place.

It was my first sight of a war-blasted city. I remember taking a walk through the ruined dock section, filled with sunken ships and blasted cranes and dock gates. A half-dozen children were playing in the rubble. Near by, suddenly, something, probably an American demolition and wreckage clearing job, went off with one hell of a big bang, sending a huge pillar of black smoke into the sky. It is no exaggeration that your correspondent leaped eight feet into the air, and was running in all directions long before he came down. But the kids never even looked up at the explosion, the blast or the smoke. They went right on playing.

Near by on the dock was an American anti-aircraft battery, four fifty-calibres mounted on an electrically powered turret. This battery had a most fetching and I must say, to me, sentimental name. Painted over the turret, was the legend "MISS ESQUIRE," and pasted up all around the turret were four luscious girls, kidnapped from the pages of this magazine.

Also it was in Cherbourg that I came across that journalist, gentleman, playwright and sage of Broadway, Mr. Mark Barron, then a sergeant in the Public Relations section of the U.S. Forces. Mr. Barron had been buried anonymously in the ranks of the Army in France, where he was discovered, behind a mess tent uncomplainingly peeling his way through a mountain of potatoes, by Johnny Moroso, the A.P. correspondent, and rescued. Mr. Moroso seized some colonel by the lapels and shouted angrily that his friend, Mr. Barron, a man of many parts and all of them useful to the war effort, was being quite wasted on potatoes. It worked, and Mark was elevated to three stripes and assigned to keeping the P.R.O. shavetails out of mischief in the Cherbourg sector.

When I came upon him, he was modestly quartered in what had once been a stylish and flourishing house of ill-repute in the Rue Montebello, which somebody with an odd sense of fitness had taken over for American Press Headquarters. However, probably the reason for this choice was not one of exquisite irony, but rather that this type of establishment was one of the few houses in Cherbourg that boasted a bathroom. This one was the pride of the press section, and came fully equipped with, naturally, the inevitable piece of apparatus without which no French *salle-de-bain* is complete.

I mention this only because it gave rise to what I have always considered one of the great cracks of the late war, and is credited of course to its perpetrator, the then Sergeant Barron, who insisted that he had the title for his war memoirs when he got around to

Continued on page 142

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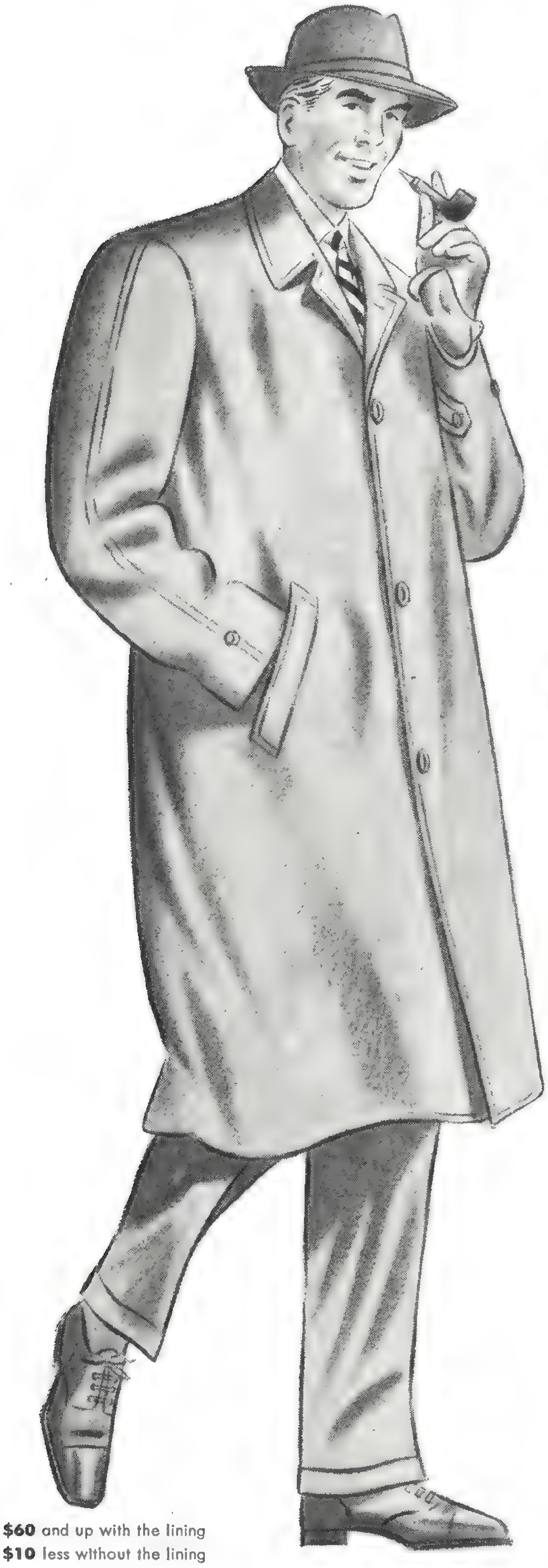

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Life in Merrie England

Continued from page 140

writing them. He was going to call his book, *From D-Day to Bidet.*

Smuggler's Delight

You would never in a million years guess the nature of the item, smuggled from America into England during the war, which fetched the highest prices in London, with the most fabulous turnover of profit. More precious, apparently, than gold, cigarettes, nylons, some of the boys aboard the transatlantic liners and troopships, that is the stewards and hands, made themselves small fortunes with it.

What would you say? Narcotics? Easily stowed and concealed about the person? Too risky. Too many decades in Dartmoor for getting caught and, besides, your British steward is an eminently respectable person and would have no part of the drug trade. Diamonds or precious stones, then? No, too much initial expenditure and investment involved.

No, my sirs, none of those. It was bird seed.

The people of Britain got along all right for food during the Blitz, but their feathered pets were starving, Mynah birds, canaries, parrots, starlings, etc., drooping for want of what it took to keep them going. A sack of bird seed weighing a hundred pounds cost $10 in New York. In London, this same seed sold at $500, or $5 a pound. On a $20 investment a steward could knock off $1000, and no risk of going to jail if he was caught lugging his sacks off the pier.

Invention Wanted

Will you tell me, please, why no one has invented a simple gadget or contraption to be attached to your electric-light meter or tucked away in the cellar that will, at a little extra cost, store up electric power, while you are using the current, good for six or eight hours so that when the juice goes flooey in summer or in winter you can simply flip a switch and tap your stored reserve until the boys get out the wagon and tour around to find and fix the break?

I am, like so many of you, a fellow who likes to live in the country, both on this side of the water and at home, but it is particularly of my farm in New Jersey I am thinking, on which practically every home gadget known to man is operated by electricity, that great boon to humanity.

We cook, we wash, we iron by electricity; the furnace burns and the clock ticks, the refrigerator cools, the deep-freeze unit solidifies, the electric fans whir. When the current is flowing, our radios yawp, the pump yanks up water out of the artesian well, the hot-water unit boils it for our baths and showers. Electric shavers whir merrily, curling irons sizzle, and the golden chicken turns glamorously on the motor-driven roasting spit.

WHAP! One nudge from an errant lightning bolt from a summer storm anywhere within a ten-mile radius, and everything quits.

The lights go out, the pump stops, the stove gives up, clocks cease: every contraption, bag and baggage, packs up and we are right back in the dark ages, groping around in the dark for candles or a flashlight and reaching for a tin of beans while the roast spoils in the cold oven. If the telephone hasn't folded up likewise, you call up the power company, who confirms that things aren't going too well with them and tell you that men are out searching for the break. The time usually picked for this to happen is a Saturday evening when you have the house full of guests for the week end. Sometimes they get the juice flowing in a matter of two or three hours, others it can stay off for eight or ten.

This would be the time for my little invention. You turn a knob, or insert a plug into a little black box, and reserve and stored-up current begins to ooze through the nervous system of the house, operating everything until the main lines come back in again. Then you turn it off, and it starts piling up power for the next disaster.

I will admit that I do not know how to arrive at this contraption since my knowledge of electricity never progressed beyond the initial experiment in Physics I, in which you rubbed a glass rod with a piece of flannel cloth which then became magically endowed with the ability to agitate a little ball suspended by a thread. I was told that this was electricity and saw no reason to doubt the word of the professor who said so, and thus did not pursue the subject further, particularly since it tended to become complicated in the higher echelons.

But I cannot believe that a world which has given us radar, the dial telephone, driers in beauty parlors, and the electric chair cannot whip up a device to protect me and my gadgets in my country home when something goes haywire with the main system, so that things will keep on running until the break is repaired. Will somebody please invent it, and do it in a hurry?

As usual, there is no extra fee involved for this brilliant suggestion. It is a regular service of this department to its mechanically minded readers and is included in the price of the magazine. I ask nothing more than that those who become millionaires through the exploitation of this idea shall think kindly of me on those days when I happen to turn out a stinker instead of the usual entrancing series of educational and entertaining essays. I don't even ask to buy the new gadget wholesale. I'll pay the regular list price, but I want it soon. #

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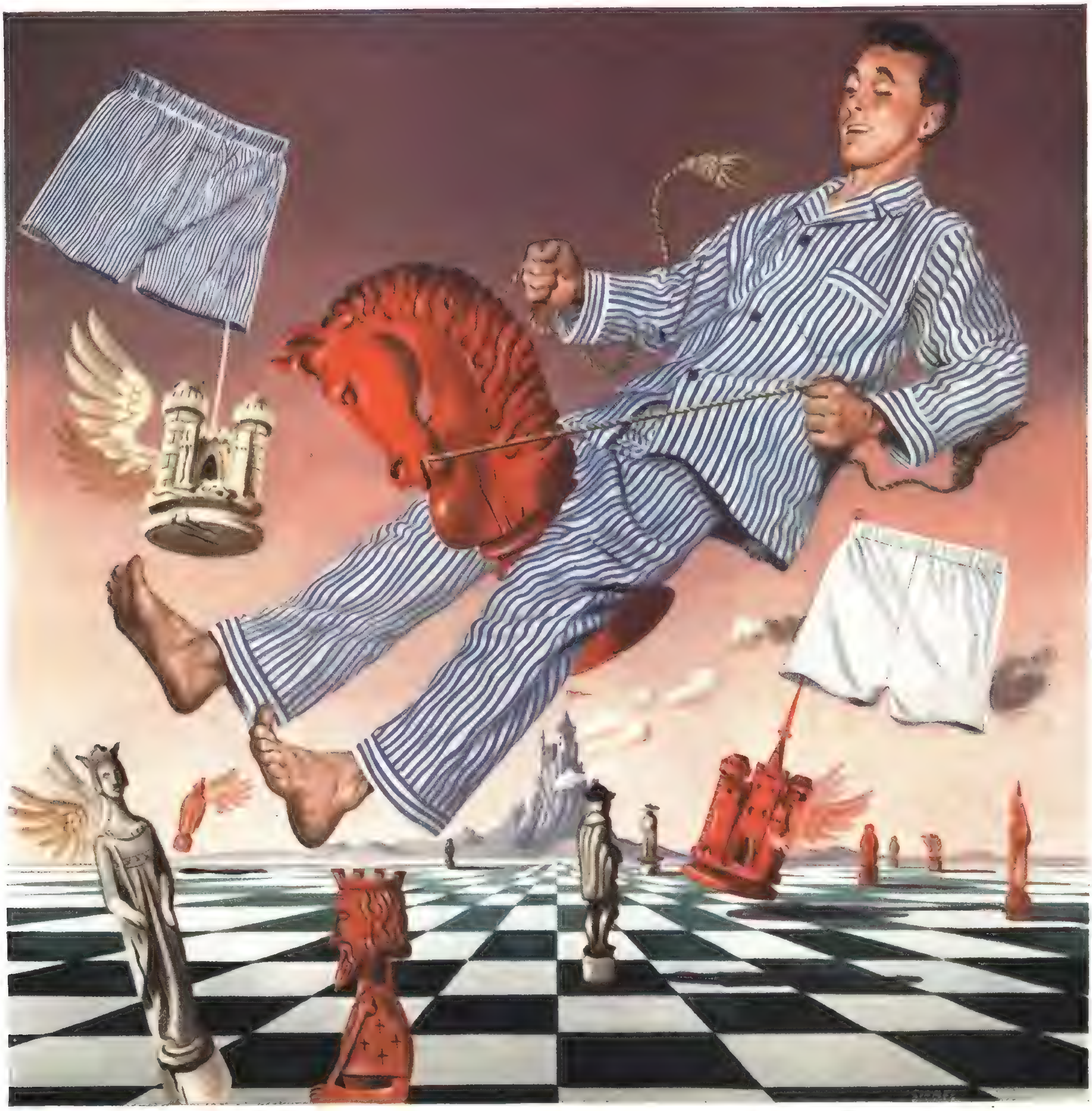

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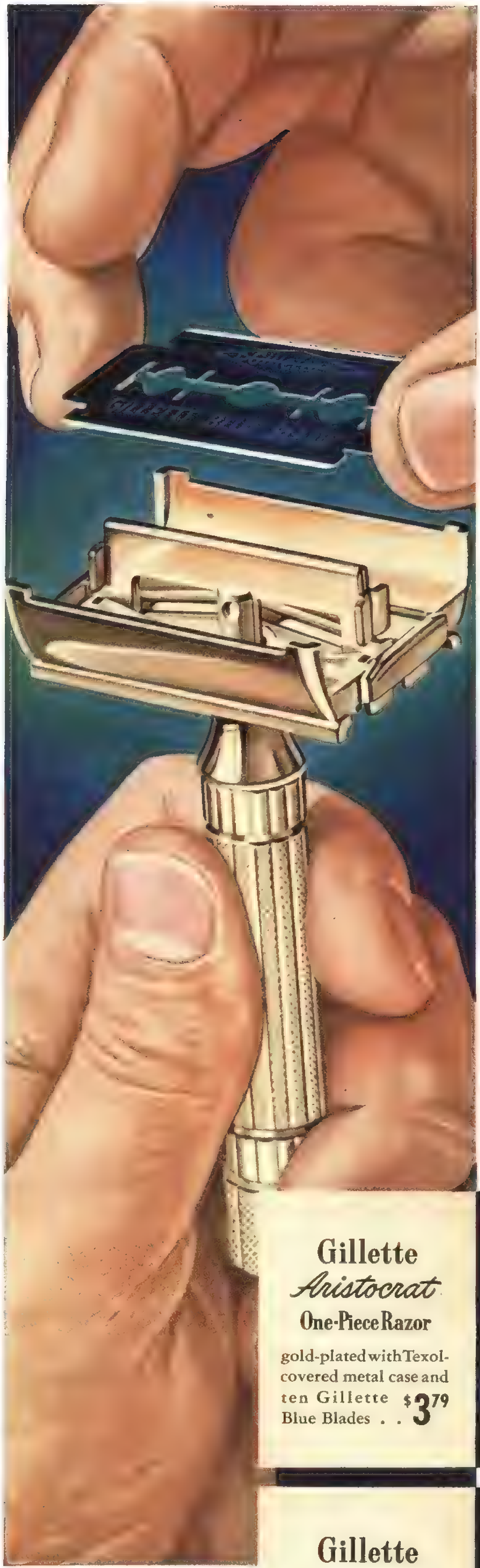

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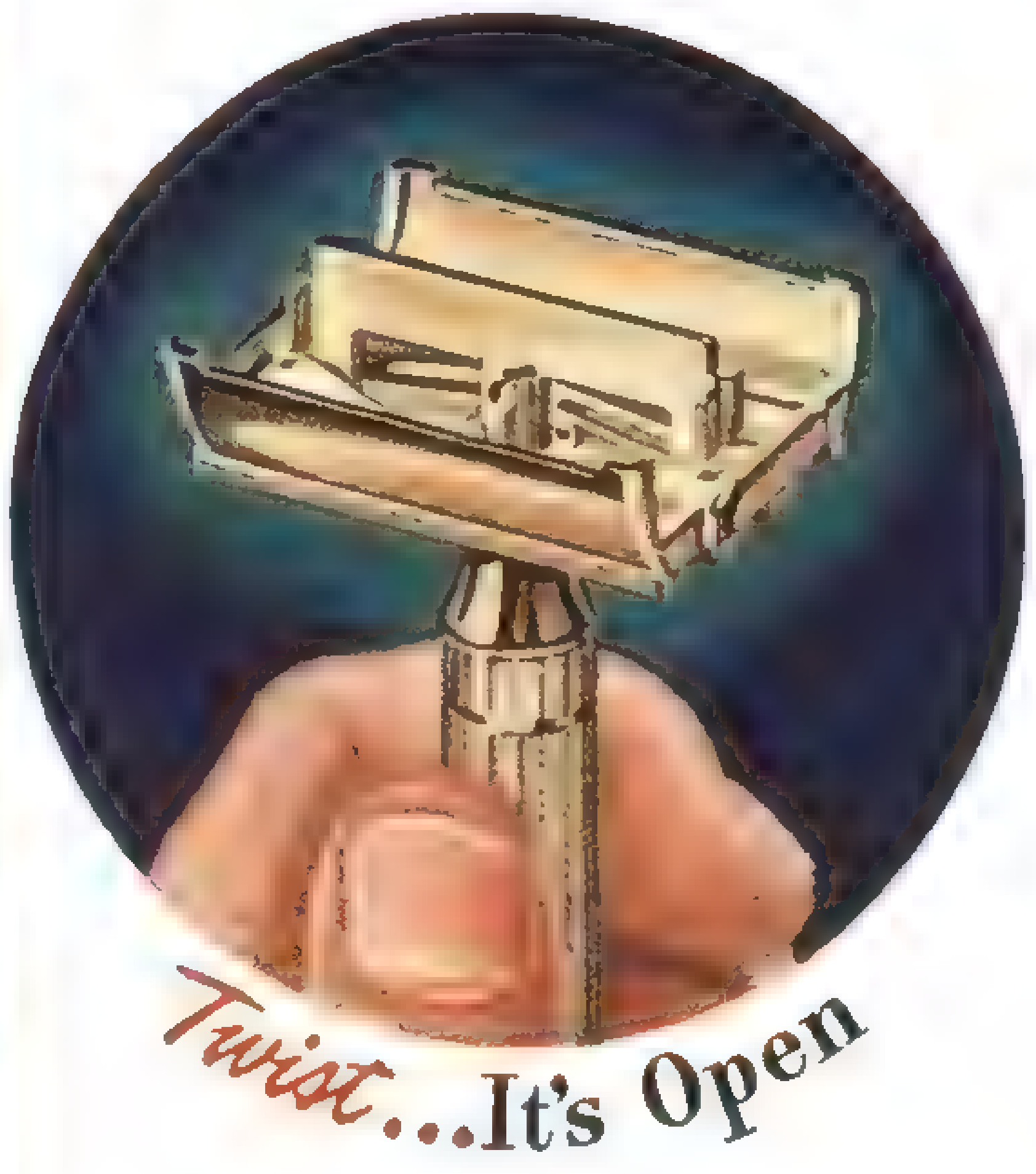

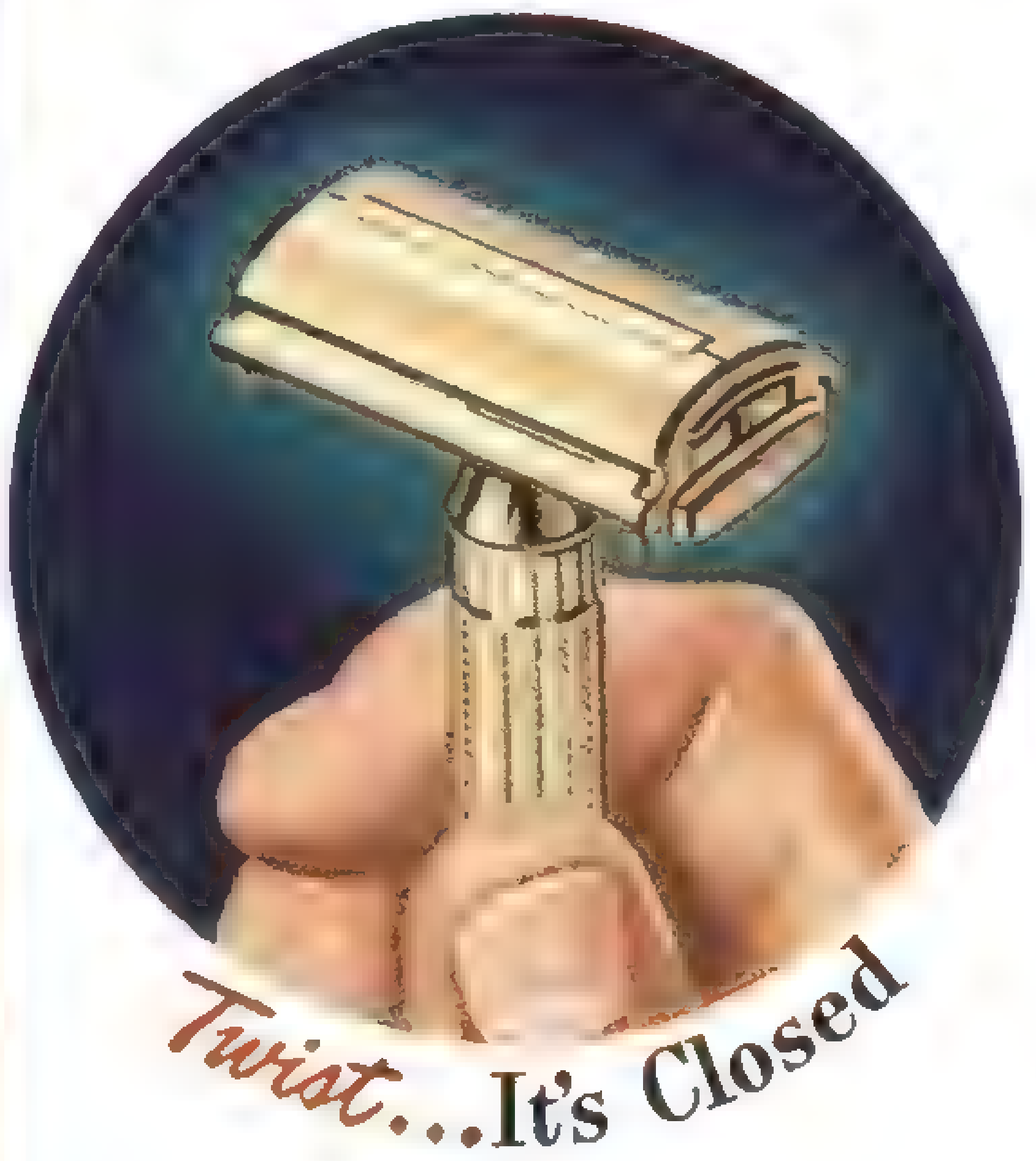

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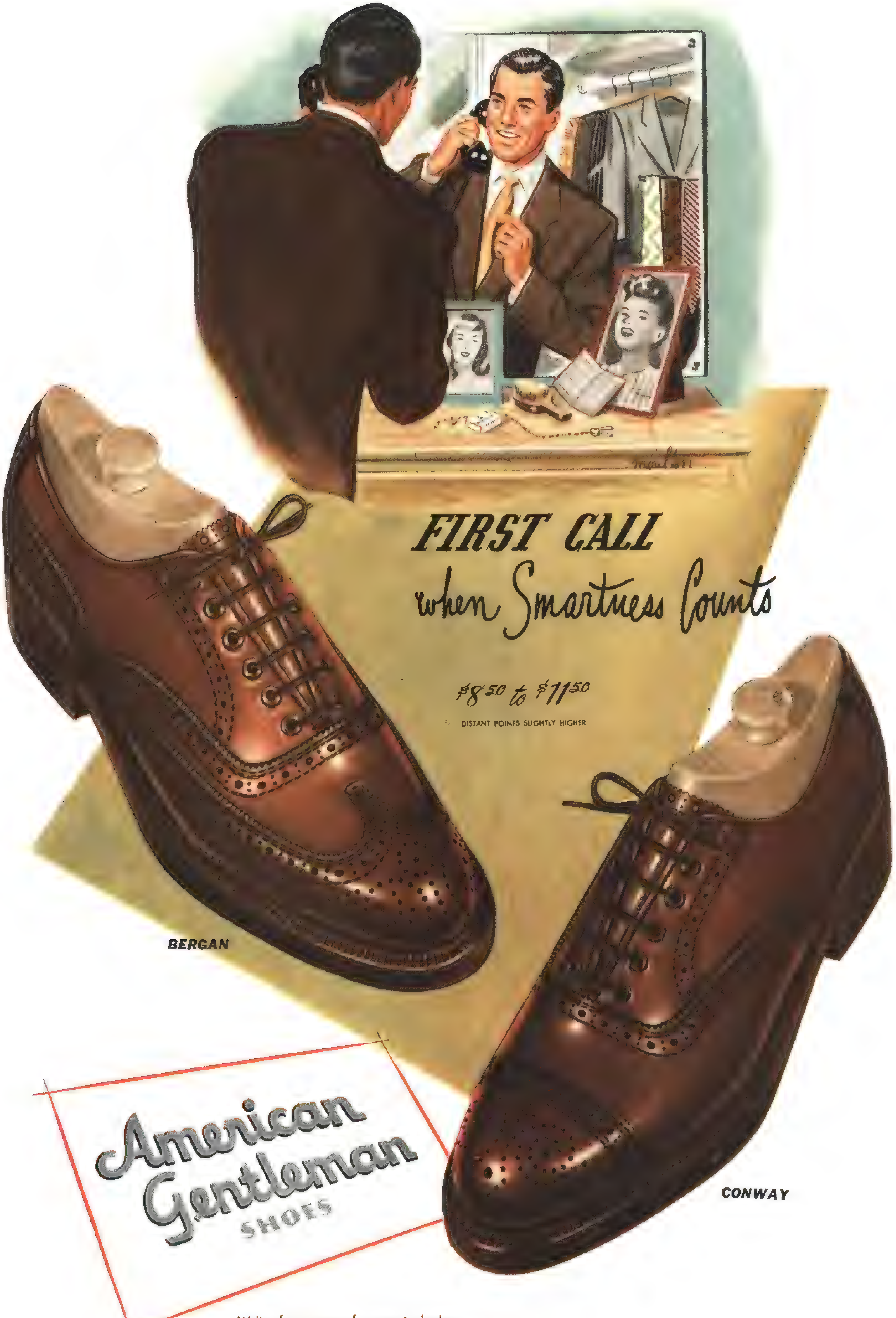

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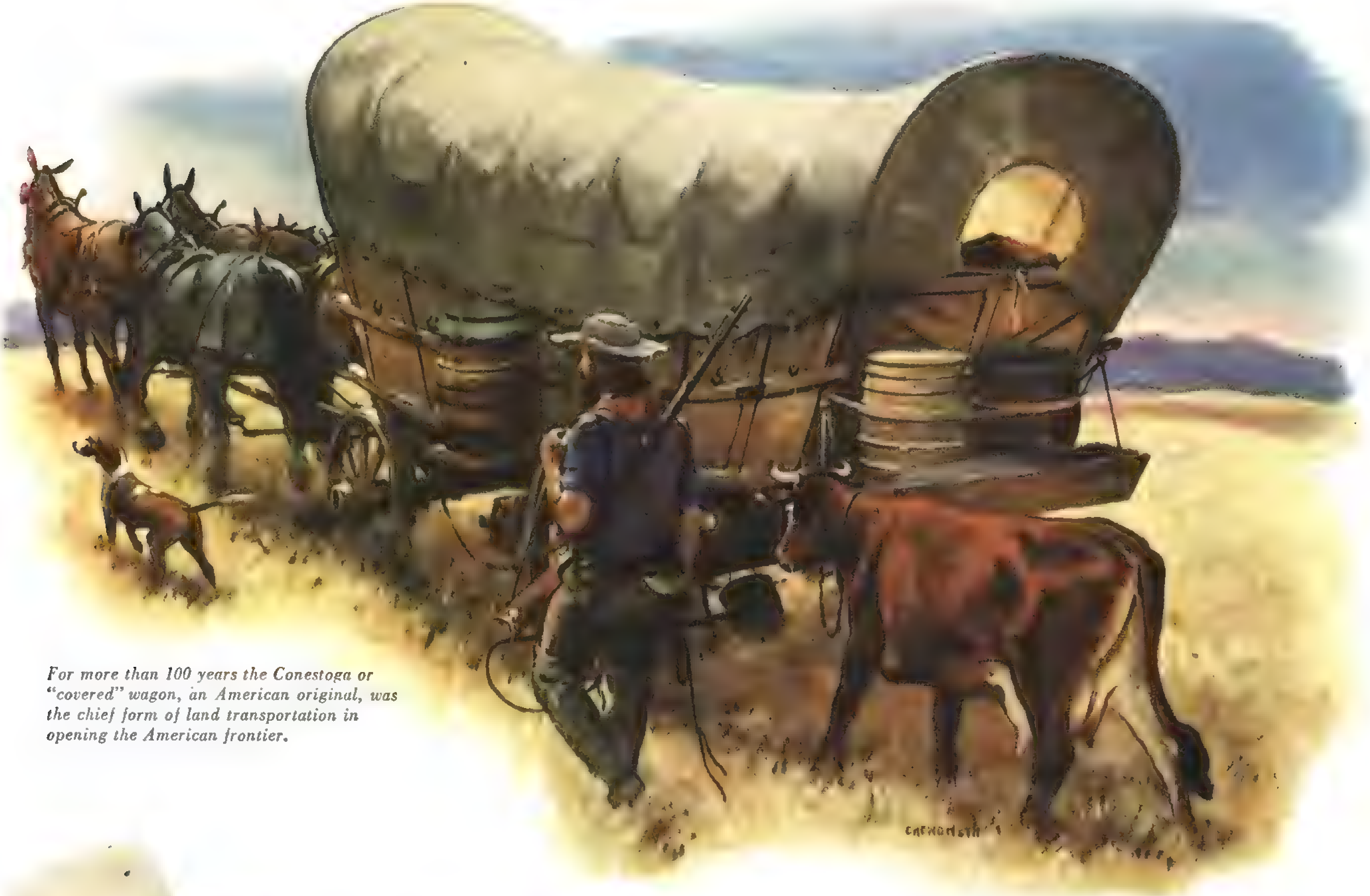

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The Single Brute

Continued from page 65

sick yesterday evening and she was dead when I went around to the kennel this morning."

"What was the matter with her?" Tower asked.

"I don't know, sir. It was very sudden."

"How's the other one?" Tower said. "Sergeant?"

"Fine, sir. Perfectly all right."

"The wrong one," Tower said, "always dies."

"Yes, sir," said Clem.

"Did you do anything for her?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," said Clem. "It was all so fast . . ."

"It seems to me," Tower said angrily, "that if you kept your eyes open a little more, things like this might be avoided . . ."

"Yes, sir," Clem's voice was cold and controlled.

"I'll be out there on Sunday," Tower said stiffly, "and we'll go into this in more detail."

"Yes, sir," Clem said. "Is that all?"

"That's all." Tower hung up. He sat at his desk staring at his phone, thinking about the large, beautiful, gentle, sweet-mannered red dog, dead now in the wintry kennel, with her rowdy and unpleasant mate howling over the stiff body. It was still another thing that had gone wrong. Somehow everything was going from bad to worse these days; Jenkins and Clem stubbornly becoming transformed into enemies; Madge suddenly packing and going off down South, in a temper, for God knows how long, and no decision made there yet, either; his partner, Michael Birch, with whom he had been close friends for twenty years, quietly avoiding him whenever he could . . . The war, he thought, staring at the pile of papers cluttering his desk, the damned war has deranged everybody.

He picked up the phone and called his ex-wife's number. "Hello," he said, recognizing the soft, dull voice at the other end of the wire, and becoming exasperated by it all over again even after all the long months. "Hello, Cynthia, this is Stuart. Listen, Cynthia, this is why I called. I just heard from Clem out in the country. Kate died this morning and I thought you'd like to know. Listen, I don't want the other dog now, and I thought you might like to have him. Sergeant."

"Let me see," Cynthia said, in her maddeningly deliberate way. "I have to think about it."

"What do you have to think about it for?" Tower asked loudly. "You always liked the dogs and you wanted them two years ago . . ."

"Stop yelling at me," Cynthia said, and Tower could tell by the familiar damp catch in the voice that she was about to cry. "I never did like Sergeant very much, and I'm living in the city now, and I have a little wire-haired and I think Sergeant'd be more trouble than he's worth. Still, I'll think about it for a day or two and let you know."

"The hell with it," Tower said. "Forget it. I'll hold onto the damn dog. I'm sorry I called." Then she was crying, and Tower hated her more than he had ever hated her in all the eleven years they had been married. "Good-bye!" he shouted. "Good-bye." He hung up. He stared at the papers on his desk, then jumped up and put on his hat and coat and stamped through the outer office, noticing bitterly that all the stenographers bent over their work with hostility and fear, avoiding his eyes, as he went through.

The whole world, he thought viciously, the whole world is out of whack. He passed Jenkins coming in through the main door and smelled the whiskey on Jenkins' breath. Jenkins stared at him challengingly. "I'll see you later," Tower said coldly. "There's a couple of things we have to settle."

"Good," Jenkins said, smelling like a distillery warehouse. "I'll wait."

Tower walked blindly and angrily along Madison Avenue, knowing that he could not afford the time away from his desk, but not being able to drive himself back to work. He thought of getting into the car and going out to the country, but the thought of the lonely house, with the dead dog and the insolent live one, and the quietly antagonistic farmer plodding softly around the barnyard seemed too bleak to endure on this grey winter day. He wished Madge were back in town, because there would have been comfort there, in the pleasant room downtown. But it was just like women, he thought, getting angry again, that when you needed them they were never there. Then he began to think that it was a trick on Madge's part, staying away purposefully, and he was glad that she wasn't in town because he knew he would have fought with her too that afternoon if she were available.

He went into a newsreel theatre, feeling, with a sense of sour justification, as he watched the pictures of bloodshed in Palestine, dead being buried in Indo-China, crowds demonstrating in Washington, that it was no wonder everything was going wrong these days.

He didn't get up to the farm until two weeks later. It had been a busy two weeks. He'd finally fired Jenkins and had it out with Birch, and they had agreed only to talk to each other when business necessitated. On the way up to the farm Tower had tried to figure out some way of dissolving the partnership without wrecking the business irrevocably, but no plan seemed workable. He had a telegram in his pocket from Madge. She was arriving at Grand Central at eight o'clock Sunday night, the telegram an-

Continued on page 148

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The Single Brute

Continued from page 147

nounced, and Tower knew that if he was there to meet her, that would probably be it, it would be a kind of obscure but nonetheless definite sign that he wanted to marry her. He had driven swiftly and bleakly through the dead landscape trying to figure it all out, more and more angry with Madge, with himself, with the world, for exacting decision after decision like this from him at a time when he felt himself jangled, overworked, attacked by the nervous currents of his life. Well, he thought, as he drove up in front of the house, I have two days to figure it out, anyway, in peace.

He got out of the car, carrying his bag, noticing unpleasantly that Clem was not around to help him. He put the bag down inside the door and without changing his clothes went toward the barn and the kennel behind it. He had to walk around the large limb of a maple that had been broken since he was there last and was lying, half-attached to the tree trunk, across the gravel path, splintered, untidy, ugly. He stood staring at the broken tree, thinking, another thing, another damned thing. It's probably been lying here like this for a week and Clem hasn't made a move yet to clean it up. That man was becoming impossible, absolutely impossible.

He walked on the frozen dead grass around the corner of the barn. Sergeant was in his wire run outside his kennel and he set up a joyful barking when he saw Tower. Tower opened the door of the run and Sergeant bounded out, wagging his tail in a paroxysm of salute. He started to rear up to put his paws on Tower's chest, one of his most obnoxious habits. "Down!" Tower said sharply, "Sergeant, down!" Amazingly, and for perhaps the first time in his life, Sergeant obeyed the order. He sat down at Tower's feet, looking up at him eagerly and obediently. Slightly puzzled, Tower leaned over and patted the large, fierce, bony head, but even then Sergeant remained on his haunches, quivering and good. "All right, Sergeant," Tower said, pleased. "Come on." He started back toward the house and Sergeant trotted at his heels in an even, dignified line. Once in the house, Sergeant lay down on the rug when Tower ordered him to, and did not attempt to follow Tower upstairs when Tower went up to change his clothes. When Tower came down, dressed in heavy shoes and old clothes, Sergeant was still lying on the rug, alert but motionless, and didn't get to his feet until Tower said, "Over here, boy."

The man and the dog went out of the house together. Clem was still no place to be seen and Tower was a little glad, because he knew there would be an unpleasant discussion about the broken tree when they met. And it was a fine afternoon, too pleasant for argument, the full sun westering in the clear green sky making the hills stand out parklike and comfortable in their faded, agreeable winter colors. It was just such a peaceful, solitary afternoon, Tower thought, in which a man could walk silently along a country road, and dig deeply and well into his mind and come up with accurate answers to the problems of living.

He breathed deeply, walking with a swinging, healthy gait down the hard road, conscious of the fitting picture he was making in Nature's eye, a man in soft-colored old clothes striding through the lonely cold beauty of the winter afternoon with his dog padding politely beside him, the deep red animal coat glinting richly in the pale sunlight. Tower walked almost a mile, down to the state road, then turned back toward the house. Almost by an act of will he refused to think about any of the things that were oppressing him. For the moment, it was enough merely to breathe the clear, sharp air, to look out through the bare branches of the trees at the brown and russet folds of the hills, to hear the satisfac-

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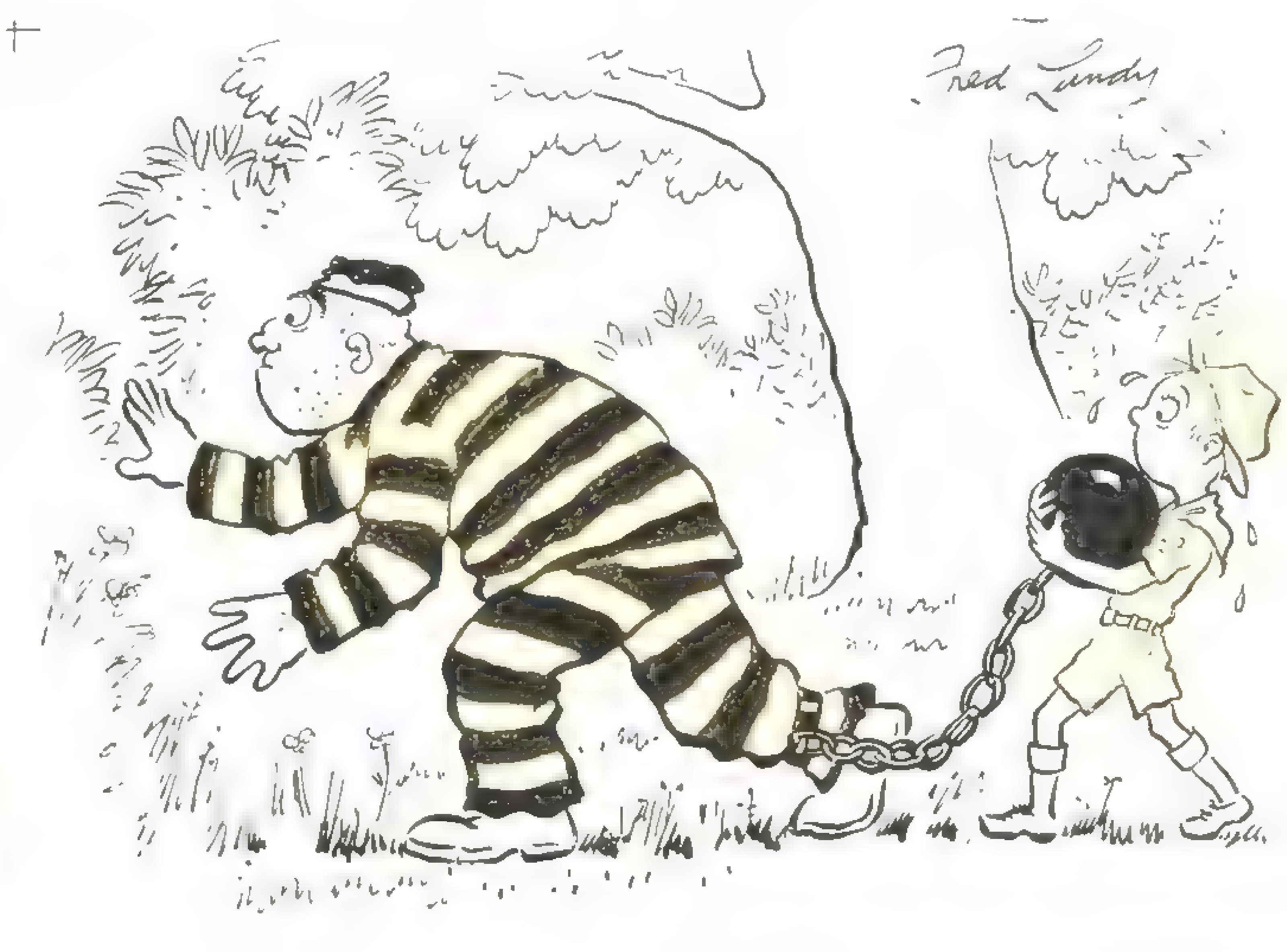

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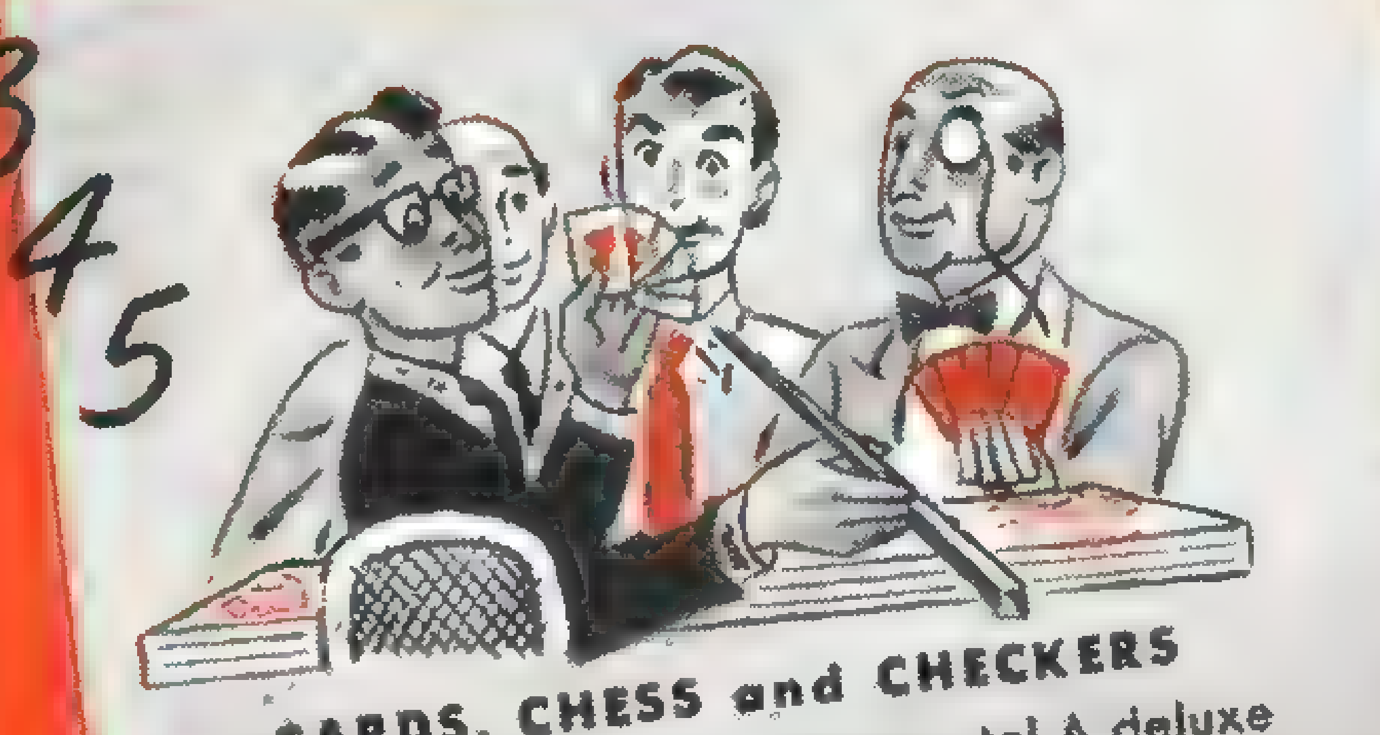

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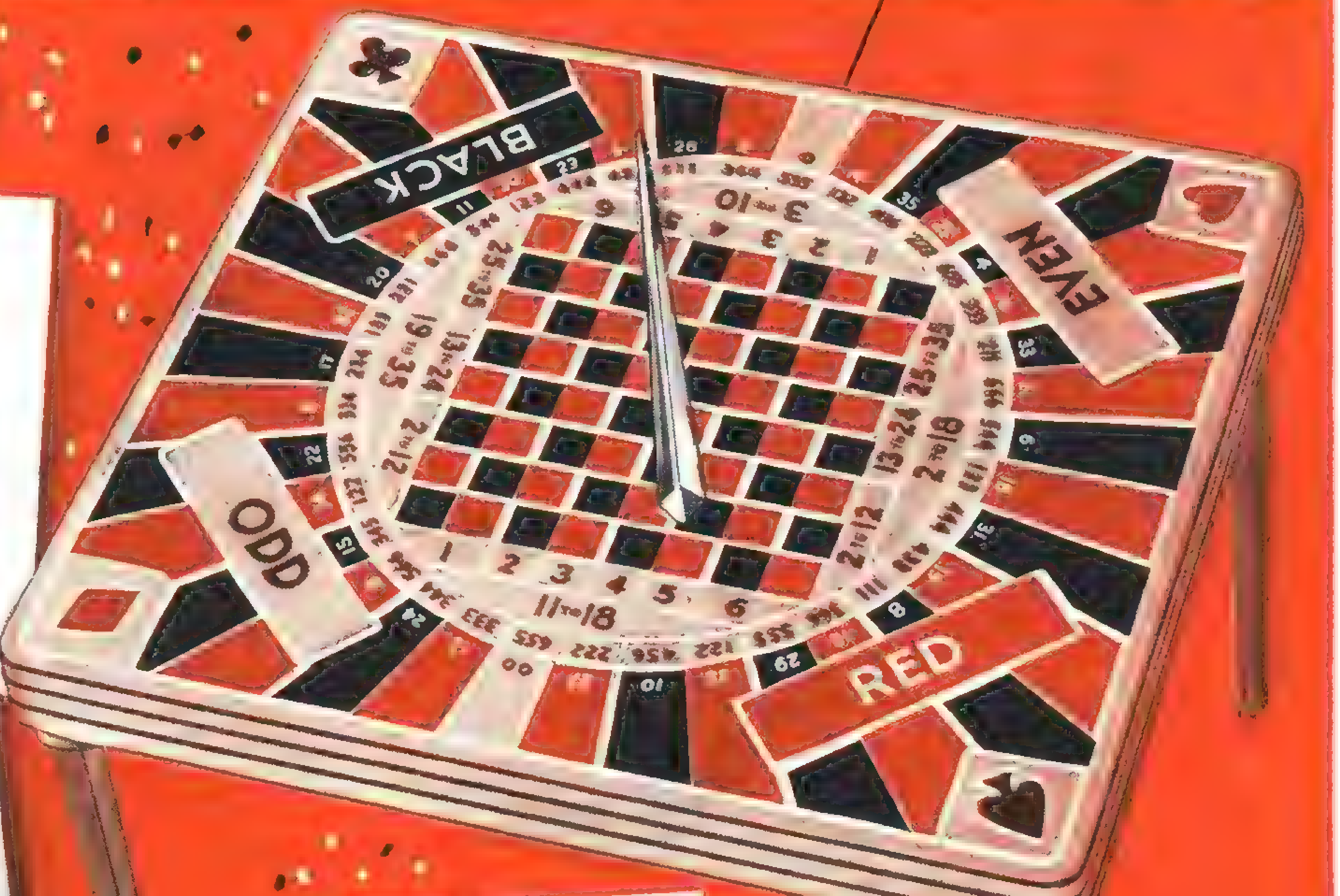

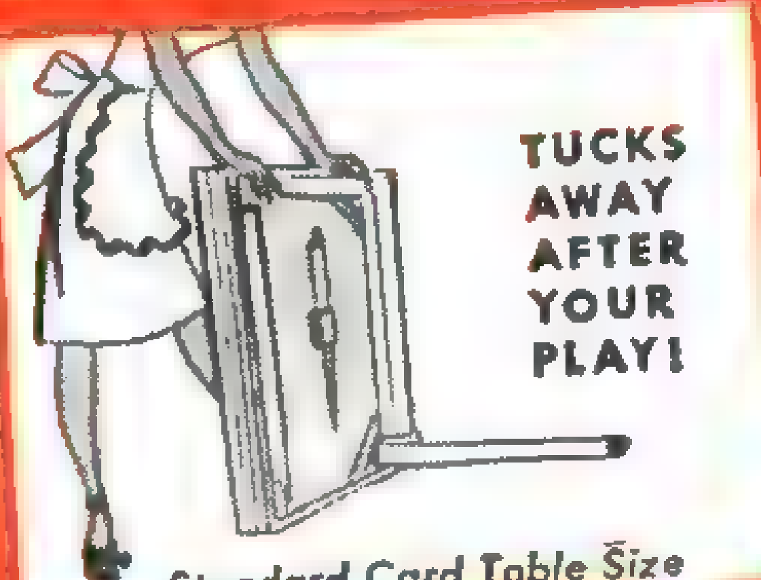

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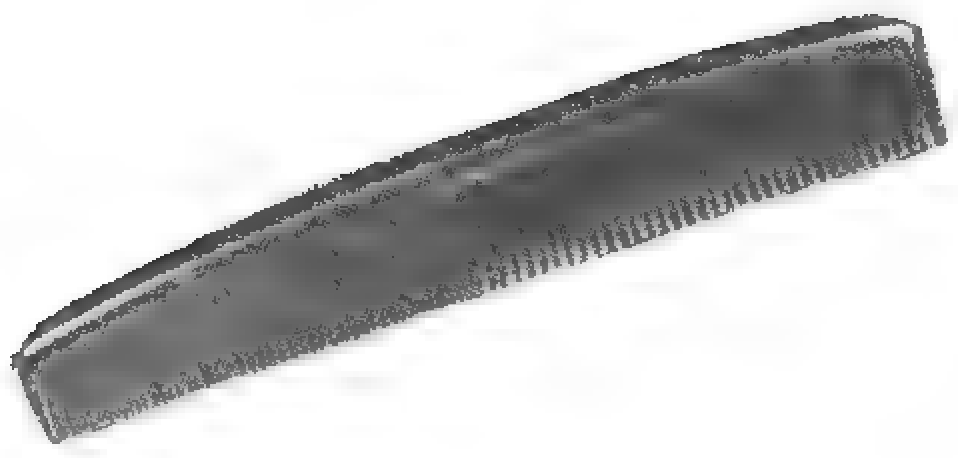

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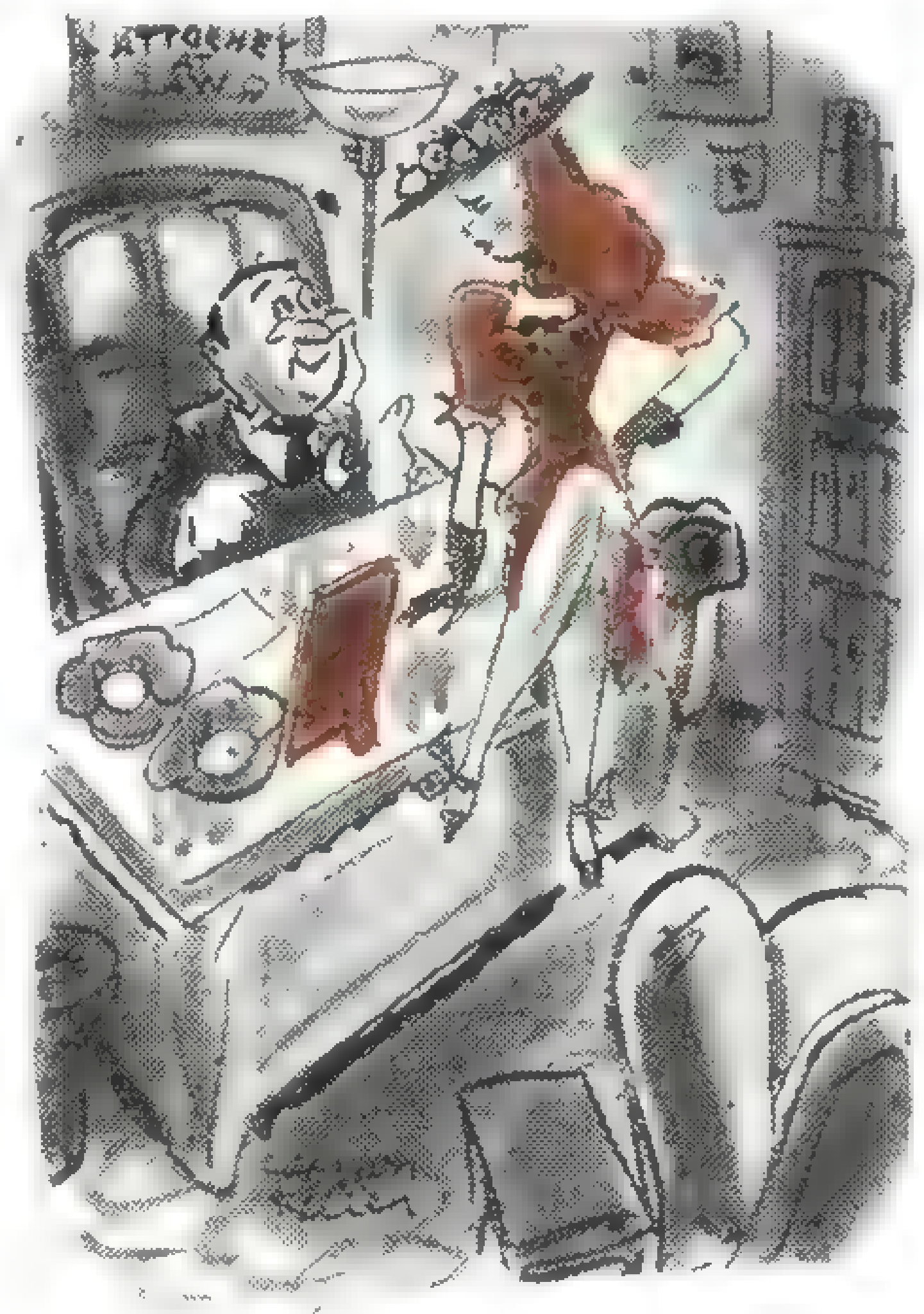
The Single Brute

Continued from page 148

tory crunch of his boots on the hard-road surface, occasionally to lean down and absently touch the soft fur on the head of the big dog at his side. Without a word from Tower, Sergeant remained beside him, not flinging himself into the woods on his usual explorations, not even barking at the sparrows that volleyed up from the side of the road at their approach. Then there was the arrogant blast of an automobile horn behind them. The driver honked his horn again and Tower got off to the dead leaves and snapped twigs on the road shoulders. Now, he thought resignedly, Sergeant will chase that car for a hundred yards and nearly get himself killed. But the station wagon whipped past, creaking and skidding a little, and Sergeant did not move. He stared interestedly at the car, but he remained still. Tower peered at the immobile dog, puzzled. Every other time he had gone for a walk with Sergeant, the dog had given chase, in a ferocious burst of speed, to every vehicle that had passed them. Tower patted the dog's head. "Good boy," he said. "Very good, very, very good."

Sergeant looked up at him gravely, and wagged his tail in a slow, sedate movement, and Tower was certain for a moment that the entire situation was well understood by the animal, the temptation, the surprise, the approval. They walked toward the house and Tower even whistled a little from some scrap of opera he couldn't quite remember, but which fell sweetly on his ear in the crisp silence of the ever-increasing twilight.



"Of course, when you tell me all this in the courtroom, I expect you to cry"

As they neared the crossroad where Sergeant had made the Reilly colt run away, Sergeant trotted a little in front of Tower, and he was out of reach when Tower saw old Mrs. Crocker and her Sealyham terrier. Mrs. Crocker was a little deaf and very nervous and she could be depended upon to suffer great anguish in the middle of a dogfight. The crossroad was on Tower's property and even in his most amiable days Sergeant had never tolerated any strange dogs within what he considered the inviolate boundaries of his legal domain. The two dogs saw each other at the same moment. The Sealyham growled and paced slowly forward. Sergeant stood still, his whole body tensing furiously under his full coat, his tail and ears quivering. Oh, God, Tower thought, standing in shocked stillness for a moment, now it's going to happen. The Sealyham advanced with unpleasant and foolhardy courage, his growling becoming more and more fierce. Sergeant arched his neck and looked down at him, the quivering of his limbs becoming electric and almost unbearable.

"Sergeant!" Tower called hopelessly. "Heel!"

For a moment the big dog did not move. Then, with the Sealyham almost under his nose, snarling deadly and dishonorable insults in more and more unmistakable language, Sergeant turned quietly around and walked gently over to Tower and came to a stop, his head against Tower's knee. Tower stared disbelievingly at Sergeant for a moment, then he said, "Good evening, Mrs. Crocker, I think you'd better pick up your dog."

"Good evening, Mr. Tower," Mrs. Crocker said loudly. "Isn't it lovely out?"

"Yes," Tower said, holding firmly onto Sergeant, although he knew the dog could break away with one bound. "Lovely. I said I think you'd better pick up your dog."

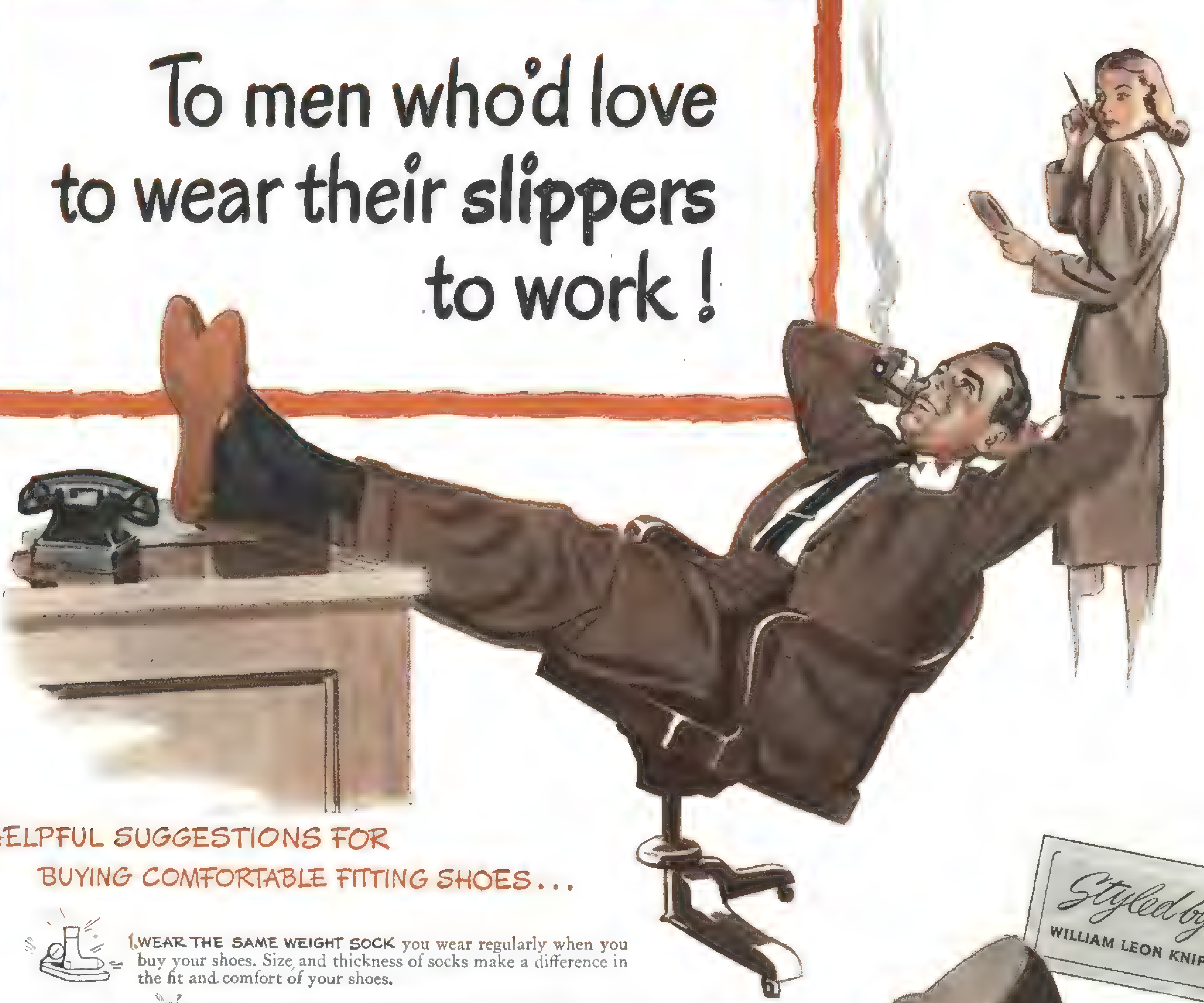
Mrs. Crocker laughed, her false teeth shining merrily in the last light. "Oh," she said, "I never worry. Scotty's a perfect little gentleman." But she picked the Sealyham up and nodded brightly at Tower and patted Sergeant's head indulgently, precariously dangling the little dog over the gaping red jaws as she went by.

Tower sighed. Sergeant never moved. "Lord," Tower said, grinning, "I don't know what's come over you, boy, but whatever it is, it's wonderful."

Smiling, pleased and amused by the dog, Tower walked briskly toward the house, thinking of the first Martini he was going to mix for himself. He had to pass the broken tree, though, on his way to the door, and it altered his mood once more. Clem was no place to be seen, and the combination of his absence and the untidy destruction across the gravel path made Tower suddenly decide that he could no longer bear with the old farmer. For a moment he thought of going directly to Clem's house and having it out with him immediately, accusing him of all the small crimes of laxity and insubordination which had been climaxed with the neglect of the tree. But that would mean an exhausting scene, with Clem's wife and grandchildren probably

Continued on page 152

To men who'd love to wear their slippers to work!



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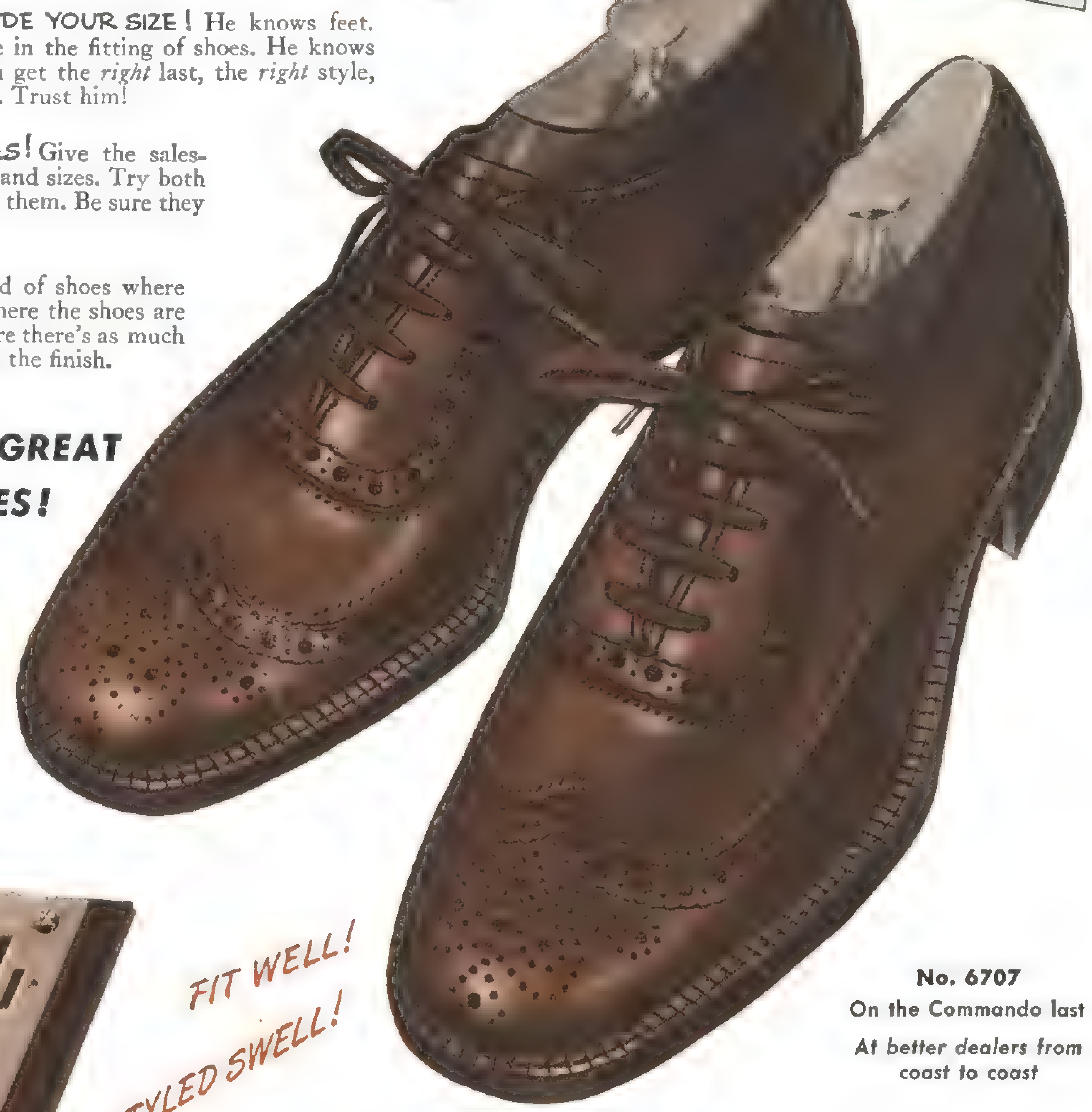

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The Single Brute

Continued from page 150

weeping in the kitchen, and would ruin Tower's evening and the whole week end. No, he thought, skirting the tree with Sergeant still at his heels, I'll write him a note, curt, sharp, with no chance for excuses or pleading, and leave it for him when I go. He felt grimly pleased with himself when he got into the house and he sat down at the desk even before he took off his coat, and wrote out the note, a harsh, stinging one, accusing the old man of ingratitude and sloth, and dismissing him with an abrupt sentence at the end. He sealed the letter, wrote Clem's name on it, and left it propped against the iron inkwell on his desk. Then he mixed himself a large Martini and sat down in front of the fire in the large soft chair under the lamp. Sergeant padded in softly and lay at his feet.

Tower stared reflectively at the dog, lying quietly before him, looking up at him in love and quiet obedience. Fascinating, he thought, the entire temper of his life has changed with the death of his wife. "It's the maleness," Clem had said, "that makes all the trouble." In a sense he had been right, although the maleness did not exist as a quality in itself, but only in relation to the female of the species. Sergeant's wild habits, his storming at all other animals, his contemptuous disobedience had been, Tower realized, grinning, not for his own benefit, but for his mate's. He remembered now that it was always to Kate that the big setter had turned after he had driven a dog off the farm or cowed a mailman into retreat. And his disdainful all-night howling had been an announcement to her of some subtle, wild, unconquerable independence, some stubborn revelation of brute male spirit that had to be made over and over again to cement the mating. It was too bad that Kate had died, and she had been a charming dog, but Tower could not help feeling he had come out of the affair with the better end of the bargain. By the death of the other dog Sergeant had been made a useful and responsible citizen. He was just as male, but now he did not have the occasion nor the need to prove it so unpleasantly. It might not be such a bad idea, Tower thought, to look to nature from time to time for instruction in our own behavior. After all, the brute was in us all, roaming the blood, baying the nerves, obedient to much the same laws and compulsions that held sway in forest and jungle. Who knows, he thought, remembering Madge now on the train passing north through Florida, who knows what senseless, wild acts of vanity and disorder marriage might drive me to? He grinned, but at the back of his mind he felt a growing resolve to think carefully before going to the terminal to meet her the next evening.

He had another drink and a good dinner and read quietly till ten, when he got into bed. He slept well, with Sergeant stretched silently across the threshold all the night.

He was still at breakfast the next morning when Clem came in.

"Mr. Tower," Clem said, holding his cap in his hand, "there are some people to see you."

"Who are they?" Tower asked.

"Mr. Reilly," Clem said; "Mr. Klein, Mr. Cochran, and Mr. Jessop."

"What do they want to see me for?"

"You'd better speak to them yourself, Mr. Tower," said Clem.

"Well," said Tower, "tell them to come in."

"They won't come in, sir. They told me they want to see you outside."

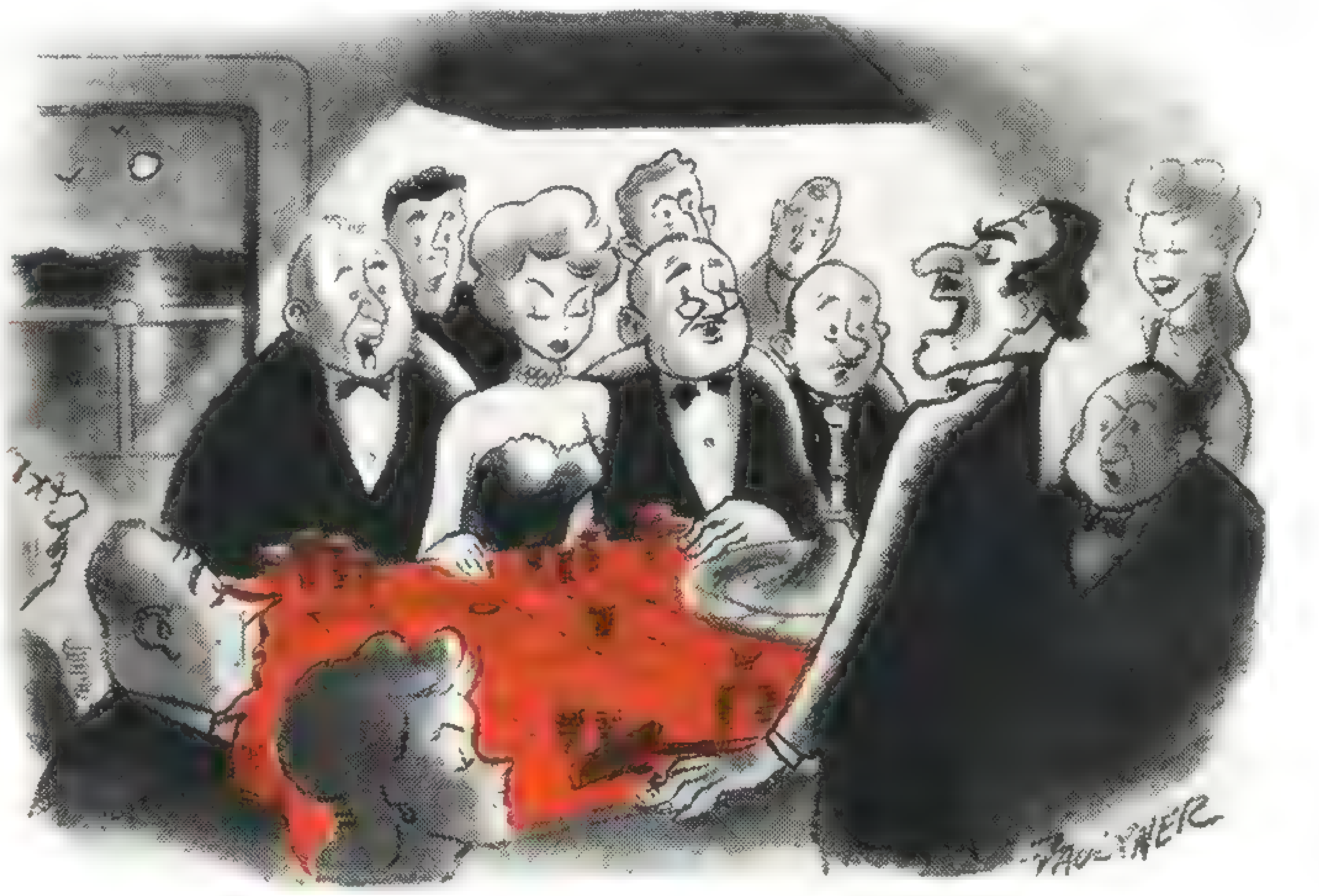
Tower looked puzzledly at Clem. "What is it?" he asked.

"You'd better learn from their own lips, sir."

Tower shrugged and stood up. He leaned over and gave Sergeant a crust of toast with a little jam on it, wiped his fingers and followed Clem out to the front door.

The four men were standing twenty feet away, facing the front

Continued on page 154



"Hurry, everybody, place your bets—word has just been received the ship is sinking"

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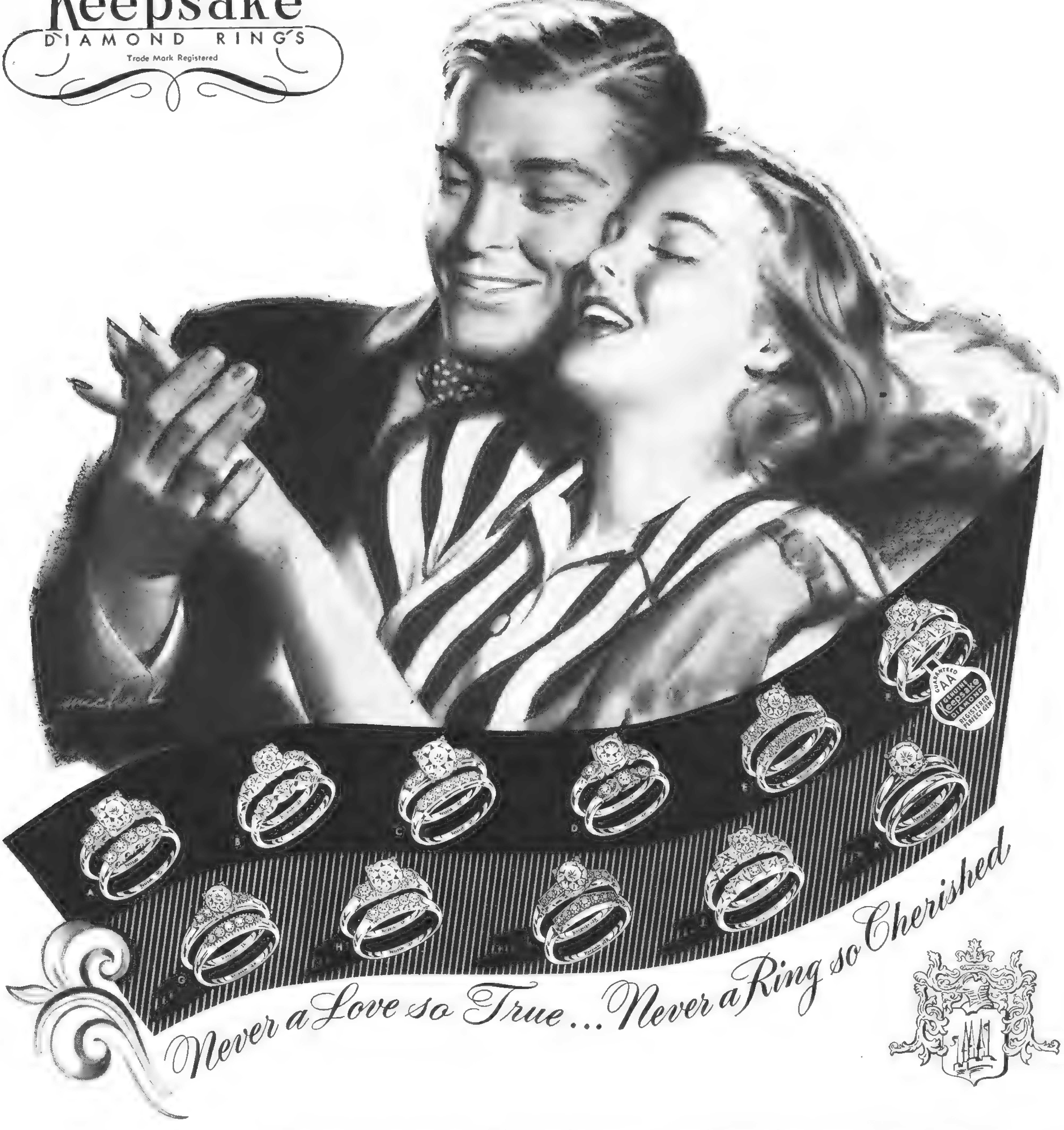
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The Single Brute

Continued from page 152

door in a serious, accusing line.

Tower walked toward them, then stopped when he was close. Sergeant stopped beside him, gravely surveying the visitors.

"Hello," Tower said. "What's the matter?"

"It's the dog," Reilly said. "You'll have to kill him."

"What?" Tower asked, wrinkling his forehead, trying to understand. "What're you talking about?"

"If you don't kill him," Reilly said, "we will." He had a loud voice and when he was angry it was very loud. He was obviously angry now.

"I would like somebody to explain what's happening here," Tower said sharply.

"That animal," Mr. Jessop said, pointing, "is a menace to the community." Sergeant wagged his tail gently at Mr. Jessop.

"We told Clem here twice already," Mr. Klein said, "and he said he would tell you."

"I haven't seen Mr. Tower till this morning," Clem said. "I was going to tell him what you gentlemen were complaining about."

"I'll shoot the bastard if he sets foot on my property again," Reilly said.

"All right," Tower interrupted, "please tell me what he's been doing."

"Well," said Mr. Klein, "in the last two weeks we've begun to notice . . ."

"I'll tell him," said Reilly. "That dog has always been a nuisance, but he never did any real harm before. But something's happened to him. He's killed five dogs in the last two weeks, within a radius of three miles of here. He killed my Scotty, and he killed Klein's chow, and he killed Jessop's beagle and Cochran's Kerry blue and Clem's collie right here on your own land. He goes out and he hunts them down, and it's got to stop right now. Aside from that," Reilly went on hotly, "he's tried to kill a couple of other dogs, and people saved them just in time. And he's getting too damned smart. He roams around, gets the dogs away from houses and people and tears them up, where nobody can stop him . . ."

"Clem?" Tower said.

Clem nodded slowly. "I'm afraid, Mr. Tower," he said, "they're telling the absolute truth."

Tower sighed.

"He's become a murderer," Reilly shouted, "and if you don't put him out of the way, there won't be a live dog left inside of ten miles from here. I wanted to bring my shotgun over here today and do the job right here, but the others wouldn't let me. But if I see him out loose once more, nothing's going to stop me."

"All right, Mr. Reilly," Tower said softly. "You won't need your shotgun." He looked down at the long, intelligent, brutal head of the dog at his feet. Sergeant looked up at him and half-yawned in a long, stretching, graceful movement. Sergeant started away.

"Heel!" Tower said. Obediently, the big dog turned and came back to Tower's side. "I'll have him killed," Tower said. "Thank you for coming over."

He watched the four men climb into the Reilly car and go off down the road.

"Ah," Clem said regretfully, "he's such a handsome animal." He shook his head and plodded slowly toward the barn.

Tower turned and went back into the house. Sergeant followed him. Tower sat down slowly and took the dog's head in his hands. He stared into the dark, wild, clever eyes, trying to see there some hint of what had driven the dog secretly and bitterly across the frozen fields to murder his fellows, some sign of the process which had transformed the public, innocent, male disorder into private crime. But there was no inkling there. The brute face was quiet, friendly, the face of a pet, no more.

Ah, Tower thought, standing up, thinking of all his fine collapsed theories of the night before, thinking of his own savagery in his own jungle in the last few weeks, thinking of Jenkins dismissed and Madge hurt, Birch alienated, the letter to Clem Hoag sealed even now on his desk, ah, the brute is not as manageable as he appears.

He went over to the desk and tore up the letter addressed to Clem.

Then he put on his coat and walked to the kennel, with Sergeant pacing in dignity and beauty behind him. He opened the kennel run door and Sergeant slowly went in. Tower locked the door and started toward the house on the other side of the barn in which Clem and his family lived. They were on their way to church and the children were already in the car. Clem was standing in front of the car waiting for Tower.

"Clem," Tower said, "will you do it?"

"Yes," Clem said gently. "I'll do it all right."

"Nothing else to be done, is there?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Tower."

"I'm going into town now," Tower said. "I have to meet a train."

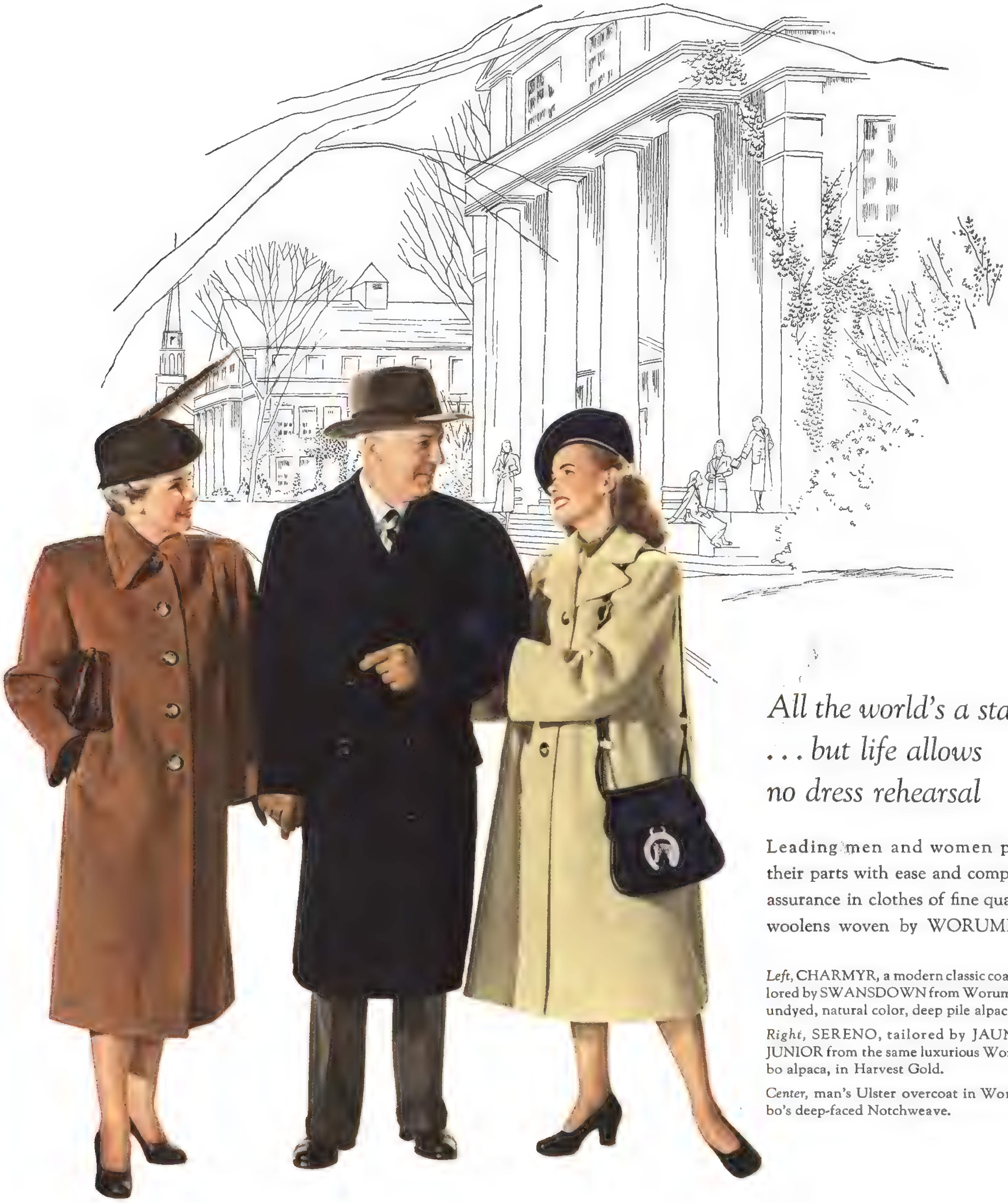
"Yes, sir," said Clem.

"Will you do it before next Friday?" Tower asked. "I expect to be back here then. I'll be bringing along a lady, and I'd like to have the dog out of the way before she gets here."

"Yes, sir," said Clem.

Thirty minutes later, as Tower drove up the driveway toward New York, past the empty house, he could hear the deep, baffled barking from behind the barn, growing fainter as the car went up the road, but still wild, challenging, intractable. #

Continued from page 65



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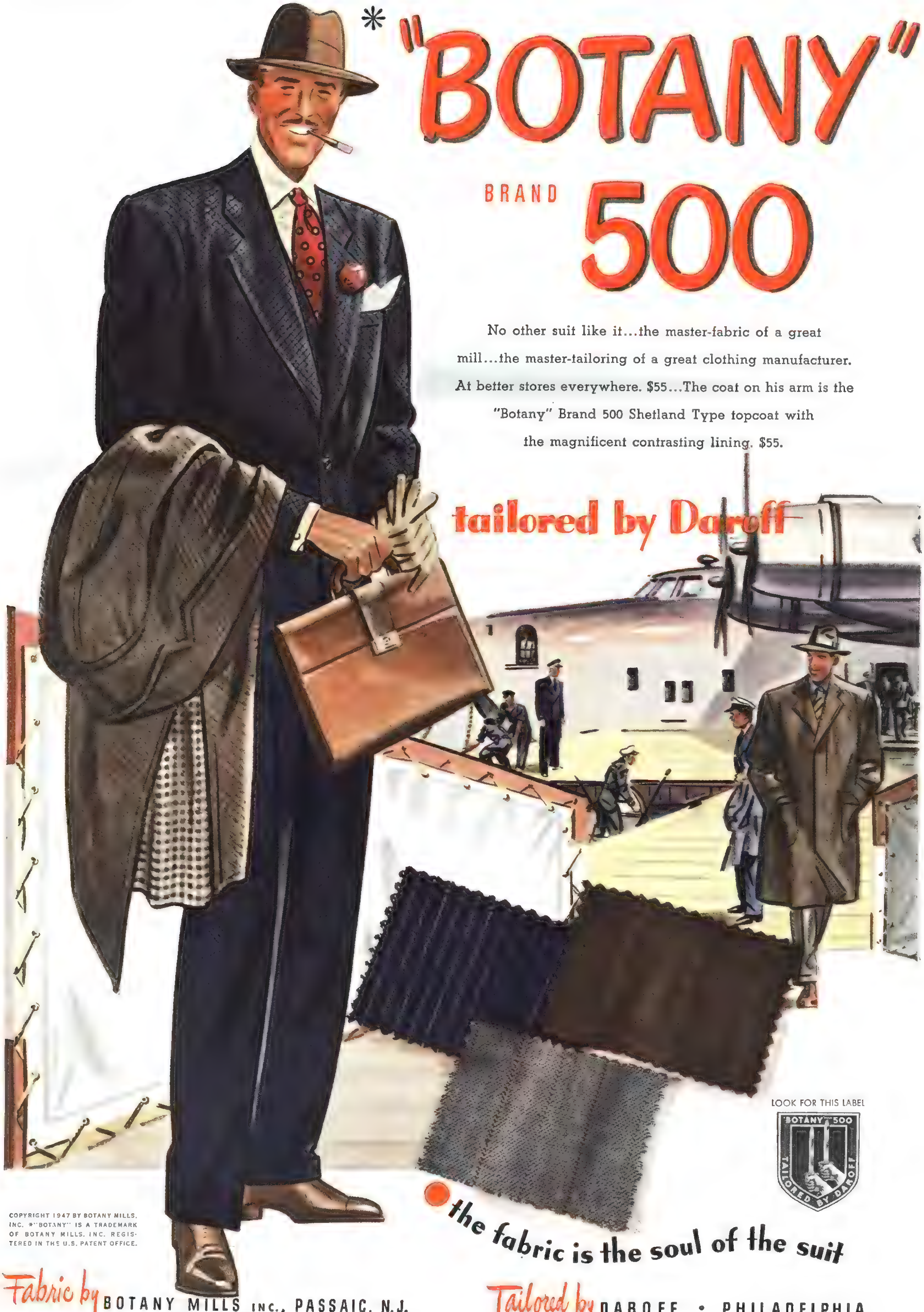

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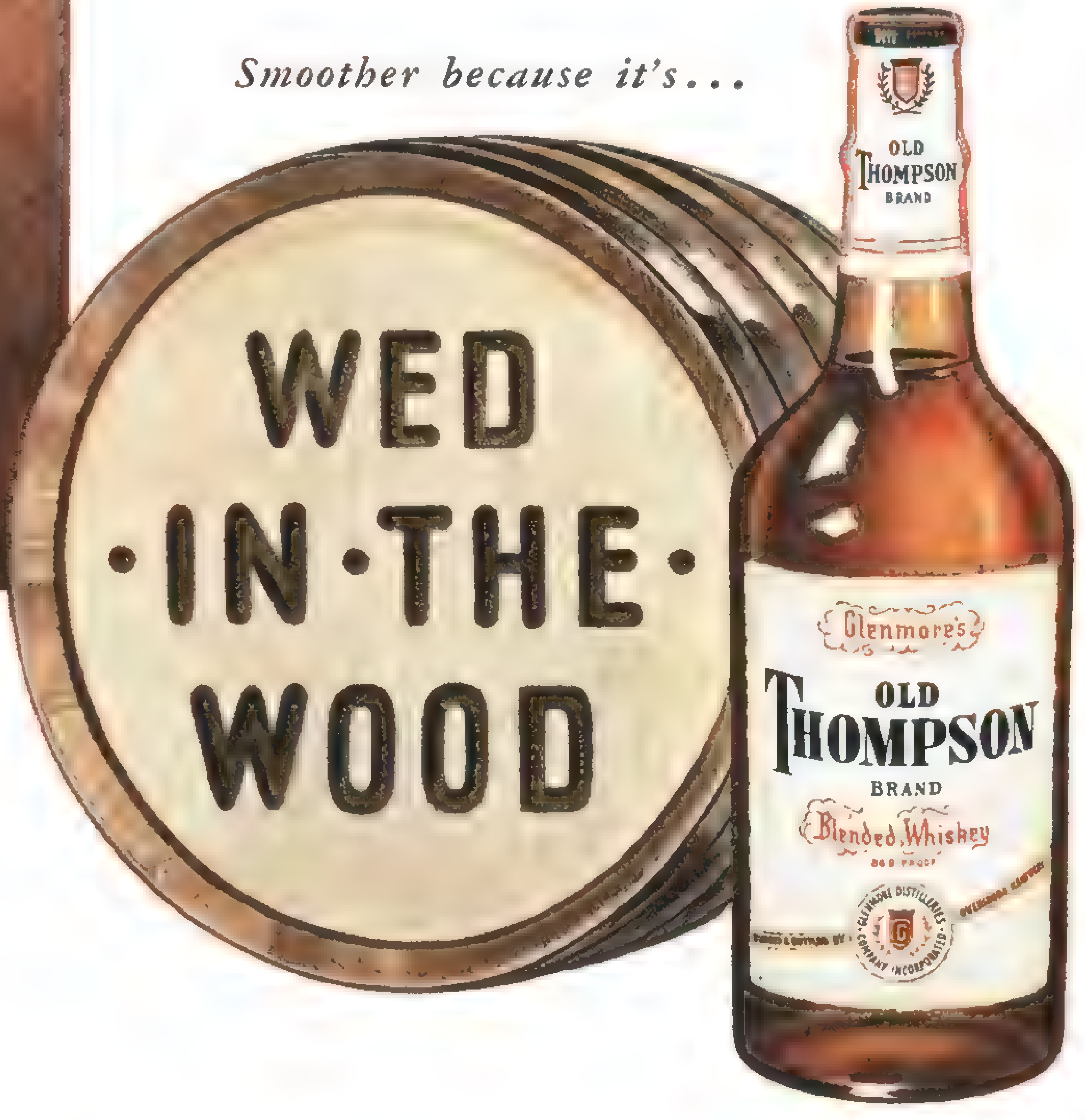

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The Last Tower

Winged creatures flew around the man like some dark fate

by **WILLIAM VALRICK**

I COULD hear their wings beating softly in the night air outside my tower window. In the softness of their rhythmic strokes there was an insistent quality that grew and grew until I knew that someday, despite myself, I would throw open the heavy shutters of iron-bound oak, and yet I also somehow knew that if I did so and looked upon the winged things I would accomplish my own destruction—perhaps that of my people. For I knew that without me the tower would drift back into the terrible nothingness of its creation.

I was the last of the guardians of this tower. For centuries no one had come to relieve me for those brief excursions I recalled among the melon-scented delights on the other side of our planet, where the sun always shone.

I knew there was incipient doom for all once the tower was left unguarded. For only the tower, studded as it was with rare and precious minerals from other universes, could hope to keep back the things that dwelt on the night side.

Our oldest recording filaments do not contain so much as a hint as to when, in incredible time past, the first attacks were made by the winged ones. Apparently this tower had been built by people of my own race. I guessed this from the archaic symbols I found deeply graven in some of the stones and posts that were hidden deep within the somber pile.

But why was I, the present towerkeeper, being neglected? What catastrophe had taken place? For only a total overwhelming of my people would cause them to forget either the tower or the things that drifted always just beyond it, their wings rustling and calling.

It had been centuries now since I had been relieved and centuries of aloneness, of constant listening and waiting, can wear away the nervous system's balance, however stimulated and aided by drugs within my daily ration of food capsules.

And then one night I awoke from some nightmare to find myself crying aloud as I tore with my nails and teeth at the age-set bolts and locks that secured the heavy shutters against the night things.

With the return of my senses I lay for a while on the floor, sobbing, and then I made the decision that since everything was beyond hope anyway and I was the last, rather than take the chance of allowing the softly beating wings to get at me through my own temporary insanity, that I should kill myself. At least it would be a good, cool and decent death.

Then things within me rebelled at such a thought. Wait at least another century, wait, wait and see. They might come back. But I knew that if it were to be done it must be done now. Carefully I took my left thumb in my right hand and rapidly hacked away at my throat with the thick, sharpened thumbnail which I had let grow long and sharp and kept honed on the smooth stone floor.

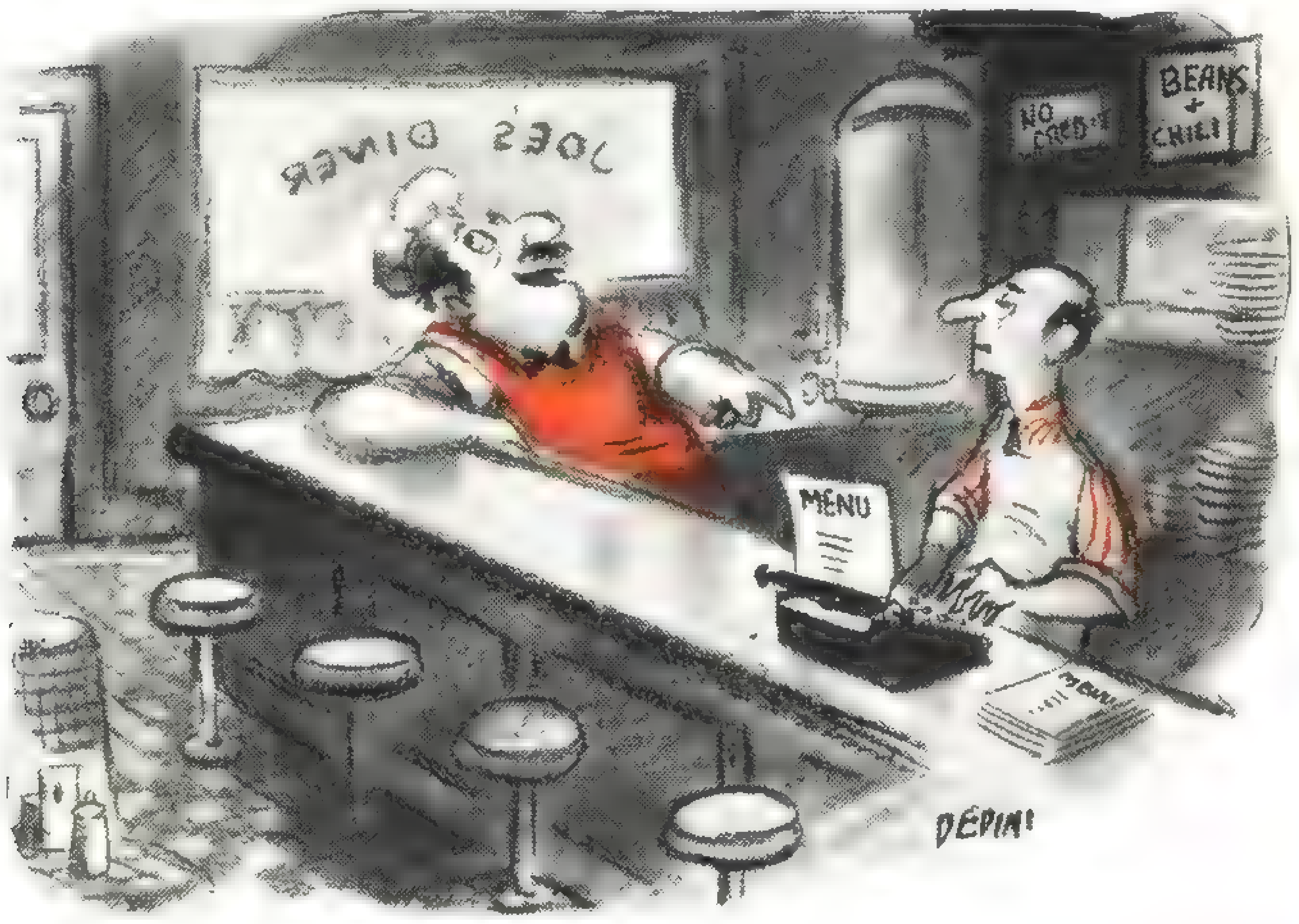
As I passed into oblivion I thought I heard the sound of wings grow louder and small laughter like tiny water-covered bells.

* * *

"Say, Jim, did you hear what one of the Goonies did to himself up in Ward 8 last night? Killed himself with his thumbnail."

"Yeah, funny thing too, that was the guy I was planning on moving to another ward. The Doc told me last week to do it. Something about the pigeon loft outside his room bothering the guy." ⵌ

ESQ. Oct. 47 | BRIEF



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The Little Lady with the Big Voice

Continued from page 102

out of Hollywood. At five the column is finished. A messenger comes for the precious copy, then departs and leaves the lady once more to her own devices. Miss Gwynn usually goes back to bed. At dinnertime she arises and dresses—elaborately, for dressing elaborately is one of her most distinguishable feminine characteristics. Then she goes out and spends the evening moving in those small, charmed circles which the rest of the world delights to read about with bated breath. The evening may be spent at a preview, or a party, or several parties. All in the company of the charming gentlemen with which Hollywood abounds and of whom Miss Gwynn knows the vast majority. After an evening of fun and frolic Miss Gwynn returns to her charming if unpretentious home in Beverly Hills, undresses, climbs back into bed, falls into a deep sleep until nine o'clock in the morning—at which time, of course, the phone starts ringing.

This is the daily routine of one who is proud to call herself a member of that constantly clacking claque, the Hollywood columnists.

Having carefully followed the routine this far, the average reader should be bursting with impatience. He is entitled to ask the question that has been burning him right along—just who the hell is Edith Gwynn?

The question is a fair one. The answer is a lengthy one. It is best to start at the beginning.

There are approximately four hundred people residing in Hollywood today who make a living by writing about Hollywood. The Hollywood correspondents are divided, basically, into two classes. There are, first, the VIP's—the Very Important Persons who are known the length and breadth of the land because their messages are printed in many newspapers and read by millions of Americans. Thus Hedda Hopper. And thus Louella Parsons. And thus Erskine Johnson, who writes for hundreds of papers a day. These and a few more like them are known to most Americans. Naturally, the motion-picture studios love these people like anything. Nothing is too good for them.

The second group of Hollywood correspondents are LIP's—or Less Important Persons. These include the ladies and gentlemen who write for just one newspaper, or a mere handful of them, or for a fan magazine or two. It also includes those who work on a free-lance (or hand-to-mouth) basis. The studios are very, very busy concerns, but they try to find time for these poor but honest folk.

In other words, the bigger you are and the larger your syndication as a columnist, the more the studios will co-operate with you in your daily efforts to secure news.

There is only one exception to this rule, and her name is Edith Gwynn.

Indeed, Miss Gwynn breaks all the Hollywood rules pertaining to columnists—both statutory rules and the unwritten kind.

For years her column appeared in just one periodical published in Hollywood. Then she picked up two other outlets, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and the New York *Morning Telegraph*. The Hollywood periodical has a daily circulation of 6500, five days a week, and no week-end circulation at all. Until she signed up with a syndicate recently the vast majority of Americans had never heard of Edith Gwynn. Yet, every studio in Hollywood gives her as high a priority on the special-treatment lists as it gives Hopper and Parsons and Johnson; no impartial observer in his right mind would exclude her from a list of the six most important columnists in Hollywood; and it would be the mark of ignorance or malice to leave her off a list of the top dozen gossip columnists in America.

The explanation to this peculiar situation lies, first, in the Hollywood paper Edith Gwynn writes for.

It is called the Hollywood *Reporter*. It is often called the Bible of the motion-picture industry. Everybody in the business reads it. To most studios, publicity in the *Reporter* is as important as publicity in any syndicate. Reputations are made or muddled in the *Reporter*, and most of the Hollywood powers that be derive a certain spiritual (and sometimes practical) satisfaction out of seeing their names in the home-town paper. It goes without saying that anybody who writes a column for the *Reporter* is a power in the business.

The answer to the manner in which Miss Gwynn upsets all the Hollywood rules about columnists lies, secondly, in the column she writes. It is called *The Rambling Reporter*.

The Rambling Reporter is written in the standardized sentence-and-three-dot style adopted by most dishers of the nation's dirt. It is, nevertheless, a stylistic triumph for its creator. Within the confines of that limited technique Miss Gwynn manages to pack as much of her own downright personality as does her better-known prototype in the field, Walter Winchell. Through every line of

Continued on page 162

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The Little Lady with the Big Voice

Continued from page 160

her column comes the booming voice of a lady who knows what she wants to say and how to say it. She is feminine in certain of her phrasings, and two-fisted in others—and just as paradoxical in many other ways. She is lush in her praises and brash in her condemnations. To her the residents of filmland are "tootsie cakes" and "lambie pies"—or they are "jerks" and "joiks." She bawls out the big female stars if she doesn't like the way they dress, or the things they say, or the way they rumba. With what looks like reckless abandon she tells off producers, directors, and such assorted sacred cows. But three dots later she will prostrate herself at the feet of somebody she simply adores.

Naturally, Edith has an avid reading public. Most people in the trade would feel cheated any weekday morning at the breakfast table if they didn't have Edith's column propped up against the caviar bowl. *The Rambling Reporter* is "must" reading for everybody in the business.

It is the most widely read section of the Hollywood *Reporter* and, to most people, the most indispensable. It is also, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the most widely copied movie column in America. Other columnists feel perfectly free to lift anything they like from it . . . and most of them do. If the *Reporter* ever suspended publication, a hundred Hollywood columnists would be at a loss for words. When another columnist swipes her stuff and air mails it back to the home-town paper, he knows that the stuff will still be fresh when it gets printed there two days later. The publisher of the *Reporter*, William R. Wilkerson, once offered to bet Louis B. Mayer $500 that Edith Gwynn was the most widely read movie columnist in America—if everything stolen from her column every day and printed in other columns were taken into account. Mayer laughingly took the bet. Wilkerson put a clipping service on the trail of the prattle rustlers . . . and won his bet with Mayer, though it cost him more than the $500 to do so.

Gwynn is a celebrity's columnist—and a columnist's columnist. Winchell is among her loudest admirers. The late Robert Benchley was one of her vociferous fans, and literati like Robert E. Sherwood still are. Damon Runyon paid her a compliment he never paid anybody else—he wrote a guest column for her.

There is, of course, an unholy fascination in gossip, and Edith would have a wide readership even if she had no style of her own. Her content would stand up by itself. But it so happens that Edith does not merely put the gossip down in cold blood. Her style is a distinctive one. It is a hermaphroditic style. It has some of the good, hard masculinity of Winchell, and some of the neat, sweet femininity of the late Maury (Cholly Knickerbocker) Paul. Edith may go into a tizzy over a brooch she saw on somebody's neck at somebody's party, and for two or three gushing lines bore the pants off the whole male section of her reading public. But in the next sentence those same males are likely to bump into a rewarding news item.

On her feminine side are her unabashed enthusiasms for certain pretty people in the pretty places. To Edith, such persons as Cary Grant, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Anita (whom she calls "La Bella") Colby, Carlton Alsop, Skitch Henderson, and a few other intimates, are dream boats, tootsie cakes, and lambie pies. She almost hugs them to death in print. But, female-wise, she can also use her nails on persons she does not like. Elisabeth Bergner, for example, gives Edith "a pain in her Mittel-Europa." Once, mentioning the people at a swank Hollywood party, she described a star's wife as "that blonde job with what looked like twelve sets of false curls."

Will Rogers, Jr., is, to Edith, "a 'junior' in more ways than one —from his corny imitation of his pa's head scratching to some of his more transparent opinions and remarks." (Rogers is fair game for Edith because though his metier is politics his home is in the Hollywood hills.) Edith also keeps telling the screen stars how to dress. She took one look at Jeanne Crain at a party one night, when Miss Crain was corn-fed and new to Hollywood, and ran home in a rage to write, "What kind of a party, or what world, Jeanne was dressed for, nobody could figger out. Someone at Fox should reahlly take that gal in hand and teach her the clothes facts of life."

In such cases, she names names. In other cases where what she has to say is a little more on the violent side, she prefers to stay this side of the libel laws by not naming names. Instead, she teases her audience with unanswered questions. "Guess," she asks, "what femme star is having trouble with her studio bosses over the girl-company she keeps. They hardly come under the heading of 'fans.' " Under the same general heading of "teasers" comes the frequent slap at some unnamed celebrity. "A top movie star," she writes, "has been drinking brandy with both hands lately, acting like a nervous wreck—and telling people he's got a new girl already—even though he hasn't separated from his current spouse." These guessing games are popular in Hollywood. Anybody in Hollywood who doesn't know the answer to one of Edith's unanswered questions is likely to spend hours begging or bribing the answer from somebody who does know—or pretends to.

On the masculine side of

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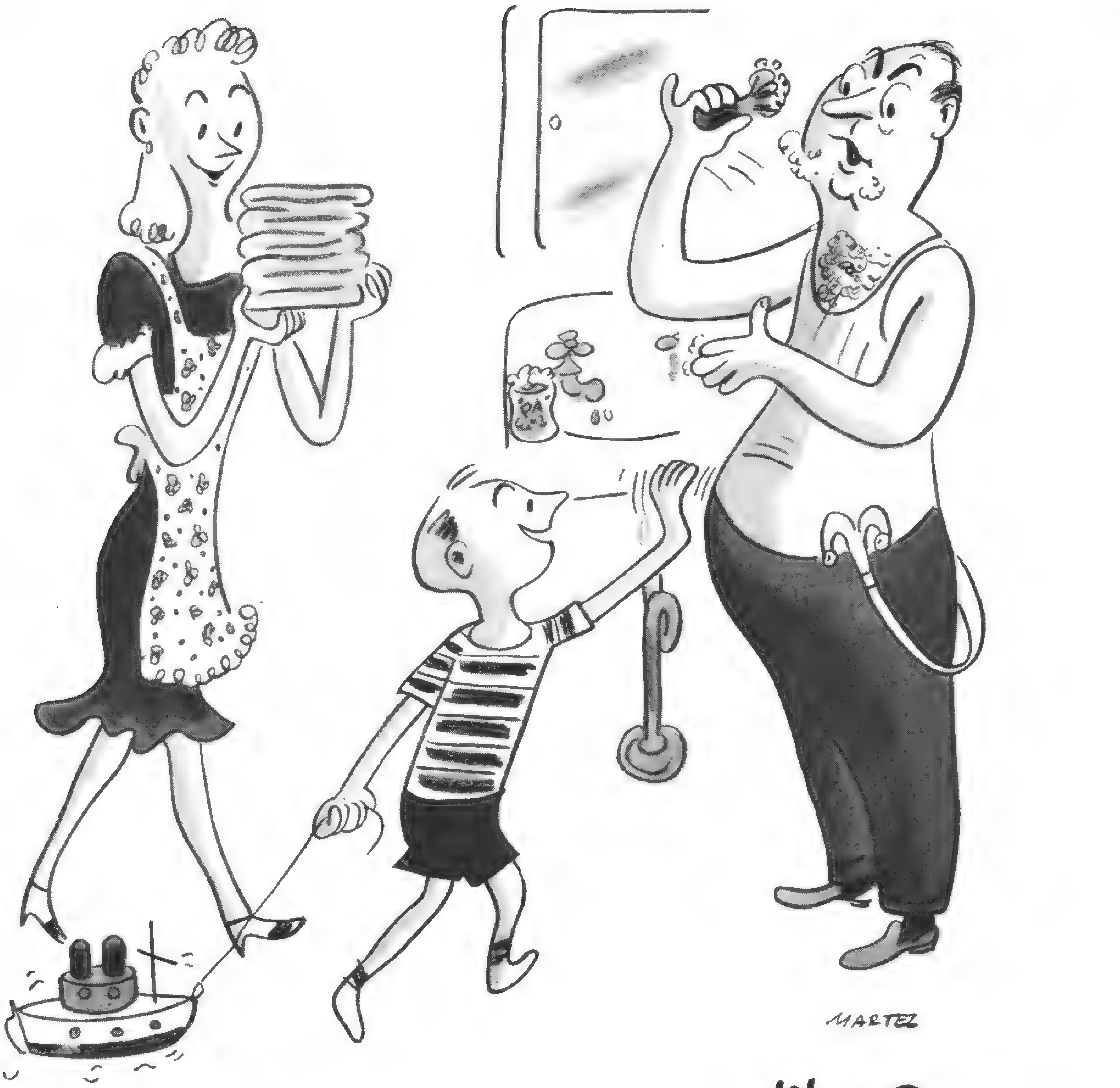

"Mom... will I grow *sideways* like Pop?"

Sometimes children are franker than wives (if that is possible) in puncturing our little vanities with cold reality. Sure, some of your classmates are getting that "middle-aged bulge." But what about yourself?

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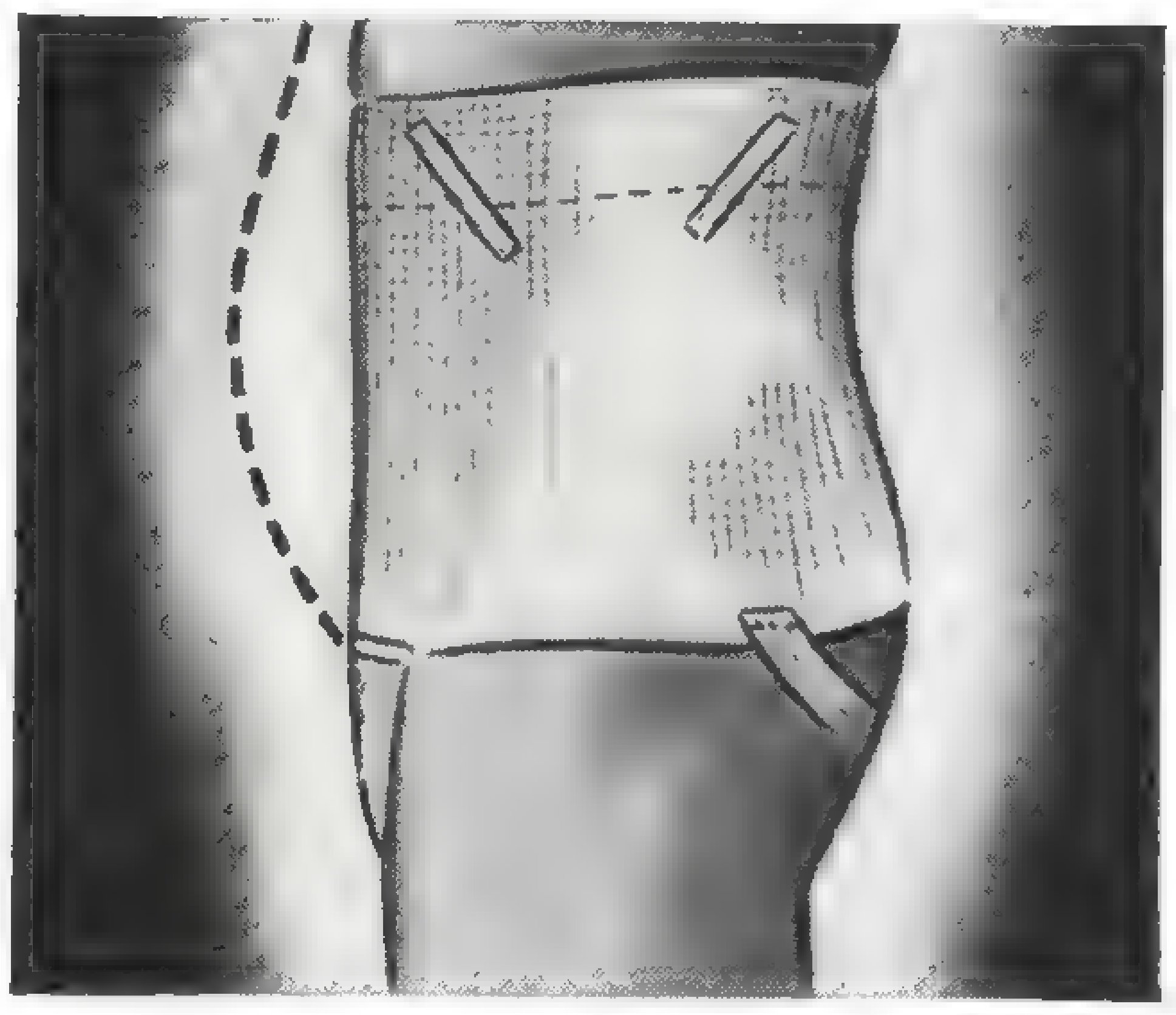

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TAKES THE MIDDLE OUT OF MIDDLE AGE

The Little Lady with the Big Voice

Continued from page 162

Edith's temperament is her ability to pay close attention to anatomy. Like her good friend, Earl Wilson, she makes frequent allusions to the mammary equipment of the Hollywood ladies. Like Wilson, she likes to invent synonyms for the word "bosom." Thus she informs her readers that a certain producer has been forced to tone down Marie Wilson's "personality," so that "now the hills are bathed in shadows."

All this is part and parcel of *The Rambling Reporter.* It may explain, to some extent, why the column has the fascination of a comic strip, the habit-forming qualities of coffee or hashish. It may also explain why the little lady has as many enemies as she has friends—enemies who openly threaten to blacken her eye. The little lady herself remains unperturbed, turns out a column that is a combination of masculine approach, feminine reproach, and—incidentally—excellent reporting. That the column is required reading goes without saying. When two movie men meet they do not ask, "Did you read what Gwynn had to say this morning about so and so?" The question is, "What did you think of what Gwynn had to say this morning about so and so?" For Gwynn has made *The Rambling Reporter* a Hollywood institution. She has been at it, on and off, for eleven years.

Now, anybody who has worked for the Hollywood *Reporter* has worked for a man named William R. ("Billy") Wilkerson. Employees of Wilkerson's usually find their life inextricably tied up with the life of that rather remarkable man, another one of those figures familiar to everyone in Hollywood and unfamiliar to anybody outside its three-mile limits. Edith Gwynn has found herself more inextricably tied up to him than most, because she, in addition to working for him, has been married to him.

In itself, the distinction of having been married to Billy Wilkerson is not unique. Other women of differing shapes, sizes and temperaments share it with her. When Edith introduces one, she says, "Meet my ex-wife-in-law." They are members of the same club—but Edith is the only one who has ever worked for Wilkerson. How that came about is really the story of the Hollywood *Reporter.*

William R. ("Billy") Wilkerson, generally two jumps ahead of his nearest competitor, is a slim, dark man with face and mustache and smile of an old-time movie heavy, and one of the important powers in Hollywood. No doors in the movie capital are closed to him. Wilkerson is big enough to argue with Louis B. Mayer, Darryl Zanuck, Sam Goldwyn and the Warner Brothers, individually or en masse. In Hollywood that amounts to throwing down the gauntlet to God. He is also rich enough to play cards with Hollywood producers. Wilkerson's business is the *Reporter* and his hobby is the owning and operating of restaurants and night clubs—he has owned and disowned at least a half dozen of Hollywood's biggest. But his power in Hollywood stems from the fact that he is the publisher of the Hollywood *Reporter.* He has been publishing it since 1930.

In the nineteen twenties Wilkerson was managing the booking department of Universal Pictures Exchange. Edith Gwynn, the daughter of a New York lawyer, was doing some modelling around New York, and occasionally some extra work at the movie studios out in Astoria, Long Island. She wanted to be an actress, she wanted to be a big publicist. She wanted to go to Hollywood. She was working for *Judge* Magazine when she met Wilkerson. She was sixteen years old. Three years later, in 1927, they were married.

Wilkerson had always toyed with the idea of starting a trade paper in Hollywood. In 1930 he had enough money to take his chances. He and his bride talked over their plans on the westbound train. It would be, they decided, devoted to the business, financial, and personal doings of the film colony. It would contain news items, and gossip columns, and reviews of the current pictures. It was as an afterthought that Billy turned to Edith and told her: "Oh—and you'll write the gossip column and do the reviews."

The first issue of the *Reporter* came out on September 3rd, 1930. Edith wrote the gossip column, called *The Lowdown.* She also wrote reviews of current pictures.

Wilkerson says today, "She's the best reviewer we ever had. She brought something new and fresh to movie criticism." Wilkerson does not mean "new" and "fresh" to be synonymous terms. Edith was, as a matter of fact, too damn fresh. "Of course," says Wilkerson, "we had to discontinue her reviews."

The reason he gives for that is that "Edith was overly honest in her reviewing." What this means, translated from the Hollywood, is that a trade paper in Hollywood must play a certain amount of ball. Its reviewers have their constitutional rights when it comes to liking or disliking any pictures that come along, but they must be

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RED BIRD
ALL WOOL SHIRT

If your dealer cannot supply you, send money order for $8.50, together with your shirt size, and we will have the nearest New Era dealer deliver the Red Bird shirt to you.

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NEW ERA SHIRT CO., ST. LOUIS • *Makers of Fine Shirts for Three Generations*

prudent in the ways and means they take to do so. The main revenue in a Hollywood trade paper comes from studio advertising. According to Wilkerson, the trick in doing reviews for his Hollywood trade paper is to be honest if you can, but not overly honest. Edith was overly honest. She called 'em as she saw 'em.

So Edith quit reviewing. That left her with *The Lowdown.*

Shortly after the *Reporter* began to be a howling success, Wilkerson began to develop a sense of grateful obligation to Motion Pictures. He began to feel that, as one of the nation's heavy industries, the movies had to acquire and maintain a little dignity. To that end, he set his own shining example. Feeling that *The Lowdown* was too undignified a name for a column, he changed it to *The Rambling Reporter.*

Edith wrote *The Rambling Reporter* steadily into 1937, and managed to make, by dint of perseverance, insatiable curiosity, and unstinting hard work, a host of enemies and an army of readers for herself and for the paper. Edith was not only moving in the enchanted circles she had dreamed of as a child of Manhattan, she was swinging with both fists.

"That column," says Edith, referring to the original *Rambling Reporter,* "was tops in bitchery. Tops. I wouldn't be guilty of that sort of thing today."

Edith and Billy were divorced in 1935, but Edith continued to work for Billy and the *Reporter* until 1937. In that year she quit —in a huff. She ran an item that a certain big boss of a certain studio was about to be fired. The boss, and the studio, and the boss' friends screamed "liar!" But Edith would not retract the statement. Five weeks later the boss was fired. He is still looking for a job. Edith was vindicated, but hardly mollified. In the general hubbub she had resigned from the Hollywood *Reporter.*

After Edith quit Wilkerson and his *Reporter,* she relaxed. She tried a hitch on a Hollywood sustaining program, dispensing gossip. But—"I stunk on radio" is the way she puts it. The radio sound technicians had not yet perfected their science to the point where Edith's voice could sound *intime.* She wrote a gossip column for one of the fan magazines. It ran for a year and a half. For the rest, Edith just relaxed. She had the house she and Wilkerson had lived in, and funds to keep it going. She relaxed for five years.

All that time Wilkerson was trying other columnists in *The Rambling Reporter* spot, mostly men. There were some good ones and some bad ones. The Army kept taking the ones he liked and Wilkerson kept firing the ones he didn't. In 1942, Edith, who was still having herself a time relaxing, got sentimental about the *Reporter,* patriotic about the manpower shortage, and offered her services to Wilkerson. He snapped them up. She's been writing *The Rambling Reporter* ever since. Chances are she'll continue to do so until she faints at the loom.

There are three important daily columns in the *Reporter.* William R. ("Billy") Wilkerson himself writes one on the front page. Edith Gwynn writes hers on the second, and Irving Hoffman, the *Reporter's* bright boy in New York, writes one on the third page. Wilkerson devotes his column to telling the industry ("our great industry" he calls it) what is right with it, what is wrong with it, and how to behave itself. Naturally, this narrows down his reading public. Irving Hoffman, who writes chitchat and the latest stories from New York, but no gossip, directs his appeal to a wider audience. But Gwynn's domain is the one everybody is interested in. She writes the gossip. There are no facts or figures available, but on the face of it, it would seem that if twenty-five per cent of the *Reporter's* readers read Wilkerson's column, and seventy-five per cent of them wouldn't miss Hoffman on a bet, then one hundred per cent turn to Edith Gwynn. The proportion of popularity would be somewhere along those lines. Edith's position as one of the authentic sages and informants of Hollywood is as secure as Gibraltar. There are only two other women who wield, through the press, as much power, and they are named Hedda and Louella. In Hollywood these are the three female columnists always mentioned in the same breath, with varying degrees of warmth—or heat. And the relationship of these three, in professional terms, is an interesting one.

If Hedda hates Edith, Edith has given her cause. Edith snipes at Hedda every once in a while. Hedda doesn't even acknowledge Edith's presence in her column. There is no rivalry between the two, technically speaking. They do not muscle in on each other's territory. There exists between them simply the insuperable barrier of feline incompatibility.

On the other hand, Edith's relations with Louella are dreamy.

Edith thinks Louella is a lamb. She regards Louella with much the same younger generation indulgence that Saki's bright nephews used to have for their maiden aunts. Twice Hedda has pulled journalistic *faux pas* for which Edith has called her down. But if Louella pulls a bloomer on the air or in print, Edith will not be too uproariously censorious about it. She will be vastly amused.

Her relations with Louella were not always so amiable. There was a time when the girls had a big hot feud on, but that was so long ago that it has been forgotten by the principal characters. The feud came about simply because Edith is such a good reporter and Louella such a proud one.

Louella is known as the First Lady of Hollywood. This may be due to the fact that she has a penchant for being the very first to print all the important news

Continued on page 166

IN BOWLING or IN SUSPENDERS

Free-Swing is the thing

They're action packed, these "Paris Free-Swing"* Suspenders. Whatever you're doing they'll stay with you—just "can't skid off your shoulders". The exclusive rotary-action back does the trick. Moves with every motion—eliminates skid—strain, pull. For real suspender comfort, get All Elastic "Paris Free-Swings" in the newest colors and patterns. At better stores everywhere $1.50 to $5.00.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • A product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

PARIS BELTS • FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS • GARTERS and wait till you walk in them!

Smart appearance is only part of the pleasure we build into Matrix Shoes. "Your-footprint-in-leather"—cradles every curve in the bottom of your foot. Enjoy a new kind of walking pleasure in the Matrix Shoe!

Look in your classified telephone directory for the name of your local dealer.

Matrix Shoes

BY HEYWOOD

Your footprint in leather

THE HOUSE OF HEYWOOD, Worcester 4, Mass., Makers of Men's Fine Shoes Since 1884

The Little Lady with the Big Voice

Continued from page 165

about movies. The studios know the penchant well and cater to it with a devotion that is quite touching. They know that Louella is so anxious to get the news *first* that she employs a sizable staff of reporters, secretaries, and general handymen and women to help her get it . . . and keep it.

When Edith Gwynn came upon the scene in 1930 as the gossip reporter for an upstart little trade paper called the Hollywood *Reporter*, she was then, as she is now, a lone wolf. She has never had a secretary or a typist, she keeps no files of any kind. The equipment she brought into the Hollywood battle for news was a remarkable memory instead of a set of files, and a tremendous ability to get around for herself instead of supporting an army of leg men and secretaries. Soon, very soon, her ability to meet the right people, and to make them talk to her, had results that had the great Parsons gasping for breath. Gwynn frequently scooped Parsons and Parsons kept getting into a snit.

But today's vendetta in Hollywood is tomorrow's honeymoon, and those who are attempting to slip Mickeys to each other in the morning are sipping Martinis together at high noon. One fine day, through somebody's grievous error, Edith and Louella were invited to the same party. They met for the first time. Edith immediately decided that Louella was a lamb. Louella decided that Edith was a precious child. They have been palsy-walsy ever since. Louella gives Edith nice little plugs in her column, and sees to it that the Hearst papers as a whole do likewise. On April 9th, 1945, when Edith announced her engagement to a lieutenant in the Air Force, the news was printed on the front page of the Los Angeles *Examiner* along with a sizable photograph of the engaged couple.

During Edith's tenure of office as Mrs. Billy Wilkerson, in the years 1930-1935, she was one of the party-givers of the town. Her shindigs were, as they say, *comme il faut*, and everybody who was anybody in those days was entertained at the Wilkerson home or at one or more of the night spots in which Wilkerson had proprietary interests. Since she abdicated from the marital status with Wilkerson, Edith has changed her tactics a little. She still entertains at home, with small parties, but she is more of a party-goer these days than a party-giver. Though she likes to say that her working day begins at nine in the morning when the phone starts ringing, it is a fact that her working day is never done. Her nightly attendance at parties and night clubs brings plenty of grist to her mill. Because she moves exclusively in movie circles and because everyone she meets may have a line for her column, Edith is actually always at work. Her ear has been bent all the long night before with scraps and stuff of gossip. By the time the first phone sounds off in the morning, she is already pretty well fortified with material. Her party-going, which is her main pleasure in life, also pays off in the business. Edith is a well-adjusted person.

She has position, and she has power. Continuous plugging in Edith's column has done wonders for all sorts of people, including song writers and actors. In her time she has fallen violently in love with certain neglected songs, has praised them to the skies, and lived to see them make the Hit Parade. She has brought many a vagrant starlet to the attention of what is popularly known as the Hollywood biggies. All this means power. Edith is a happy, happy person.

Yet, in spite of her deep satisfaction with life—with her home in Beverly Hills, her Hollywood-size bed, her collection of Frank Sinatra records (when Sinatra is on the air she disconnects the phones), her cocker spaniel Alfie ("I can't do a thing with him since he had his portrait painted"), her clothes, her jewels, her social life, her friends (she refers to all of them as "My best false friends"), her enemies, and her remarkable position in the Hollywood social and professional whirl—Edith has had two frustrations.

First, she is a frustrated torch singer. The only person, other than Edith Gwynn, she would like to be, is Dinah Shore. Her penchant for draping herself over the radio while Sinatra sings and moaning herself into a coma is merely a vicarious lament for her own secret yearnings. This frustration is one she is destined to carry to the grave. Edith's voice is one that makes you hold the telephone eight inches from your ear.

Her second frustration however, has been eliminated from her happy home life. Edith has always felt that her column should be syndicated. There was a time when her stuff was too "inside," too hep, and far too close to being the tops in bitchery to mean anything outside of Hollywood. Now, however, she feels that she has a message for America, and recently signed a contract for syndications with National Newspaper Service. The American public will finally have the chance to read the sort of thing, compounded of breathless bits of inside news, which Hollywood itself finds indispensable as a morning pickup. It will have the chance to see for itself the column that helped turn a small-town paper into a million-dollar enterprise. The public will finally be allowed to gaze in wonder at the daily disclosures of that past mistress of disclosure whom no less a judge than Walter Winchell once called the best columnist ever to come out of Hollywood. ⌗

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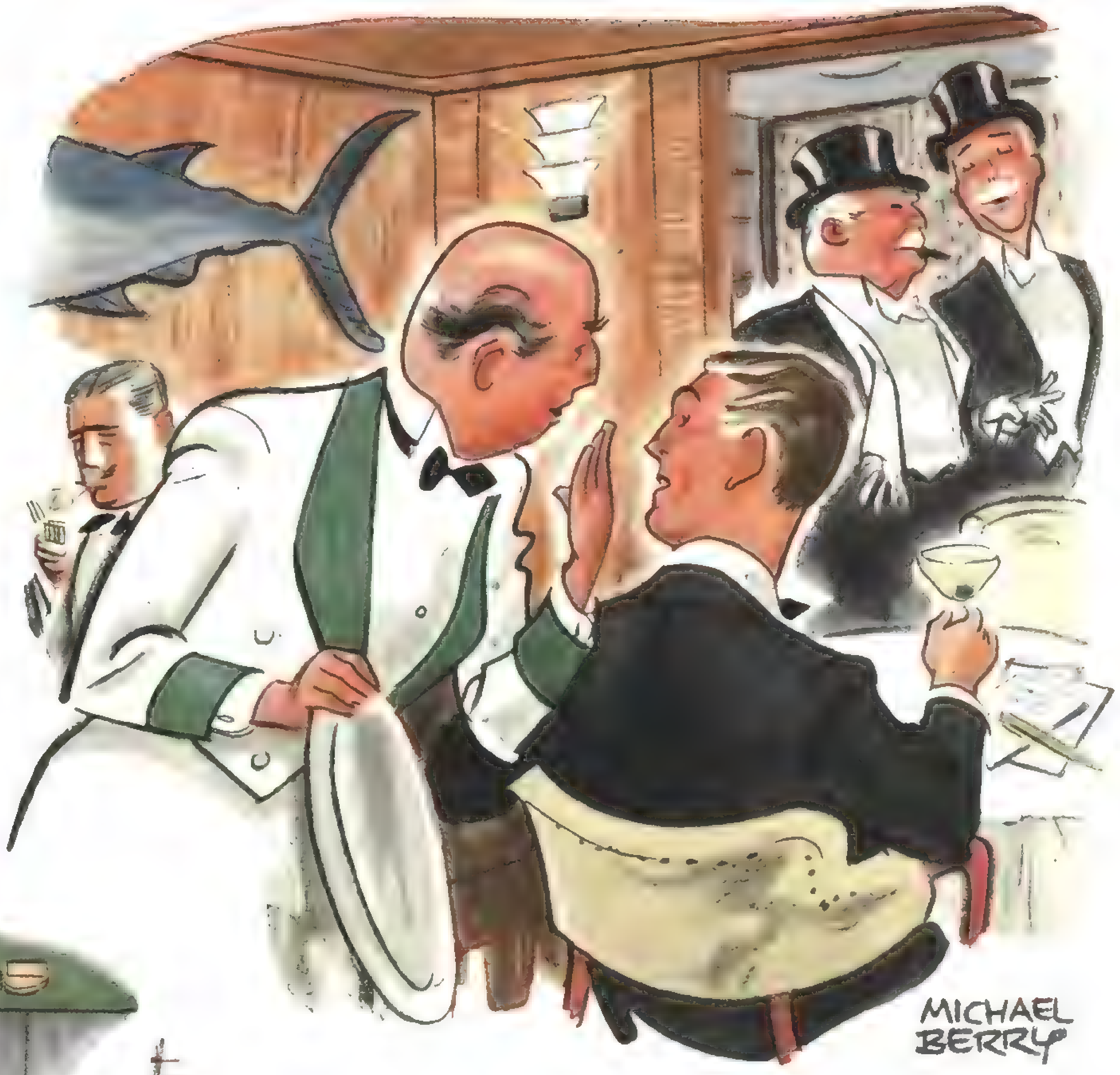
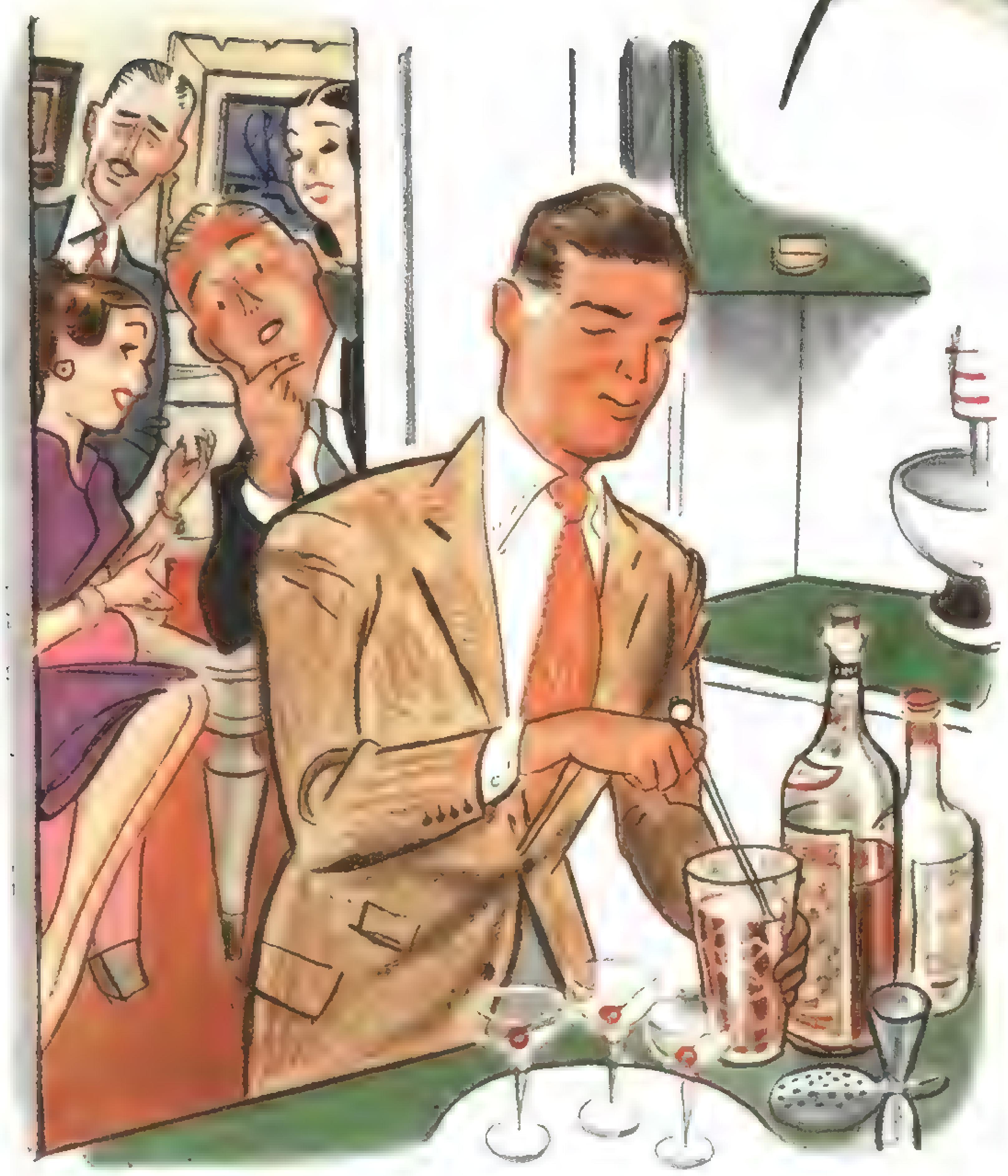
it's a secret...



Well-known newspaper columnist picks up important inside information at the men's bar of the B— Hotel when he learns the secret of their famous Dry Martinis. Is told they use Martini & Rossi EXTRA DRY *Vermouth.*



Mr. Bee has been secretly annoyed for years because his Manhattan Cocktails never taste as good as Mr. Dee's. Discovers the secret when he peeps behind the door and sees that Mr. Dee uses Martini & Rossi REGULAR *Vermouth.*

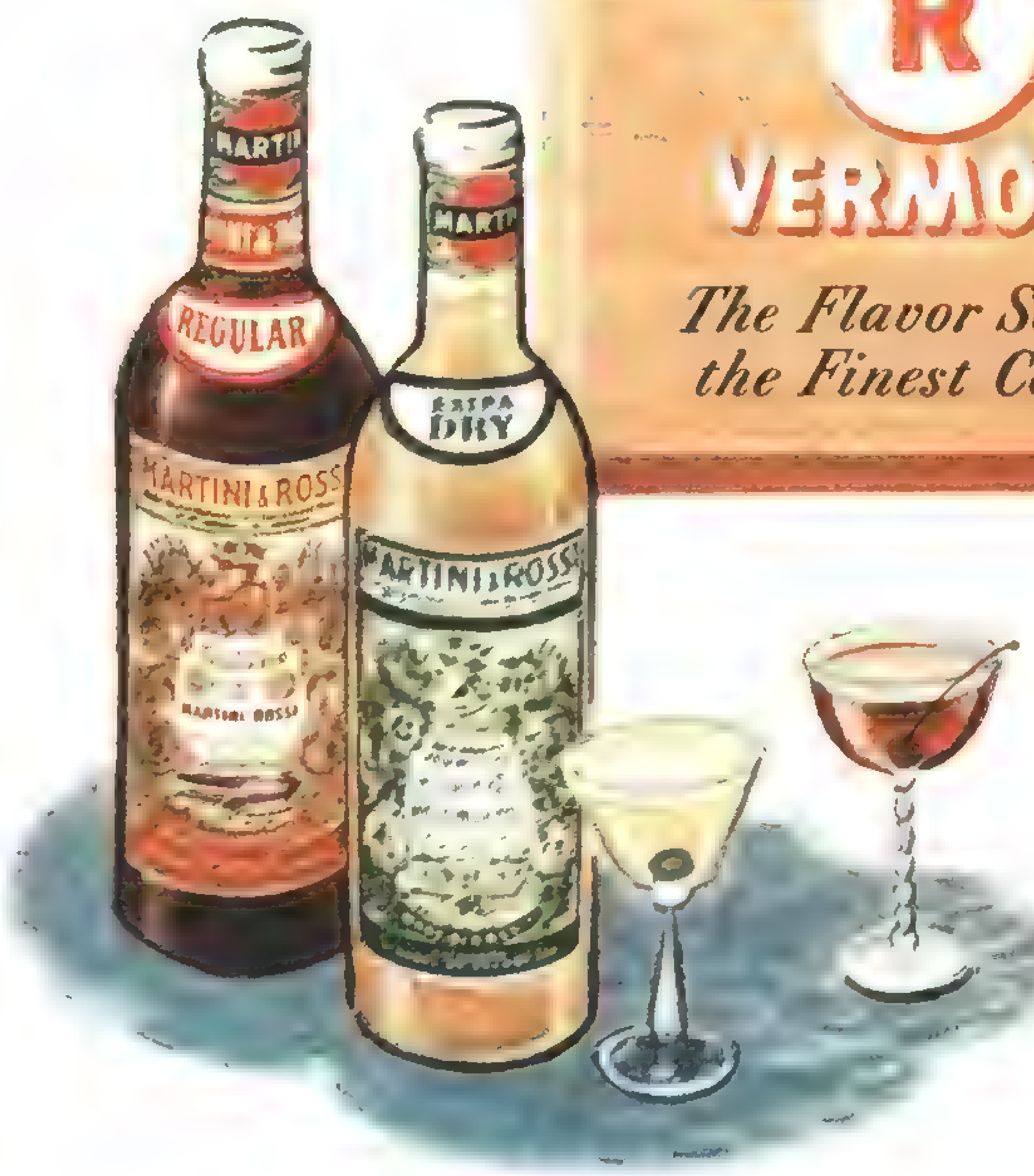
Martini & Rossi Vermouth is the secret of the world's finest cocktails . . . because its secret formula has never been successfully duplicated.

REGULAR for Manhattan Cocktails★ EXTRA DRY for Dry Martini Cocktails

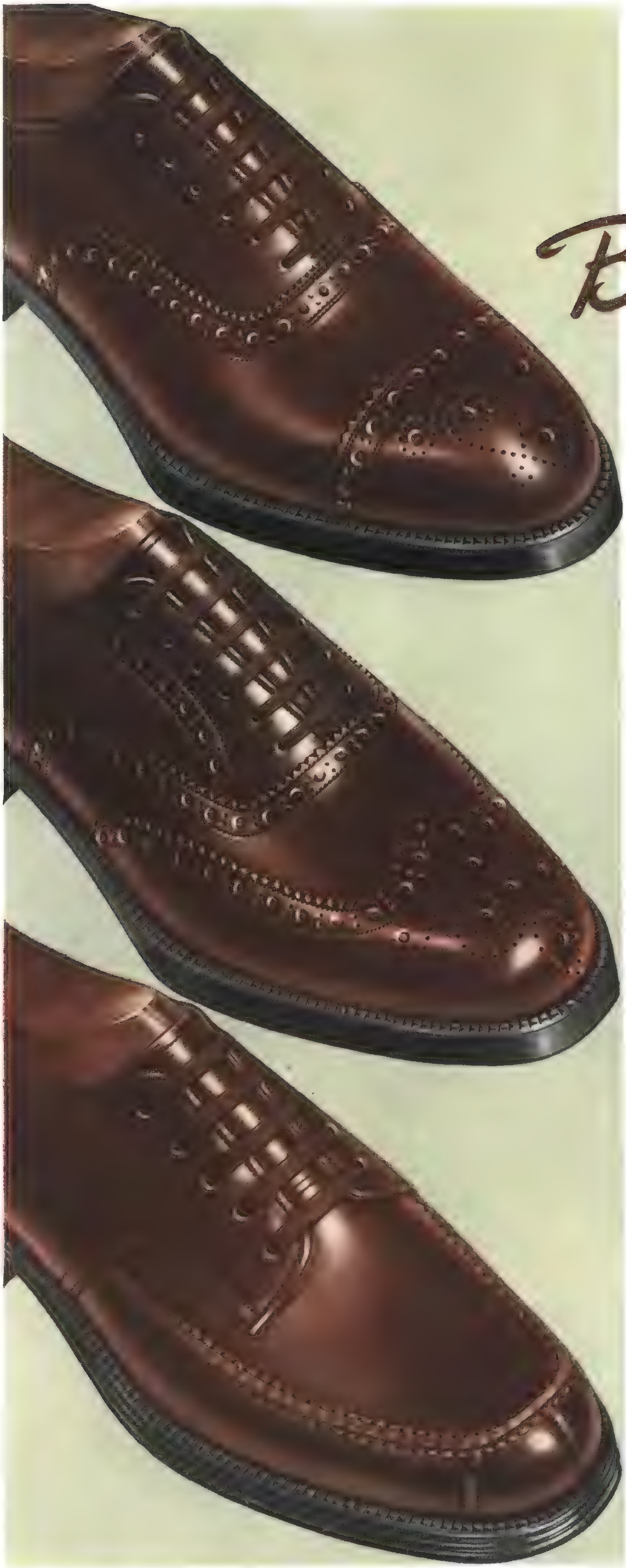
IMPORTED

MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

The Flavor Secret of the Finest Cocktails



W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Distributors for U. S. A.



Barbary Brown

.. the new color note for Fall..
and another step to distinction
in your

CROSBY SQUARE SHOES

The color is new. And Barbary Brown is a man's color, deep and rich, as befits its North African ancestry. Its tone suggests rare cordovan.

The fashions are authentic. You wear your Crosby Squares in any company, with calm assurance of full approval.

The quality is typically Crosby Square. Fine leathers, honest craftsmanship, and moderate prices have earned for these shoes a large and loyal following.

Your Crosby Square dealer offers a wide selection of attractive, comfortable styles, in Barbary Brown and other popular colors for Fall. Take the "step to distinction." *The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

Crosby Square
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

AUTHENTIC FASHION GRADE AT POPULAR PRICES
PRE-FLEX AND AIRFILM SHOES, SOMEWHAT HIGHER

now! new washable spun rayon fabrics!

WON'T SHRINK • WON'T FADE

No matter what you're up to, the clean-cut, woven patterns of these colorful shirts will stay brilliant.

Tub or laundry won't harm these soft spun rayon shirtings. They're not only yarn-dyed with vat colors, but they won't stretch or shrink more than 2%.

These two typical Mooresville fabrics were woven expressly for MARK TWAIN shirts for men and TOM SAWYER shirts for boys—tailored by Elder. You'll find them at good stores everywhere.

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MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE SHIRTINGS

There is nothing better in the market
BOTTLED BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
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• • •

AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Love on the Half Shell

Continued from page 83

hope is that Miss Noren's trouble is fatal." Pulling himself up so that he almost reached Nat Talbot's waist, "And you can quote me, bud. Now beat it."

But Mr. Talbot had the proof right there in his pocket. Martha Murray, a little short on news, had given her banner-line story to America's Bonfire Girl. Before she had finished her touching revelation on the adoption of Running Water she had made Nada Noren look like the Great White Mother. Presents were pouring into the studio and Margaret O'Brien had phoned, wanting him to come over and play tepee.

"You've got to go along with us," Nat Talbot said hoarsely. "If it ever gets back to Martha Murray that was just a little thing that Nada dreamed up she'll be using a hatchet! All we ask is that you promise not to spill a word of this to anybody. We've got a scout flying to Rapid City, South Dakota, looking for a live Sioux three years old!"

He pointed out that after all the Bonfire Girl was just a sweet, unassuming kid without an enemy in the world. And some day Roscoe Bates would never forgive himself if he were responsible for Martha Murray's cutting Miss Noren off at the hips.

"I'm just asking you to keep under wraps about this after we find a real Sioux kid. The studio's in an uproar—they're writing in a part for little Running Water this very minute. Then when the picture's over we'll slip this Indian tribe a few bucks and they'll take the kid back. It's that simple."

He stopped then, suddenly aware that Roscoe was trying an assortment of menacing faces in the mirror. Satisfied, he began prancing up and down, giving out with war whoops and shrill cries.

Give Now
★ ★ ★
To Your Community Chest

Roscoe turned slowly on Mr. Talbot, his tiny face lit with a terrible smile. His sinking stomach told the publicity man this would be the revenge awful.

"Kid," Roscoe piped, "your troubles are all over. I'm at liberty at the moment and I'll just take the part myself—provided I like the script. You go back to the studio and draw up a nice contract for five bills a week and Noren can adopt me."

Mr. Talbot cried, "But whoever heard of a thirty-year-old papoose? Nada can't adopt you. Think what it would do to a delicate girl! It—it's terrible!"

"It certainly is," Roscoe said cheerfully. "But now that you've talked me into it, I kind of like the idea of a picture career. Besides, you louse up a guy's life, it's only fair he gets to louse up your picture." He picked up the phone. "Do I get the job or do I call Martha Murray?"

In two weeks of violent motherhood Nada Noren learned that bringing a thirty-year-old child into the world couldn't be bleaker. In her opinion a Bonfire Girl's adopting a Sioux tot was no build-up for sex appeal and her fan mail proved how right she was. Only a brief two years ago she had been every serviceman's target-of-the-day; now the soldiers were offering written advice on vitamins and how to insure a dry bed each morning.

"Teething!" she said to Talbot, on receiving a particularly helpful letter. "I'll pull every tooth of his out by the roots!"

"Now, now," Mr. Talbot said wanly, "this picture can't last forever, baby. You think you feel bad, you should see the X-rays of my ulcer. But the public eats it up. Roscoe's the biggest thing to hit Hollywood since Shirley Temple."

He was all too right. Once they had seen the way the public latched onto the news of little Running Water's adoption, all Hollywood was trying to get into the act. Tradepapers carried tender items about the set being closed to guard the little fellow's delicate health. And, though bitter over Martha Murray's scoop, every columnist devoted leads to the tiny Indian brave who had brought sunshine into the life of a Bonfire Girl.

"If they only knew!" Nada cried bitterly. "I can't even come in my dressing room but what he's in here, smoking those vile cigars while he works out the eighth race at Santa Anita. Not even my best friends can get on the set for fear they'll get a close-up of the little stinker. And having all that milk sent in, just so he can drink brandy in it!"

Not only had Miss Noren been forced to put Mr. Bates up at her apartment, but he kept her up every night playing gin rummy. Before he got through he planned to teach all Hollywood a good lesson. Meanwhile the loot, from bathinettes to tricycles, piled up at the studio. Presents poured in from every star and producer. One morning alone Roscoe had received three paint ponies, all with monogrammed saddles, from as many Western stars not averse to publicity.

Nada couldn't venture into Romanoff's without strangers rushing up to exchange formulas and sitters' phone numbers.

"The only good thing about it," she said bleakly, "is that Liz Bowen must be pulling out what little hair she has left. You should

Continued on page 172

FASHION'S HALL OF FAME
NO. 16 OF A SERIES

Men have tied one on ever since!

A male fashion that's here to stay is the necktie—or cravat—first worn in 1636 by the "Cravates," a royal Croatian regiment of the French Army. From that time on, every fashion-following male has knotted a cravat or scarf about his neck—for added dash and sparkle to his dress.

Glance at the better dressed man of today and—chances are—he's shod with Nettleton shoes. Combining at-ease comfort with crisp smartness of styling . . . their finer leathers and craftsmanship make Nettleton shoes something that *you*, too, can always tie to!

A. E. Nettleton Company, Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Style Illustrated—THE BEDFORD BROGUE

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THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES • AT BETTER STORES—COAST TO COAST

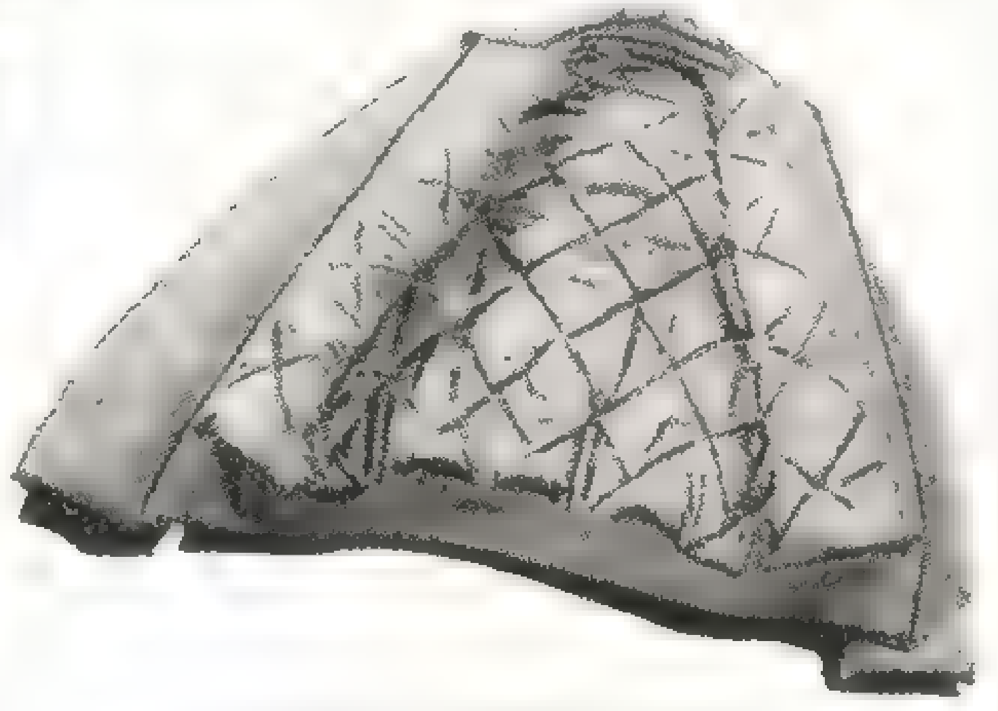
Fluffed WOOL Insulation Sensation!

mighty fortress against wind, rain and snow
FROM 45° ABOVE
Stratojac
TRADE MARK
DOWN TO 20° BELOW
40
30
20

PROVED under winter's worst weather—the warmest, lightest all-weather jacket yet . . . because it's insulated with wool, nature's miracle fiber. Stratojac is windproof, water-repellent, dry cleans beautifully—weighs only three pounds. Tailored with free-swinging shoulders for smart comfort. Here's the secret of this "insulation sensation".

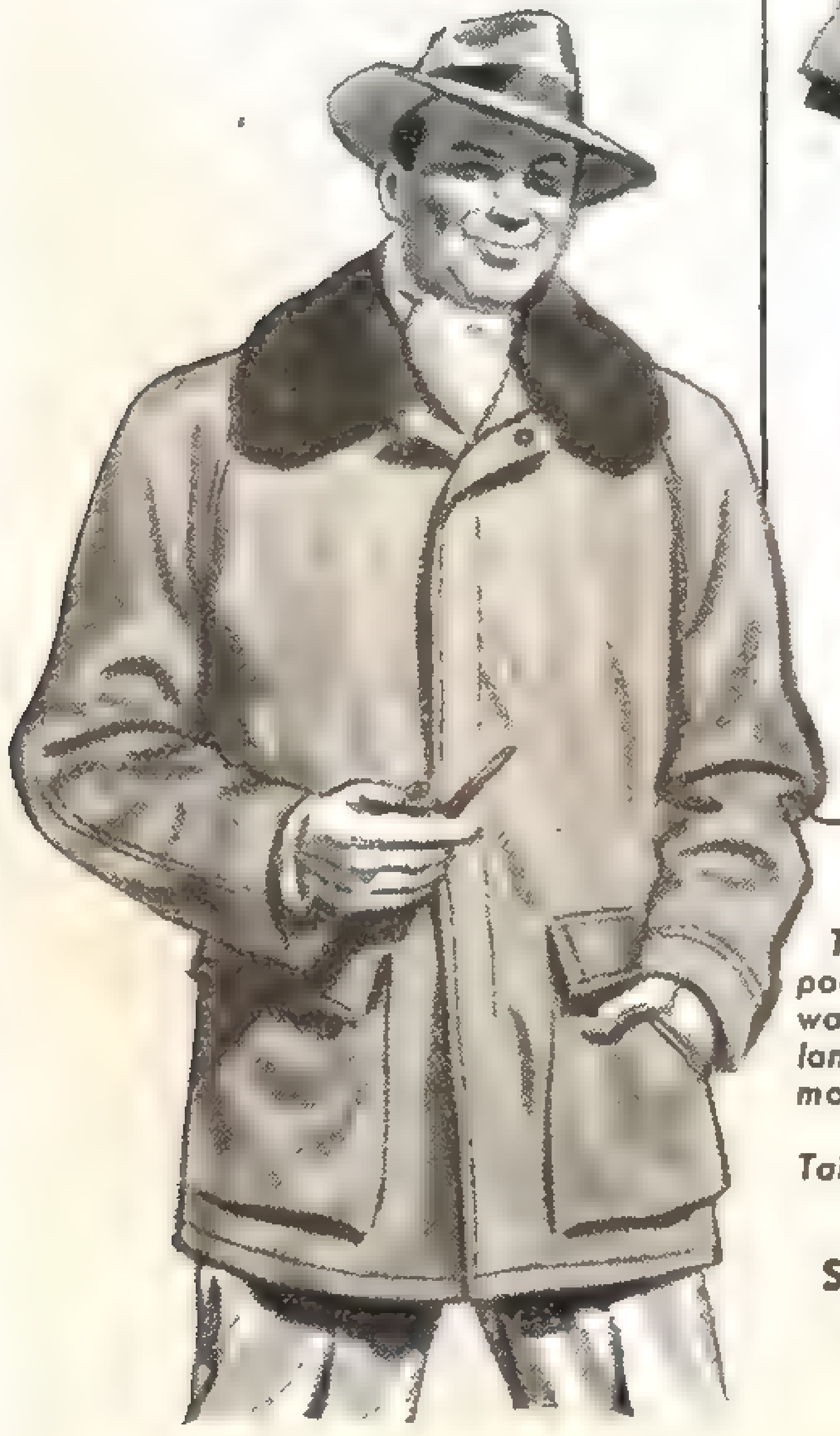
"RAGLAN KNIT"
The original, very popular STRATOJAC model. Easy raglan shoulders, knit bottom . . . about $18.50. "Flight Jacket" model features straight bottom . . . about $20. (tan, putty, brown).

Fluffed Virgin WOOL . . . most resilient of all fibers.

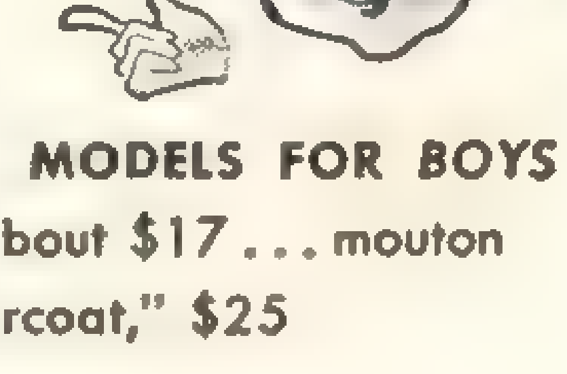


100% VIRGIN WOOL INTERLINING

plus a rayon quilted lining to "anchor" the fluffed wool fibres. WOOL is nature's miracle insulating fiber—it's elastic, resilient, absorbent, holds its shape . . . won't disintegrate, won't mat or pack down.



"SURCOAT"
Two-way saddle pockets with hand warmers . . . raglan shoulders . . . mouton collar. About $30. Tailored collar $25.



SAME STRATOJAC MODELS FOR BOYS
Sizes 10 to 20. About $17 . . . mouton collar "Surcoat," $25

At fine stores everywhere . . . for name of your nearest retailer, write
WiNER MANUFACTURING CO., INC., Hammond, Indiana

Love on the Half Shell

Continued from page 171

have seen her face when three photographers caught me getting into my car there yesterday!"

"Speaking of photographers," Nat said drearily, "every paper in town is screaming for a picture of him playfully scalping his adopted mother. That's you, honey. It's days like this that make me wish I'd stayed honest. I could be in Carmel writing a novel instead of explaining to the director why Roscoe looks like the oldest Indian baby that ever strayed off a reservation."

Only the make-up man knew the secret that haunted Miss Noren, Nat Talbot and the producer. Just that morning the producer had cried out in his sleep and when his wife awakened him, said brokenly, "You got no idea how it feels having him threaten not to shave. To my worst enemy a papoose with a beard shouldn't happen!"

It was on this dreary day that the final blow struck.

Martha Murray, who knew a hot story when she had one, had built little Running Water up into the dearest brave she had ever been privileged to love, and now had a final inspiration. Getting Nada on the phone, she informed her that next Sunday she would give her a baby shower to end all baby showers. And she coldly insisted that little Running Water be there for his formal unveiling. All Hollywood was aching to hold him in its arms.

Mr. Bates, attired in a buckskin playsuit with fringed legs, and his tiny face streaked with vermilion and yellow war paint, was screaming like an eagle as the car drove up Martha Murray's driveway that Sunday.

"So help me," he shrilled, "I'll light a cigar right in front of them if you make me go through with this! Why should I have to slaver over a lot of nitwits? It's got no dignity!"

Nat Talbot, fortified with an extra injection of B_1, glared right back at him. "You'll coo and like it," he snorted. "You got us into this and now you're going to get us out!"

Miss Noren said brokenly, "I'll simply die, having all my worst enemies give me blankets and things, as if I were some shop girl." And, bitterly, "If he rubs one speck of that paint on me . . ."

"He won't," Mr. Talbot said, as he opened the door. He had already planted with Martha the news that little Running Water, in keeping with the oldest Sioux traditions, would be wearing a little christening paint at the party. "If nothing else, Nada, it hides some of his wrinkles."

He seized Roscoe then and, wrapping him firmly in a blanket, hustled into the house. The drawing room and patio were thronged with famous ladies in picture hats and lace dresses, simply turned out to pay fitting homage to American motherhood. The ladies let out motherly screams at the sight of that precious bundle. But Talbot dashed upstairs to the bedroom Martha Murray had turned into a nursery.

Nada, wearing a Madonna smile, held back the flood. "I couldn't dream of letting you see him until it's time for his milk and cookie," she said. "But you'll all see him later, I promise."

Upstairs Nat Talbot briefed Roscoe for the last time: "Four o'clock on the nose, Nada makes her entrance down the stairs, you in her arms. You take one look at the palefaces and scream, a loud one. Then she cries it's the colic again, I grab you and out we go."

"I'll let out a scream all right," Roscoe said darkly. "But, I'm warning you, I'll get even for this!"

It was a vain threat and they both knew it. If he didn't cooperate Mr. Talbot had sworn that he would let the whole carnival world know Roscoe Bates was no trouper. He would take an ad in *Billboard*, he would visit every carnival owner personally if need be.

He would tell every pitch man in the business how Roscoe Bates had violated showdom's most hallowed tradition—that the show must go on. And while Roscoe had his private opinion as to whether the motion-picture industry was part of honest show business, he certainly couldn't be taking any chances.

Mr. Talbot, already perspiring, hurried down to the party then, taking no chances that Nada might be so carried away with her unexpected motherhood that she lingered too long by the punch bowl. Left to his own devices, Roscoe looked coldly over the converted bedroom. Martha Murray had turned it into a nursery, all right. Not even diapers were lacking.

The sheer antiseptic quality of the room was so upsetting that he immediately retired to the bathroom. Locking the door, he lit a good cigar to steady his nerves. Then as a protection, he climbed up on the linen hamper and opened a window.

Below him sleek cars reached as far as he could see, and he grew even more morose. It was a fine thing when a man of thirty, a man whose very name was a legend in carny circles, was not only given back to the Indians by his wife but was forced to lock himself in a bathroom before he could even have a smoke.

He was about to light a second cigar when sudden voices in the nursery froze him right to that clothes hamper. To his utter horror he realized another child had been brought in that room. A playmate was all he needed now. He was about to dive right out that window when a woman's brittle voice slowed him.

"Now you understand," she was saying, "the minute they bring that wretched brat downstairs, you're on. From the way Nada's been carrying on in the papers you'd think she was the only woman in Hollywood who could adopt a child.

"All you do is wait until they get her little monster down the stairs and then you come right after them, shouting, 'Mommy! Mommy Liz!' I'll sweep you up in my arms then and Noren will go right out and hang herself when she sees we've stolen the act."

Roscoe Bates forgot all about diving out that window. He was so outraged at this utter lack of ethics that he came storming out of the bathroom the moment he heard the door close. A little girl of three, done up in a dainty pinafore with lace panties and a blue bow in her hair, was standing looking out the window, a dolly in her arms. "Lissen, two-bits," Mr. Bates snarled. "Nobody's going to crab my act! Call me a brat, will she? You go down and tell that mother of yours . . ."

The little girl whirled and Mr. Bates slowly turned to stone right there in all his war paint. The sturdiest system can stand only so much. No self-respecting husband is quite the same after suddenly encountering his wife all done up as a three-year-old in lace panties yet. Only Helen's lovely blue eyes were the same, that and her pert nose. "Helen!" he gasped. "What have they done to you? Have you no pride?"

"Roscoe!" she stammered. "I—I—what are you doing here? When I didn't hear from you I thought you'd gone back east!"

And then, an inch at a time, she took in his own costume. The bitter truth dawning: "You're a fine one to talk, going around in an Indian suit! I might have known there was something funny about that redheaded hussy suddenly adopting an Indian baby! So that's where you've been spending all your time!" Sniffling now, "And all that war paint! You, who I was so proud of!"

"Proud?" he said numbly. "You don't mean that, do you? I only did it because of you!" He told her the whole sordid story then. How, when she had scorned him at the station, life no longer held any meaning and well, when this picture job came up he no longer cared how low he might fall. He had only done it to teach Noren a lesson. It was the price she had paid for wrecking his life.

Helen's life had been almost as bleak. That's why she had taken the job when Liz Bowen had called Central Casting wanting to hire a lady midget for that Sunday afternoon baby shower.

"She didn't dare use a real little girl," she said, "for fear she might say something that would give it all away. Oh, Roscoe, I felt just like you did, with you gone and everything . . ."

"Helen," he said shakily, "Helen, you sound just like you mean it!" And then he saw that she did and he was kissing her. Even as he did he knew that by nightfall they would both be on their way back to some good honest carnival. It would be a second honeymoon, their own tender little coffee klatsches and the long happy hours while she read his press clippings aloud.

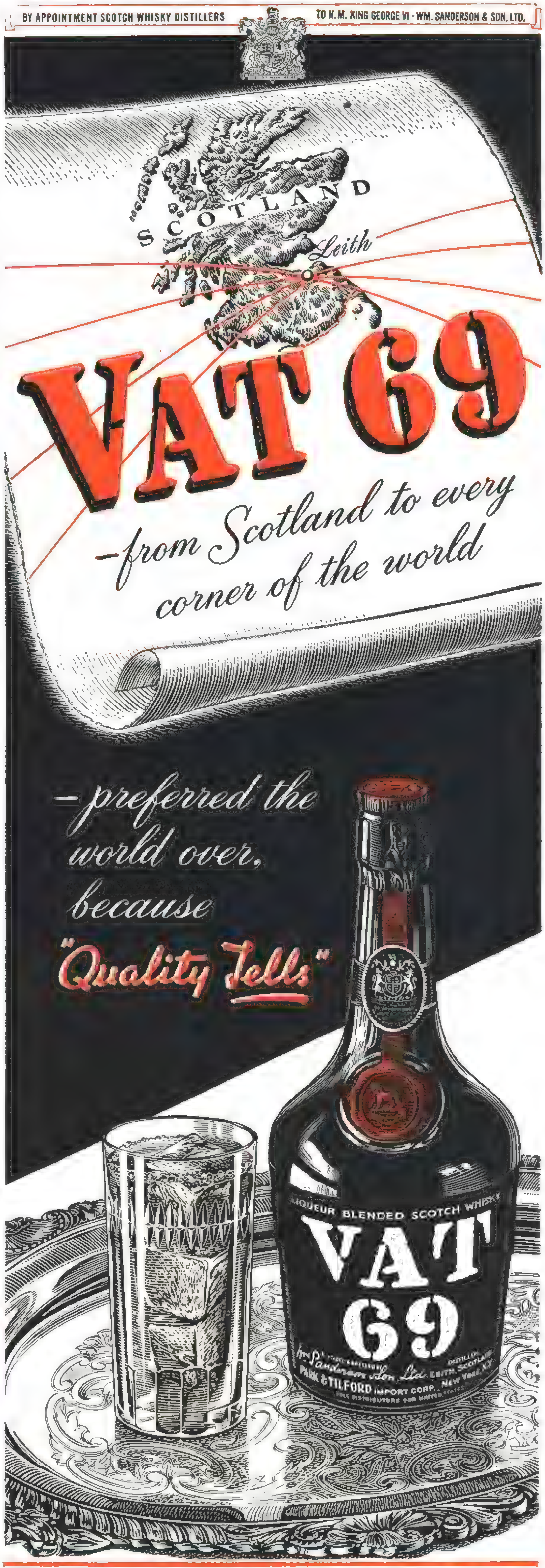
"But what'll we do?" she gasped when they parted. "They'll have police out and everything, looking for us if we just run away now! How are we going to get out of this, Roscoe?"

He was already his old manly self again, three-feet-six and looking every inch of it. "They won't have any police out," he said. "If they did the police might catch us and then the whole business would be shown up for the phony that it is. You and I are just taking a powder, that's all." And darkly, "Not that they won't be able to squirm out of it. Nat Talbot can get out of anything!"

How right he was the next day's newspapers revealed. In a story that didn't leave a dry eye between Malibu and Universal City Martha Murray told how little Running Water had been taken ill in her very home. He had been rushed back to Nada Noren's apartment and that same evening had passed away in his distraught mother's arms of one of those ailments so peculiar to Sioux children.

Continued from page 83

"Yes, dear . . . yes, dear . . ."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Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Panic in Paradise

Continued from page 81

leans heavily on refinement in casting the two girls who figure in Vic's love life. Ava Gardner, who was tough enough to be "Miss Pig Iron of 1946" in *The Killers*, is refined enough to be "Miss Stainless Steel of 1947" as the nightclub singer who is in love with Gable. There's a deft bit of satire when, in an effort to create a romantic mood for one of their meetings, she tunes in on one radio broadcast after another—only to have each symphony deteriorate into an inane quartet spelling out some sponsor's trade name in great bursts of gibbering harmony. Despite these disadvantages, Miss Gardner's performance is so serene and worldly-wise that it is hard to recall her as a wife of Mickey Rooney. But maybe that's one of the quickest ways to get worldly wisdom.

Deborah Kerr, playing opposite Gable, suffers from the expert huckstering supplied by her new American employers. Through some magic of press agentry, her picture appeared on the cover of *Time* Magazine soon after she began work on this picture. Seldom has an accolade been so premature. Miss Kerr's performance was hailed a national success as soon as the make-up man had pasted on her eyelashes for the first day's shooting. Scoops are a sign of journalistic enterprise, but there's something to be said for waiting until the film is developed before handing out the Oscars.

In Miss Kerr's case the applause outran the performance. She isn't quite as good as her build-up. And she's nowhere near as good as she's been in some of her English pictures. This performance has neither the technical finesse that made *Vacation from Marriage* so notable, nor the piquant magnetism she showed in *The Adventuress*. Hollywood has taken a proven star and reduced her to the rank of leading woman.

Nevertheless, Miss Kerr is good. She brings charm and what *Variety* calls "class" to the role of the passionate but refined heroine. As a concession to the box office, the movie has her be an Army officer's widow rather than his high-toned philandering wife. This change guarantees the happy ending that you can see coming. The tropical love affair that occurred in the skid-row hotel has fortunately been omitted. Sex doesn't have to be obviously sexy to be exciting.

One of the best sequences shows Gable's anxiety to keep the woman he idealizes from realizing that he's unintentionally invited her into a joint "where anything goes." His shamefaced efforts to make the place seem respectable convey more real man-woman interest than all the panting adjectives in the deleted chapter of the novel. But somehow the picture makes its heroine a wee bit too ladylike. Without vulgarity, the character should have preserved more of the feeling of banked fires. Even after she flies across the continent to spend two hours with him in Hollywood, it's a love story in which no one's hair gets mussed.

Back in New York, under the baleful influence of Evan Evans, the picture finishes in a hurricane of hokum. Here Gable is disgusted to realize that his anxiety for success is causing him to outyes all his fellow yes men. Then a strange and wonderful thing happens. High up in a New York skyscraper he recognizes three blasts of the heroine's automobile horn, and he becomes his own man again. As proof of his independence, he says, "You're all wet," and empties a water carafe over Evan Evans. This gets a big laugh. The audience loves seeing the villain drenched in one of his own bad metaphors. But it's a forced laugh. And it's soon followed by a fade-out that is corny enough to be ground up and used for muffins. The happy couple drive to the Fulton Fish Market where the hero throws away his last fifty bucks just to show his elfin spirit of independence.

This is so phony that it completely discounts the importance of the picture's theme. Today, all over the world, men are having to risk the displeasure of various pressures and bosses to preserve their all-important concepts of individual morality. Those who have the guts to do this know it isn't easy. A real Evan Evans often controls a blacklist that makes your next job very hard to get and your last fifty bucks seem very, very precious. In the novel you felt that a strong spiritual victory was gained when the hero, without grandstanding or plays to the gallery, gave up security in order to be himself. The picture exchanges the point of the book for a couple of implausible gags. It's a flippantly blithe "money isn't everything" attitude that may be resented by spectators with tight belts.

It reminds me of a series of equally ill-conceived vignettes which Fox inserted into its newsreel during the black years following the crash of 1929. These scenes introduced two characters called Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear. They usually appeared following some cheerless shots of shutdown factories and closed mines. They were intended to fill the popular mind with economic bravery and, by being so awful, they almost made the depression look good.

One of their appearances was in a cafeteria. Mr. Courage, an obnoxious figure who could never mind his own damned business, discovered that Mr. Fear wasn't buying any pie. He was cutting down expenses. This was all Mr. Courage needed. Stopping dead in his tracks, he proceeded to bawl out his companion with a load of economics that would have been five feet over the head of Andrew Mellon. He pleaded on behalf of the pie makers, the pumpkin growers of Arkansas and the lard makers of Omaha. He even voiced a few Patrick Henry phrases for the forgotten women who put fork tracks around the edge of pie crust. Never was the human spirit so oratorically bludgeoned as when Mr. Courage pleaded for pie. He said if everyone would just go out and buy a slice, the world's troubles would be over.

All this aroused fury in the breasts of the people it was supposed to inspire. Many had bought their theatre tickets by foregoing pie. They shouted insults at Mr. Courage and applauded Mr. Fear. But eventually everything ended happily. Mr. Courage was fired, amid the nation's cheers. Mr. Fear, according to my last information, is still employed by Fox.

People don't like to be kidded about real troubles.

"In this revue, you'll have nothing to say, nothing to sing and almost nothing to wear!"

Crossfire

Crossfire deals with one of the most evil and menacing aspects of American life—anti-Semitism. It speaks against it realistically, eloquently and without mincing words. It took great courage for Dore Schary to produce it for R.K.O. And with a masterful ear for Americana, Edward Dmytryk has directed John Paxton's screen play with an accuracy that makes it as infuriating as some of the things you read on the back pages of newspapers.

In some respects *Crossfire* is an unpleasant picture, because its subject is unpleasant. No decent American likes to think that people like the members of the Columbians and the Ku Klux Klansmen exist in America. But they do exist and they will continue to exist until they are dragged out in the open and an aroused public opinion condemns them for being the shoddy creatures they are.

In addition to its powerful message, the picture is loaded with suspense and it presents a series of fascinatingly recognizable characterizations.

The action starts when Captain Finlay of the Washington police finds a man named Samuels beaten to death. Samuels' girl friend was hardly handsome enough to inspire jealousy and the man had no money. Finlay is stumped when he tries to find a motive for the killing but he soon becomes convinced that the only possible suspects are a group of soldiers who knew Samuels for only a few hours. Since their acquaintance allowed no time for a grudge to develop, the logical-minded cop decided that the murderer "brought his motive with him"—that the crime emerged from some defect in the killer's character.

Finlay suspects a brooding young G.I. named Mitchell. Samuels had attempted to comfort this homesick kid, but he was in an emotional state that might have reacted with violence. When the word gets around that the cops are looking for Mitchell, his buddies, headed by their hard-bitten sergeant, set out to cover up for him. But, before the case goes very far, Finlay convinces them that they must be loyal to something more important than their uniform. They must be loyal to what it stands for. Finlay now knows that Samuels was killed because he was a Jew—and for no other reason. The killer probably had nothing against Samuels personally. He just wanted to "rough him up a little." If they protect such a "buddy" they are betraying everything they fought for.

The soldiers finally see it Finlay's way. The sergeant turns Mitchell in, but he's sure he isn't the murderer of Samuels. A guy doesn't carry that kind of hate around and not show it. Mitchell acted goofy because he was young, he missed his wife and he was terribly homesick. He is too transparent to nurse a secret grievance.

But there is another guy—a guy named Montgomery, a former St. Louis cop who hates anybody "with a funny name" or anybody with an accent. He's a bully with an itching superiority complex that preys on anyone who is "different." He loves to ride Leroy, a one-shave-a-week soldier who comes from Tennessee. Montgomery calls the kid a "dumb hillbilly." In the sergeant's book, Montgomery is the No. 1 suspect.

Finlay tends to agree. He cooperates to help prove Mitchell's innocence. But he needs help to make Monty betray his guilt. Eventually, Leroy, who is just a bewildered kid, has to set the trap. He doesn't quite know what people mean when they talk of Jews and Gentiles. Back home there weren't any Jews. And Montgomery used to be a big noncom.

Leroy is willing to co-operate with the police if the Army orders him to. But the Army won't. In a democracy there are some things that each individual must maintain with his conscience. One of these is freedom of religion. Leroy makes his decision. Scared and still bewildered, he causes Montgomery to betray himself.

The cast is uniformly excellent. Robert Young acts like a real detective and Bob Mitchum is good as the sergeant who tries to help out the lonesome doughfoot,

Continued on page 176

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Panic in Paradise

Continued from page 175

Mitchell. Sam Levene is, as usual, sympathetic in his brief appearance as the unfortunate Samuels. But the top performance is Bob Ryan's work as the hateful killer. He fills his part with a restrained and faintly sneering viciousness. Thank God I've seen very few such men in life; but they were just such bigots as he portrays.

Sometimes a good performance finishes an actor. Jack La Rue played a kidnapper so realistically that, for a long time, no one wanted to see him again. I hope this doesn't happen to Ryan. It would be a poor reward for using his talents to indict one of our most loathsome national villains.

Lured

One of the first commandments handed down to picture companies was "Thou shalt not use the word 'Lurid' in any motion picture advertising." When Hunt Stromberg named his new opus *Lured* I think he was hoping for a few typographical errors.

He was smart in other ways. In fact, he has solved the whole problem of "What is wrong with Hollywood?" From all over the country comes the word that the public is growing tired of feminine neurosis. Crazy heroines are driving the audiences nuts. Bored spectators have found that they can save sixty cents by staying home from the movies and wrapping their wives up in a cold wet sheet. This has caused panic in California's photographic paradise. Every studio is caught with a huge backlog of mania. Mental breakdowns are being offered at bargain rates. Double bills (such as *The Locket* and *Smash-Up*) allow you to watch two daft damsels for the price of one. And still the fickle public isn't satisfied. Having expressed a prejudice against feminine frenzy they refuse to be soothed by a double dose of it. This is crisis! A time for cool heads.

Hunt meets the issue with a daring motion-picture novelty. He has a *man* go crazy! This they didn't expect.

In his new picture a maniac stalks the streets of London making away with wayward girls. And from his point of view, Lucille Ball is head and shoulders better than Scotland Yard. Her dresses are cut to prove it. This causes wise old Inspector Charles Coburn to hire Lucille (a pretty American show girl) to lure England's ghoul from his lair. This hardly is cricket. Even a strong-minded man might pause to whistle at Miss Ball on a dark and stormy night. What chance has a poor werewolf? But the inspector can't be sporting. Britannia rules the graves!

As bait, Miss Ball is almost too efficient. Soon London Bridge is in danger of falling down with the weight of villains who want to meet her on the bridge at midnight. George Zucco, George Sanders, Alan Mowbray, Boris Karloff, Joseph Calleia and Cedric Hardwicke trample on each other's cloven hoofs for a smile from the pretty stool pigeon.

But of course all of these scoundrels can't be the murderer of her choice. And it soon becomes apparent that some rogues are sailing under false colors in their efforts to intrude. They all want to play with Miss Ball, even if they have to play in Scotland Yard.

These naughty fellows even stoop to prevarication. Karloff shows up as a mad dress designer. How that old zombie is softening! We always wondered what Frankenstein did on his nights off. Under such circumstances old Inspector Coburn can't be expected to hang a man, merely on the sly rogue's say-so. When villainy becomes so congested it takes more than an unverified confession to put a man on the gallows. The inspector will not be imposed upon. Fortunately, he is able to make a double check. The real killer enjoys sending poesy to the authorities.

In real life, even on Valentine's Day, few flatfeet find their mailboxes cluttered with sonnets. But it happens all the time in the movies. In *Lured* the culprit favors the metrical polish of Baudelaire. This should have made the Yard's work a lot easier. The cops wouldn't have had to search so many suspects if they only had thought to scan them. It seems that no two men's iambic pentameter is exactly alike. Karloff should immediately have been ruled out. He's an Edgar Allan Poe type. And anybody who reads Alan Mowbray's meter will spot him as a *Frankie and Johnnie* man. Ogden Nash is written all over George Sanders. Eventually, with the probable aid of a rhyming dictionary, the inspector gets the right bard in the Old Bailey.

All of which is farfetched. But Lucille drifts from one dastard to the next with an amusing deadpan detachment. She finally gets so acclimatized to cads that she marries one of them. Of course, the bridegroom is not the real maniac—just the runner-up.

High Conquest

This would be a swell show if the actors didn't get in front of the scenery. The producer, Irving Allen, went to Switzerland and got some scenes of mountain climbing that are magnificent. Upon returning to Hollywood, he worked these into a script that makes a molehill out of an Alp.

The hero, Warren Douglas, flirts with Anna Lee on a Swiss train. He's one of the clumsiest male coquettes in the business. He cuts his eyes at the poor girl as though he were using glances to slice bananas. The girl is loved by a Matterhorn guide, Gilbert Roland. As soon as Gilbert sees that Anna is falling for Warren, he takes the masculine flirt aside and tells him to go take a running jump up to the Matterhorn's top.

Warren hates the Matterhorn. It killed his father. So, without one word of argument, he does as Gilbert suggests. For a time we have been led to believe that the Matterhorn is well-nigh impregnable. Now everyone is able to climb it. Anna goes up. So does Warren, the man who hates mountains. Gilbert goes along in the hope of herding a few avalanches.

But when he gets Warren on the summit he decides to go on strike. This means that Warren will be left all alone on the top of the Matterhorn without any of the books recommended for life on a desert island to keep him solace. And he gets dizzy when he looks down. Warren is on a spot.

Anna tells Gilbert that he can't do this. Any guide who leaves his passenger on the top of the the mountain is apt to lose his Matterhorn Guides Association badge. Their contracts are negotiated on a basis of edelweiss-to-edelweiss pay and any guide who fails to get his charge back down to flowery levels may be subjected to censure and a fine. Gilbert is too good a union man to risk this. So he hauls the hero back down to the flat country.

REX
THE REX ARMS APARTMENTS TO BE ERECTED HERE SOON
Fred Lundy

All the leading characters have brave and daring Swiss doubles which makes *High Conquest* infinitely better than pictures in which stars have dull doubles.

The Long Night

THIS picture shows what can happen to a proletarian drama when the capitalists start rattling their chains. Shot from a screen play by John Wexley it has all the familiar pomp and panoply of the Marxian theatre. The hero, Henry Fonda, is a bitter war veteran who works in a factory. He lives in a gloomy boardinghouse where waifs wander through the halls. When he shoots a gentleman in his garret, the state troopers arrive and lay siege. They are led by a trigger-happy sheriff who looks and talks like a Cossack. There is also the usual honest policeman who is brought in so the producer can protest that no disparagement of the law-enforcement agencies was intended.

From his beleaguered window the hero shouts long defiant speeches while the sheriff, a man who respects naught but oratory, bids his minions to hold their fire. Crowds of workers before the boardinghouse shout "We're for you, Joe!" and "We'll see that you get a square deal, Joe!" The heroine plunges through the crowd of packed humanity shouting "Don't do it, Joe!" She becomes involved with a man who, for some reason, is carrying a bicycle on his shoulders through the crowd and the director gets some wonderful close-ups of her anguished face looking up through the bicycle spokes.

This causes the hero, in his bullet-dented attic, to brood. His tortured mind goes back to ironic love scenes played in a grimy park, with a billboard advertising "Prosperity" in the background. But, much to one's surprise, no harsh things are said about "the system" in these love scenes. And it turns out the hero is not fighting the National Association of Manufacturers. He went berserk because a vaudeville sleight-of-hand performer had tried to steal his girl. The vaudevillian is the man who got killed.

This development throws a weird light over the entire production. A new form of social drama seems to have been born in which the Society of American Magicians is locked in a life and death struggle with the CIO. They say politics makes strange bedfellows and it may be that Washington's recent scolding of Hollywood produced this eerie theatrical wedding in which *Trilby* and *Waiting for Lefty* are made one. Congressional probers will find no cause for anger here. Amazement perhaps—but no anger.

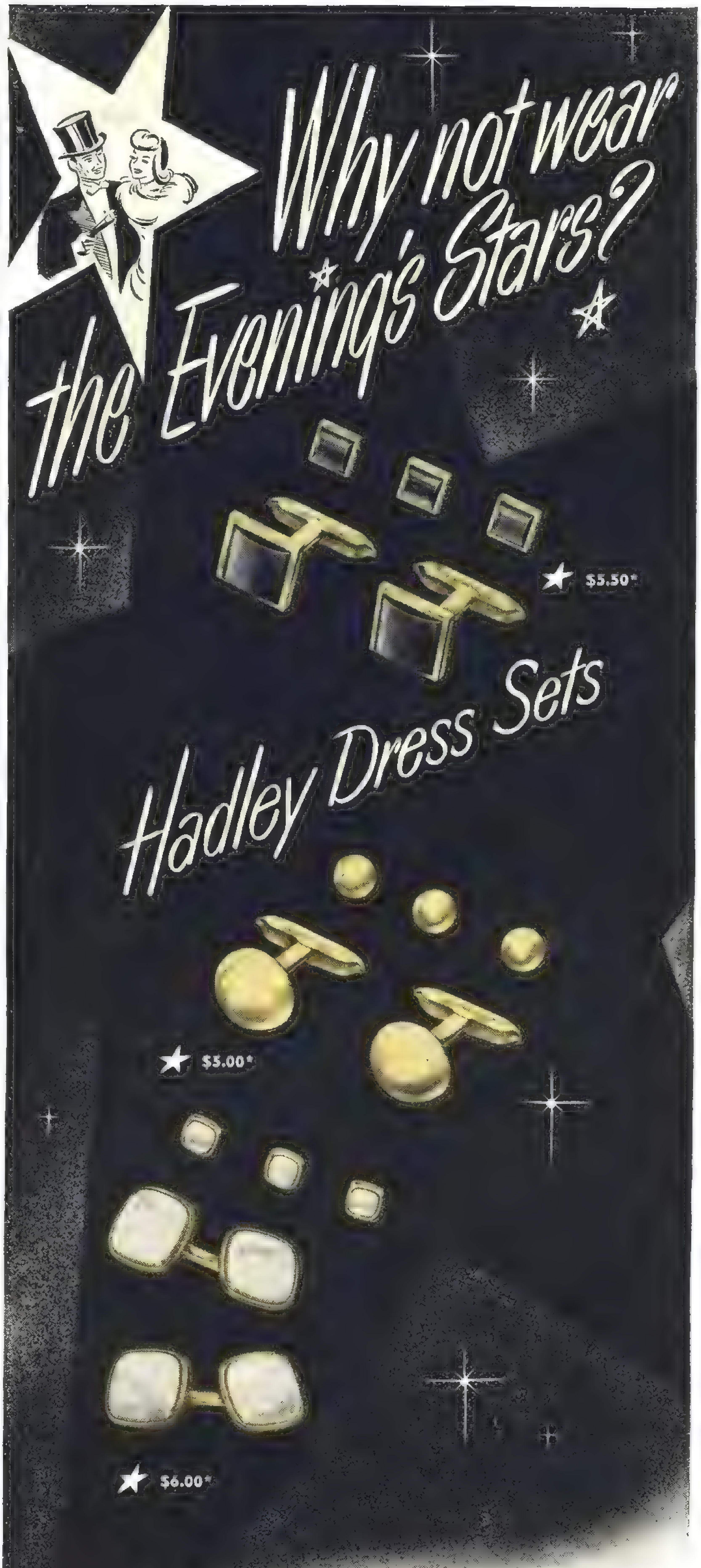
And, though it's hard to say what caused the phenomena, it isn't a bad show. It's refreshing for the movies to admit that a workman can become angry at someone beside his employers. And as the Svengali of the piece, Vincent Price deserves killing long before he gets it. On one occasion he tries to steal Fonda's girl by pretending that he is her father! Even for a wolf that's going pretty far. After all the facts become known, even Senator Taft probably would agree to stick by Joe.

Heaven Only Knows

THIS picture is a novelty. That's tough. The trouble is that it's like so many other movie novelties that it tends to be trite. So many angels have been coming down to earth in recent films that one can only conclude that Heaven is a rather unhealthy place. In this one the Angel Michael (who, in spite of all John Milton had to say about it, looks a lot like Robert Cummings) leaves the Abode of the Blessed to go to Montana. You can't blame him much. The Heaven he vacates is a place where fog keeps seeping in the windows. It seems to be ruled by a house committee of old movie bit players.

In Montana the Man from

Continued on page 178



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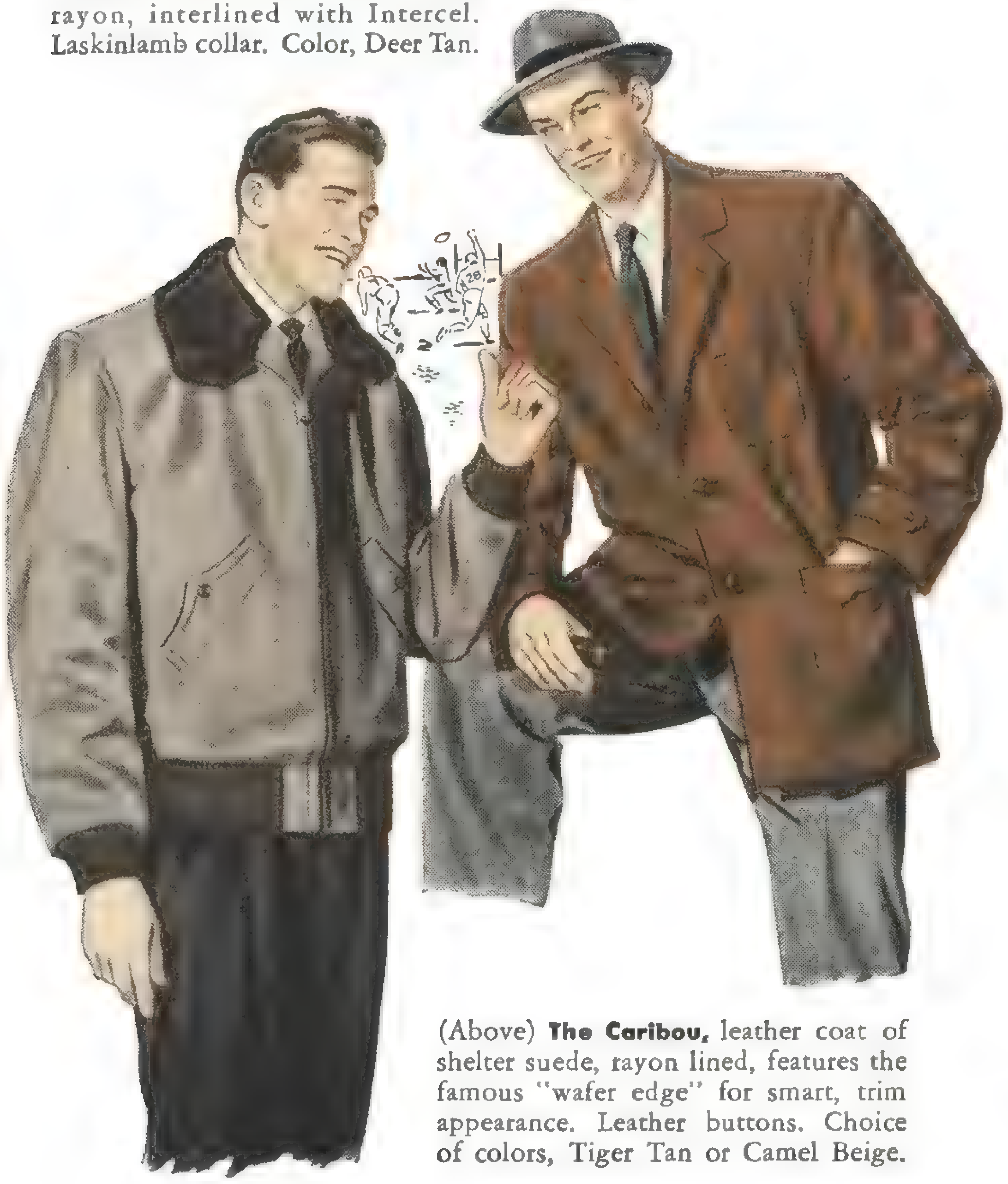

(Below) **The Granville,** jacket of part wool gabardine, warm alpaca lining. Sleeves lined with quilted rayon, interlined with Intercel. Laskinlamb collar. Color, Deer Tan.

(Above) **The Caribou,** leather coat of shelter suede, rayon lined, features the famous "wafer edge" for smart, trim appearance. Leather buttons. Choice of colors, Tiger Tan or Camel Beige.

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Leather and fabric coats and jackets for sports, leisure and utility wear

Panic in Paradise

Continued from page 177

Heaven is mistaken for a gunman from Kansas City. This shows you how bad conditions must have been in the place he left. But after a short stay in the mountains he begins to look better and to take an interest in local politics. This is a field where most angels fear to tread. Michael wants to save Brian Donlevy's soul, although Brian has made prior commitments to a rather amusing young devil played by Gerald Mohr. At first the best the angel can do is blow out the devil's matches. But soon things are more exciting on the frontier. Two gambling hells burn down, Mr. Donlevy miraculously survives a blast of dynamite and the visiting angel almost gets lynched right in the middle of a prayer meeting.

Congenital stay-at-homes (who missed *Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Angel on My Shoulder, Stairway to Heaven, Down to Earth* and *The Horn Blows at Midnight*) may find this just what they've been waiting for. Seymour Nebenzal gets considerable fun out of this Faust of the West. Occasional subtleties in his production indicate that he may do more important things before long. One of these is the deft, almost unnoticeable, change in the appearance of the female characters as the story progresses. Jorja Curtright is a gaunt, angular preacher's daughter until, little by little, love and Nebenzal get her looking soft and feminine. Marjorie Reynolds' transition from hard-boiled dance-hall cutie to wholesome small-town girl is equally effective.

Should Nebenzal ever tire of theology, he'll be a great guy to run a beauty parlor.

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

SIXTY-SIX per cent of the movie-goers in the United States want nostalgic musicals in Technicolor, according to the results of a recent survey. But the remaining thirty-four per cent (all of whom seem to write movie reviews and go in on passes) keep insisting that they shan't have them. This minority says that nostalgic, Technicolor musicals aren't "honest." Sometimes Zanuck must get so discouraged.

Help has come to him in the form of Georgie Jessel. Mr. Jessel, probably muttering, "Well, they asked for it!" has turned out an honest musical which looks so much like a dishonest one it'll probably be equally profitable.

Jessel builds the show around the life of a song writer named Joseph E. Howard. In order to review this picture I have done absolutely no research on Mr. Howard. Why should I, when Jessel didn't do any to make the film? We both knew that Joe, even as played by attractive Mark Stevens, couldn't make or break the picture. The dimpled knees of June Haver were what counted. No one would shirk such research.

The picture introduces the hero and the heroine as brother and sister much in love with each other. At first this reminded me of a Greek tragedy I read in college (I believe it was called *The Women of Sciatica*) and I was inclined to think "This is a hell of a way to go about making an honest musical." But Georgie was only kidding. The boy was only the girl's *adopted* brother. Cute twist, eh?

The action starts when Howard, working in a church supply-house, demonstrates an organ to a group of deacons. Being well versed in the traditions of the theatre (dating clear back to *Polly of the Circus*) I settled back and waited for these church folk to be exposed as whited sepulchers.

It was here that Mr. Jessel, in that sly way of his, went honest. His deacons aren't crooks. They really wanted to buy an organ. It was the hero's stagestruck adopted sister (Miss Haver) who was the hypocrite. As the picture progresses, she connives against everybody and lies to all hands. For this she is rewarded with stardom. Throughout the proceedings Mr. Jessel seems to be saying that to have a little larceny in your soul is no drawback in the theatrical business. After kicking around on the fringes of it for a great many years, I can, without too heavy a heart, agree with him. If this doesn't make *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* an honest musical, I don't know what would.

But I don't know what results this glamorizing of chicanery will have on youth. Being only able to speak for myself, I am obliged to report that it has a very stimulating effect on middle age. I found myself pulling for Miss Haver. Sometimes she appears in tights and in spite of all I could do (which wasn't much) I found the Old Adam in me enjoying it.

Mr. Jessel keeps his heroine from becoming too heavy by having the women she conspires against be very able antagonists. They're both good-looking and neither is above trying to grab off the susceptible ex-organ salesman for herself. Martha Stewart plays a handsome variety headliner and Lenore Aubert brings a continental chic to her role of a European operetta star. Neither is quite as catty as Miss Haver, but both try to be. You can't quite say that the best girl won but victory certainly went to the most competent.

The songs have tunes and the Technicolor is bright. There is also an amusing performance by Reginald Gardiner. In this picture Mr. Gardiner, for the first time, lets the movie public hear his famous interpretation of "Frogs and Other Night Noises." But he holds out his even more celebrated "Sounds of Wallpaper." After all, he has to have other jobs and now the formula's been found, there'll be more honest 20th Century-Fox musicals. At least, I hope so. ###

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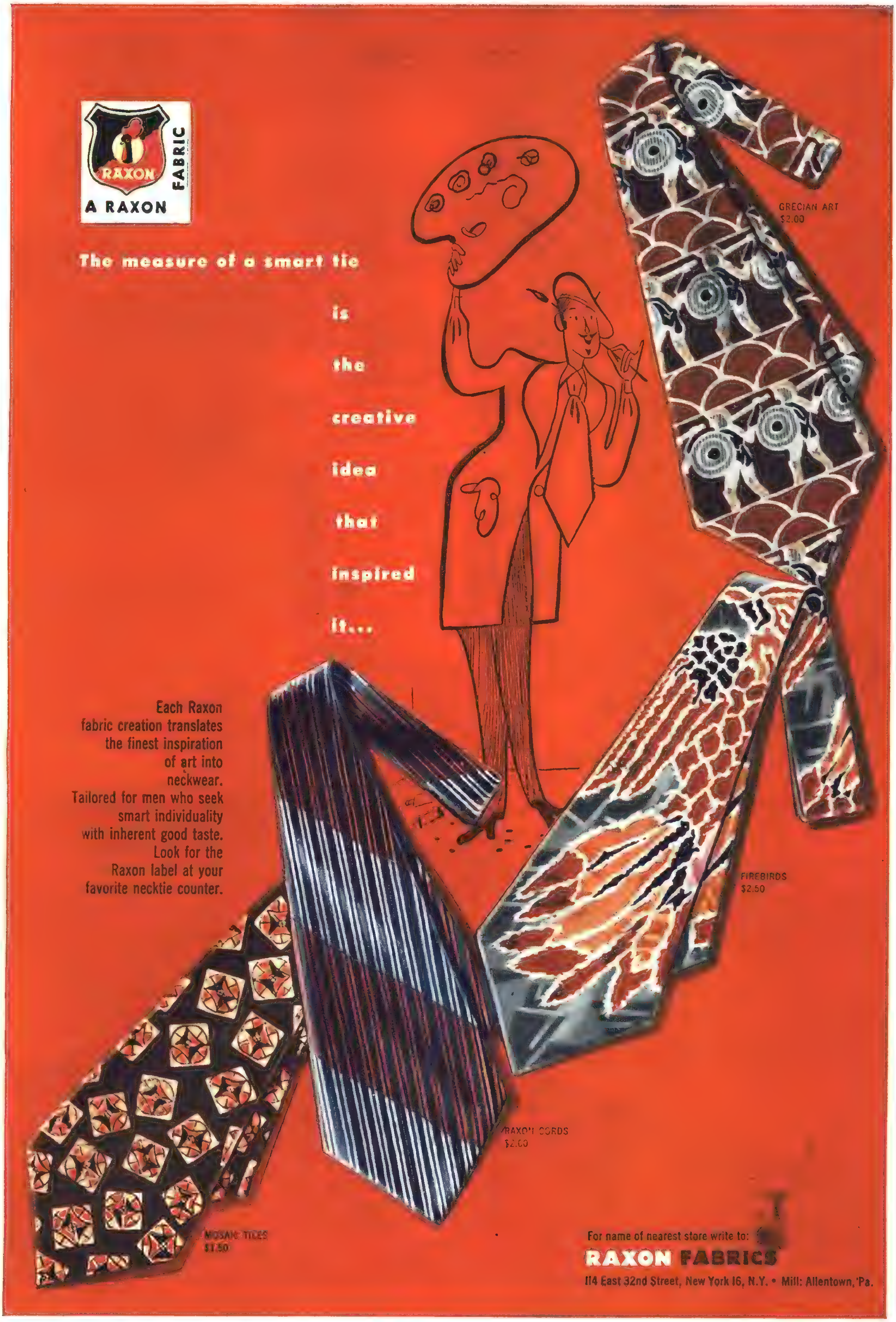

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The Last Match

Continued from page 129

hands. Pete said, "There ain't no road, but there's some bushes and trees down there. We can build a fire and get warm."

As they trudged down the slope it was broad daylight, and a freezing prairie wind howled through the trees. Pete kicked the snow from a fallen log and they sat on it. He produced a package of cigarettes and each man took one. Foxy lit a match but the gale blew it out instantly. The two then shielded the match cover with four hands and Foxy struck another light. A gust killed the blaze again. Pete said, "Give me one of those matches. I'm going to light a fire."

Foxy handed Pete the match book. The big man ripped some twigs from a bush, kicked a hole in the snow and piled them inside. He struck a match and held it under the twigs. It went out. Curiously he stared at the book, then shouted to Foxy, "You got more matches?"

Foxy nodded and reached into one overcoat pocket, then the other. He rose, took off his gloves and unbuttoned his coat, searching his inner clothing. He shivered and shook his head.

"Use your own matches," Foxy told him. "Let's get the fire going!"

Pete held up the match cover. "See this?" he asked, opening it. Foxy saw a lone, pink-tipped match. Pete stuck it in his mackinaw pocket. He said slowly, "That's the only match we've got left, Foxy."

Terror came over Foxy's chalky face. "Give it back to me!" he demanded. "It's my match! I just loaned it to you to build a fire!"

"So what? We're together, ain't we? You can't light a fire any better than me in this wind." He lumbered to the edge of the grove and turned. Foxy waited sullenly a moment, then plodded after him.

Only a hundred yards from the woods they were caught in the center of a lashing cloud of snow. Blindly they wandered on, staying close together, heads bent against the stinging storm. Once when Foxy fell, Pete helped him to his feet, shouting, "Watch yourself. I ain't your nursemaid."

After they had fought their way through the blizzard for half an hour, Pete shook Foxy's arm and pointed to some trees. Wearily they reached the shelter of the timber. Then Pete stared incredulously at a log in front of him. It was the one he and Foxy had sat on before! They had doubled back on their own snow-covered tracks.

Pete stepped into the center of a clump of bushes and began to kick a hole in the snow, making a ridge around the base of the growth. He went back to Foxy and pulled him by the arm. "Break up all the branches you can find and pile 'em around the bottom," he ordered, "and make as big a hole in the middle as you can."

Foxy obeyed humbly and after awhile they sank down in the hole and huddled together shivering. Foxy fumbled under his overcoat, and held out his thousand dollars in one bare, white hand. "I'd give this whole roll for just one look at Mexico right now," he said. "What good is this out here?"

Pete looked from the banknotes to Foxy's trembling white hand. When Foxy put away the money and started to draw on his glove Pete stopped him. "Hey, Foxy," he said, putting a mittened hand on the other's arm, "do your ears feel all right?" Foxy pulled at one ear with the ungloved hand. Puzzled he said, "Sure. I guess so. Why?" Pete shrugged. "Looks like they're frozen," he said.

Wild-eyed, Foxy pulled off his other glove and rubbed his ears. His fingers were turning dark. He held one shaking hand towards Pete. "Do something!" he screamed. "Don't sit there staring! My ears are frozen, Pete!" Pete nodded. "Yep," he said. He pulled his cap closer about his ears and pointed at Foxy's bluish fingers.

Terrified, Foxy stared at his hands. He made a grab for his gloves; he could barely grasp them. His fingers were icicles of flesh. "Pete!" he wailed. "I can't close my fingers. Help me get my gloves on! Give me your mittens!"

"You want me to freeze my hands, too?" Pete sneered.

Foxy surrendered to his fear. He stuck his hands under his armpits. "The match!" he sobbed. "Build a fire, Pete!" He reached out one frozen, beseeching hand. Pete spat. Bending forward, his crooked fingers on the snow, Foxy painfully got to his feet. Weakly he swung his arms twice before they dropped to his sides and he crumpled to the snow. Whimpering, he rocked back and forth. The rocking grew slower and slower. Pete saw Foxy's eyes grow heavy, saw him sink back against the side of the improvised shelter. Foxy was sleeping.

Pete knelt down, reached into the inside pocket of Foxy's snow-shrouded overcoat, brought out the wad of bills, stuffed them into the pocket with his own share of the loot. He saw the box of crackers sticking out of Foxy's pocket. No need to take them. He would soon be in town. He kicked some snow on Foxy, pushed through the bushes and walked out of the woods into the open, rolling country.

The wind had subsided but the cold made the snow crunch like sand underfoot. He trudged on, hoping to see a town or a cabin on the other side of each rise. He stopped to rest more and more often and realized that he was growing drowsy. Every step was an effort, and his feet were numb. He bent over and pounded his

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The Last Match

Continued from page 181

toes with his fist. He felt nothing!

He must find a shelter where he could be very sure his match would not go out until he had made a fire. In the distance was a rocky hill; dark spots showed where the snow had failed to cling to the underside of the stones. That meant there must be a niche where a man could build a fire. Pete slapped his hands together. He stared at the icy mittens, tried to close his left hand. There was no feeling in his fingers! He tried the other and found that he could still move it.

He hurried toward the rocky hill, shaking his head like a groggy prize fighter to rid himself of the terrible sleepiness. "Got to make it," he muttered. "Mexico. Two thousand—two thousand. Make a fire—a fire." He tried to run, but stumbled and fell. When he put his hands into the snow to help himself up, the snow filtered through the wristlets of the mittens. Clumsily he staggered on, mumbling incoherently. He had to zigzag between snow-covered boulders which had evidently tumbled down the slope.

Suddenly he stopped. There, a few feet away, was a haven. It was a barren hole in the side of a frozen hill, perhaps five feet deep, protected by a boulder jutting above it like a sloping roof. Pete trembled as he approached the opening. Then he burst into shrieking laughter. "I'm here!" he cried. "I'm okay now, Foxy. I'm okay!"

With his right hand he broke off several twigs and carried them to the hole. He threw the wood to the ground under the protecting rock, and made a little pyramid of the twigs. He held his right hand between his knees and drew it from the heavy mitten. The hand was purple. Slowly he reached into his pocket and brought out the precious match book. His fingers were numb. His cheeks were dead, his thighs and shoulders throbbed with pain.

He sank to his knees and shook the mitten from his left hand. The hand was reddish-blue. He could not move the fingers so he held the match book in his right hand and awkwardly opened it. He put the cover on a flat stone and held it down with the base of his left thumb. He squeezed the match with his right thumb and index finger and whined as he tore it from the cardboard. Then he knelt forward until his forearms rested on the ground and his shaking hands touched the pile of twigs. He pressed the open cover with his left wrist and put the match head against the striking surface. He pressed down on the match and pulled it towards him fast and hard. There was a zip and a crackle as the match burst into flame. Panting excitedly he held the cardboard cover over the precious fire until it too was ablaze. Then he put the match under the twigs and followed it with the flaming paper.

Watching the hot orange tongues lick at the twigs, he straightened up and chuckled. "Fire!" he shouted wildly. "I've made a fire, Foxy! I'm going to get warm—warm . . ." His voice trailed off. The wood wasn't burning! The tiny blaze only produced hissing wisps of steam from the wet, icy tinder, and the match book was steadily burning away. Pete stared crazily at the dying fire.

Then, he reached into his pocket and seized the wad of stolen bills. He slid one off, touched the corner of it to the blaze and watched as the banknote caught fire. He pushed it under the twigs. "That's it! That's it! See that, Foxy? See it burn?" The bill burned very fast. Too fast. Pete shook off another and lighted it from the first. But the hissing of the wet wood only grew louder. He looked at the roll of bills and at the waning flame. Wildly he threw the bills on the steaming kindling. Some fluttered down outside the wood and he pushed them into the pile. Finally the hissing gave way to the welcome crackle of burning wood.

Pete staggered back to the little tree. He leaned against branches to break them off. He crooked his arms over others and hung on them until they broke. He carried them in relays to the haven and little by little added them to the fire. The blaze leaped upwards, scorching his numbed dark hands as he held them to the life-giving heat. He was beginning to feel stabbing, excruciating pains as his body thawed out. When the wood was exhausted he limped out and found a tree which had been broken by a falling rock. Loose branches were lying about and he dragged them back to his shelter. With the coming of dusk he had a good supply of wood and a roaring blaze.

He sat down close to the heat, his back against the rock wall. The crackle of the flaming wood grew dimmer in his ears; his eyes closed; his head flopped to one side and his mouth came open. Exhaustion and the heat of the fire brought sleep, and he did not see the flames licking at the under side of the sloping boulder which sheltered him—nor the water dripping off the front of the stone from the melting snow. He did not wake at a gentle noise like a canoe sliding from the water onto a sandy beach, as the pile of snow on his stone roof began to move forward.

Suddenly the wet mass broke and crashed to the ground. Instantly there was a rumble and a roar, as tons of snow and boulders together thundered over the rocky hole which sheltered him. It was as though a whole section of the hill had moved forward. Finally the rumble died away. The last fragment of rock bounded down the slope and fell with a tiny thud into a pile of snow. Then everything was still. #

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Round the Swiss Clock

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buildings of the League of Nations, some of which weren't completed before the great dream which was their inspiration had died. Yet the fine feeling of tradition you'll sense all around will remind you that civilization has survived crises before.

From Geneva you'll probably take the train along Lake Léman, sometimes called Lake Geneva, to the university city of Lausanne, capital of the French-speaking canton of Vaud. Lausanne rivals Geneva as a leading tourist center of French Switzerland. Its lakefront district of Ouchy (pronounced "ooshee") is a favorite haunt of writers and painters.

East of Lausanne lies the famous tourist section known as the Swiss Riviera, where the combination of east-west mountains cutting off the north winds, winter sunshine striking the southern slopes, and the moderating influence of the lake have created an almost Mediterranean climate in the shadows of the snowcapped Alps. Vineyards here produce some fine white wines. The district includes such well-known resorts as Vevey, Montreux and Villars.

Heading northeast you come to the fine old medieval town of Fribourg, on the approximate boundary between the French- and German-speaking sections of the country. Next along the route comes Berne, capital of Switzerland, and, of all important Swiss cities, the one which has most successfully preserved its old-world charm. Lucerne is the heart of tourism in central Switzerland and is the jumping-off point for excursions along the Lake of the Four Cantons and the spectacular climb up Rigi.

Zurich is Switzerland's largest city, a cultural center, and its commercial and industrial capital. The atmosphere of Zurich, like its architecture, is a unique blend of the medieval with the very modern. Like so many of Switzerland's leading cities, Zurich has a magnificent lakeside location. One important exception is Basle, which has instead a unique situation astride the Rhine at the junction of the Swiss, French and German frontiers. Basle (Basel or Bâle) is probably the only big city along the Rhine which looks exactly as it did before the war. In fact, some sections are little changed from a few centuries ago.

Switzerland is one place where the countryside is probably of greater interest to the traveler than are the cities. Regional tourist centers include Interlaken in the Bernese Oberland; the canton of Valais, which includes the highest Alpine peaks; the Grisons, with such outstanding winter resorts as St. Moritz and Davos; and the warm and sunny canton of Tessin, where people are gay and the whole place reminds you of a scrubbed-up version of Italy.

What to do: You'd better decide right at the beginning just what sort of a vacation you want. You can spend your time in Switzerland very happily as Joe Tourist, wandering all over the place and seeing as much as you have time for. Or you can decide what of Switzerland is particularly for you, then go there. A great deal, too, depends on when you plan to go. Fall's wonderful. The woods go crazy in full color, there's a nip in the air and, going places, you don't get your feet stepped on.

Of course if it's winter sports you're seeking, you'll probably go to St. Moritz, particularly since the Winter Olympics will be held at that winter resort from January 30 to February 8, 1948. St. Moritz in season is one of the world's most fashionable resorts, and if you like rubbing elbows with royalty to see whether or not any of it rubs off, it's St. Moritz by all means. Or by any means, if you can't make the tariff. However, if it's just skiing you're after, Switzerland offers scores of well-developed resorts and thousands of mountainsides.

Nobody ever recommended Switzerland for night life, and you'll probably do most of your carousing in Paris, but there's one joint you've got to try. That's Mary's Old Timer's Bar on the Augustinergasse in the old section of Zurich. It's just a little saloon, but it was home to 20,000 G.I.s who visited the place during their postwar leaves in Switzerland. Frau Mary Lang, who owns it, called it a speak-easy—to make visiting G.I.s feel at home—gave all servicemen their first drink on the house, and presented them with little souvenir handkerchiefs to send home to their wives and/or girl friends. The soldiers reciprocated by calling her Aunt Mary, spending most of their Zurich time at her place, and tearing off their insignia and shoulder patches for her collection. It might have been the barmaids, the prettiest in Switzerland, or the atmosphere of all-around hospitality that permeates the bistro, but after we'd been there an hour or so we tossed our discharge button into Aunt Mary's collection.

The personal prestige of Americans is high in Switzerland, especially with the girls. Most are buxom, friendly, rosy-cheeked, and eager to try out their English which, generally, is very good and unblemished by those occasional bursts of ear-ringing indecencies which whimsical G.I.s taught to innocent European ladies who knew no better. Swiss girls go to "dancings," frequently in pairs, in the afternoons, where it is quite easy to strike up interesting acquaintanceships. Contrary to a widespread impression, Swiss girls do not generally yodel.

What to eat and drink: Switzerland is by far the eatingest country in Europe today, for tourists, at any rate. The visitor is given all the food coupons he needs, and it's good manners to present your

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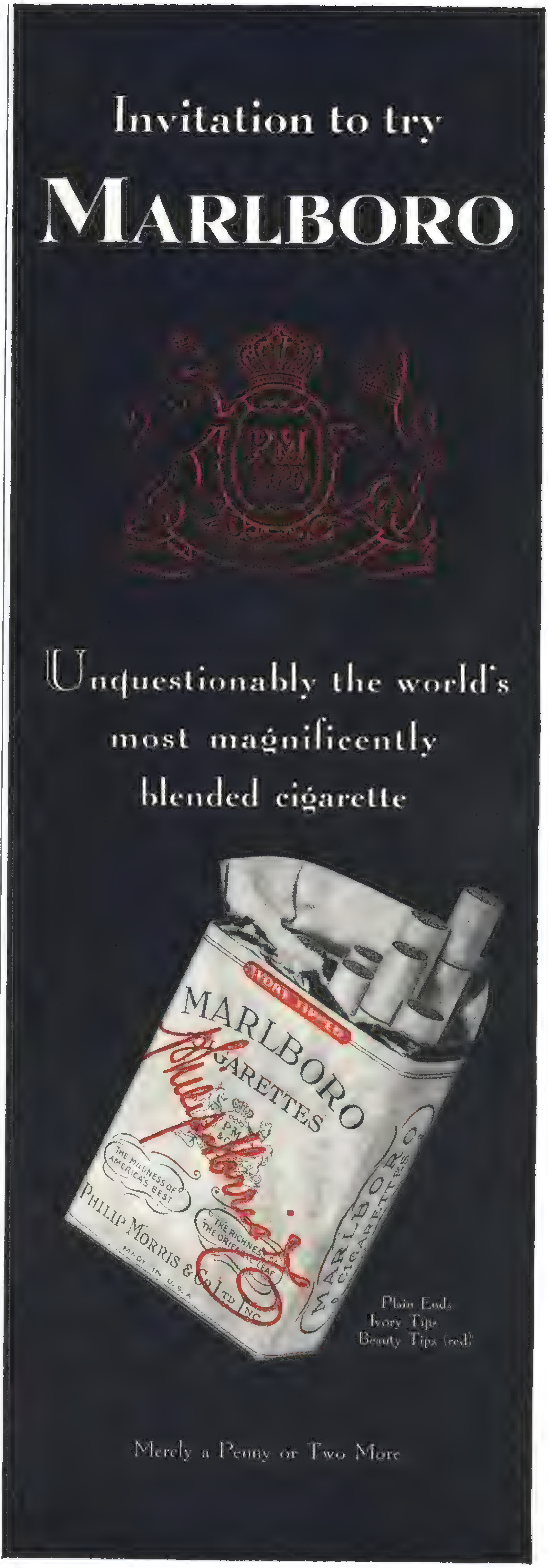
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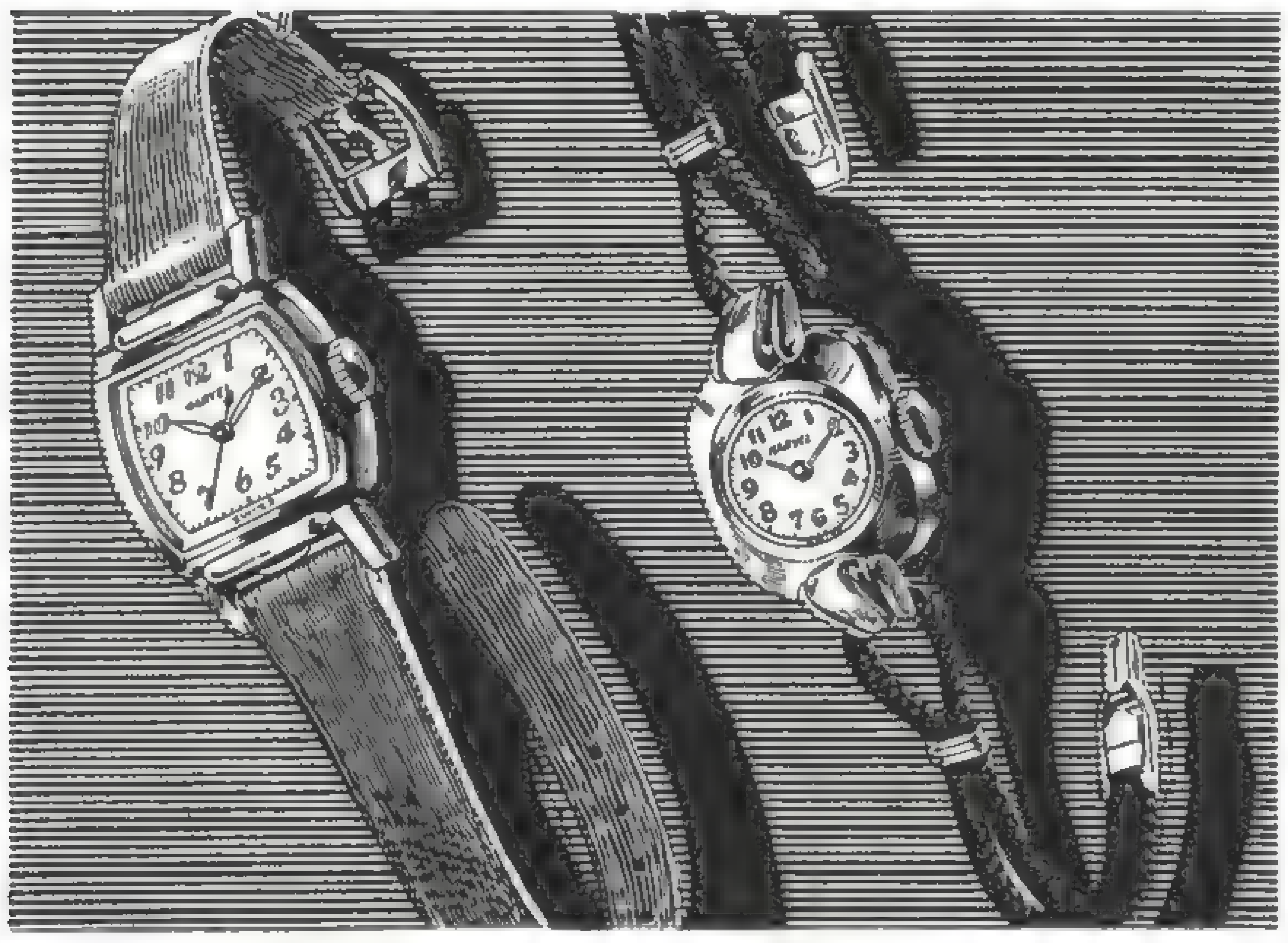

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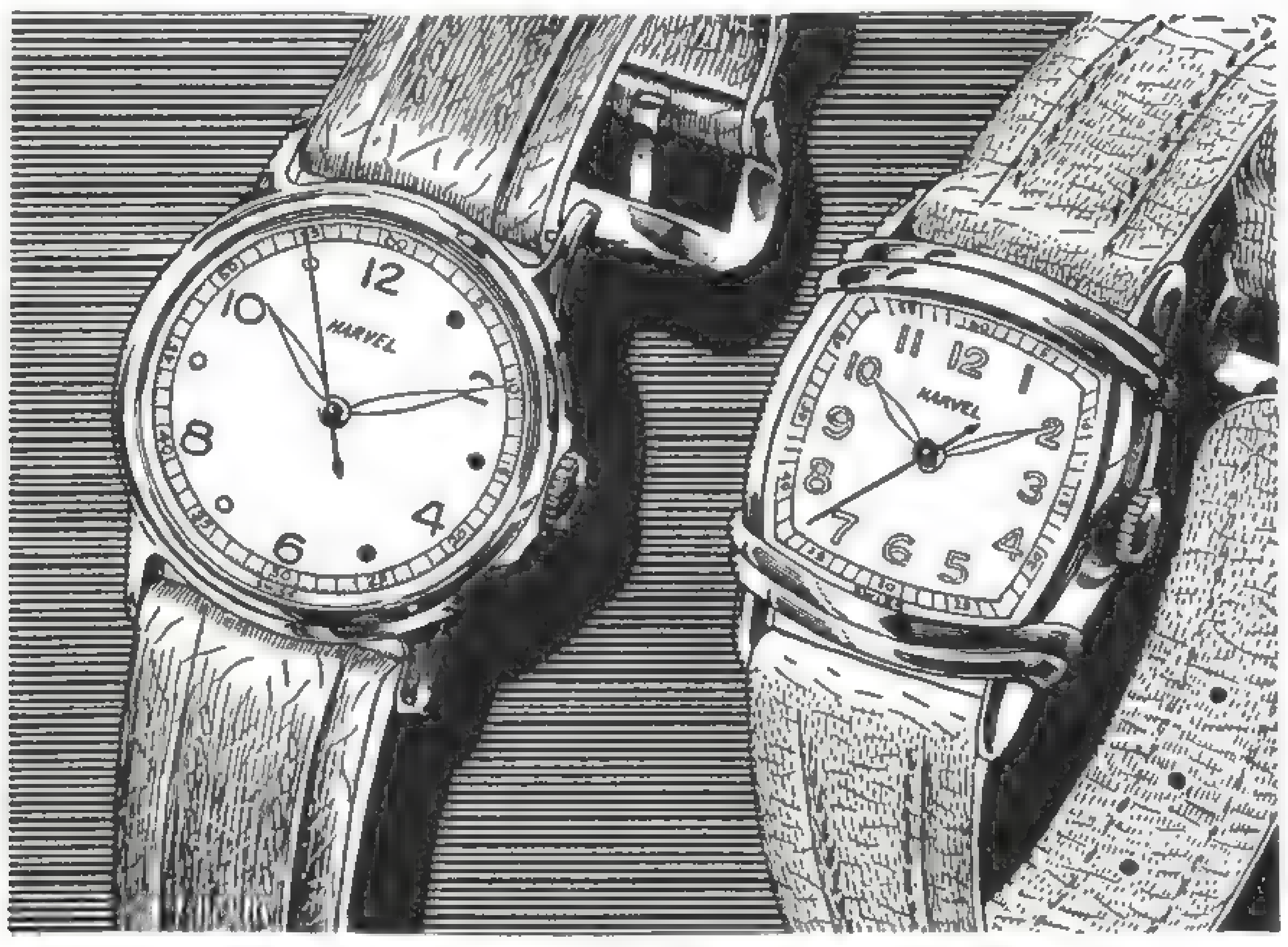

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Round the Swiss Clock

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hostess with a few if you dine at a Swiss home. The country abounds in regional and national specialities. One of the best known is fondue—cheese which has been melted in wine, into which everybody dunks hunks of bread. In general, Swiss cooking follows the fashion of the country on the nearest frontier—French cuisine in the west, German cooking in the north and east, and Italian style down south in the Tessin—but the Swiss have many dishes distinctively their own.

In the drinking department, sip—do not gulp—marc, a brandy distilled from pressed grapes after the wine has been drawn off. Three shots and you take off from the nearest ski jump in your bare feet. Swiss white wine deserves to be better known.

While you're in Zurich, you'll probably want to dine in one of the medieval guildhalls. Practically all the guilds have restaurants open to the public. Among the best are those of the *Zimmerleuten* (carpenters), *Saffran* (bankers and businessmen), and *Schmieden* (metalsmiths). And if you don't know where to eat, you'll find railroad-station restaurants are always good.

What to buy: The story goes that only three Americans have ever visited Switzerland without buying a watch—guys by the name of Hamilton, Waltham and Elgin. Standard prices for men's wrist watches in stainless-steel cases run from about $22.50 to $45. The same movements in gold cases cost between $62 and $85. Women's wrist watches run about 25 per cent higher. Chronographs—those watches with all the gadgets—cost between $30 and $60 in stainless-steel cases. It's a good idea to buy one of the well-known name brands, since many of these maintain repair and service stations in the States.

Other good gift buys include lighters, music boxes, embroideries and home-movie cameras. But remember, you're only allowed to bring into the States $100 worth of foreign purchases duty-free. On many items the duty would bring prices up to about what you would pay at home.

What to wear: Best general rule is to take the sort of clothes you'd wear in the northern part of the U.S. according to season as the Swiss climate is fairly comparable, though somewhat rainier. Probably the most useful single item would be a medium-weight grey flannel suit, the trousers of which can double as slacks with a sports jacket. Since you're on holiday, you'll probably wear jacket and slacks combinations more frequently than you do while you're making your living at home. Be sure to take one dark business suit along for the more formal occasions, but you probably won't have much need for your tails or dinner jacket. At least one pair of shoes in your luggage should be comfortable and heavy enough for happy walking.

Sporthaus Lamm, fashionable sportswear shop in St. Moritz, reports that the newest Swiss poplin ski jackets are short, modeled after the U.S. Army field jacket, with knit collar and cuffs and elastic waistband. In ski trousers, navy blue is popular this year. In casual trousers, British visitors favor corduroy slacks. Solid-color sweaters with V collar and border stripe in contrasting colors are replacing the deer and snowflake designs.

Where to stay: As practically all Swiss hotels are good, best procedure is to figure out what you can spend, then look up a hotel with accommodations at that price. Rates, single, without meals, begin at about a dollar and run up to about five dollars. A surprising number of the lower-priced rooms have no baths, but since the Swiss are so neat and tidy about things, you needn't be squeamish about going down the hall to take your bath, which will cost you a little extra. Rates with meals, if you want them, begin after a stay of three days, and you get a break on weekly rates. Service charges are figured at 15 per cent of your bill for one day's stay, 12 per cent for two or three days, and 10 per cent for guests staying more than three days. And that takes care of your hotel tipping.

Hotels that stand out in retrospect from our Swiss tour include the beautiful Beau Rivage in Geneva, the smart Carlton Elite in Zurich, the fabulous Palace in St. Moritz, and the lovely old Schweizerhof in Lucerne.

How to get there: At the time of writing the only direct U.S.-Switzerland link is by Trans World Airlines, which runs daily (with the exception of Thursday) Constellation and DC-4 flights between New York and Geneva. The trip takes about twenty-one-and-a-half hours. Fares: one way, $373; round trip, $673.10. British Overseas Airways runs from New York to London, with connecting service via British European Airways to Geneva. KLM, the Royal Dutch Airlines, runs from New York to Amsterdam, with connecting service to Zurich, Geneva or Basle. Air France runs to Paris, connecting with flights to Geneva or Zurich. Sabena, the Belgian air line, runs to Brussels, with connections to Geneva or Zurich.

There are good rail and air connections to Switzerland from England and France, which are reachable by ships of the Cunard White Star Line, The United States Lines, Holland-America Line, and French Line; and by air, by Pan American World Airways and American Overseas Airlines, in addition to the air lines mentioned above.

Your local travel agent should be of great help in arranging itineraries and bookings. ##

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The Famous Jump-Springs

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ing. I felt so joyous that I took a few leaps and turns in the air like a ballet dancer, only going much higher, of course. Oh, but that was a glorious feeling—the inventor's first rapture of success.

I had been passing down a quiet residential street, meeting no one; now I came to one of the main arteries of the city, and immediately became aware of gasps of surprise and amazement and excited gestures and exclamations on the part of the pedestrians. Of course, it was bound to be that way. It was the same with first demonstrations of the bicycle, automobile, and airplane.

I paid little attention to the astonished gapes which the jumpettes provoked. I was too intent on testing the actual performance of the springs, discovering any weakness in them or need for improvement. Too, I determined to time my speed. I had always been a fairly fast walker, accomplishing a mile in about fifteen minutes. How fast would I be able to do a mile at ordinary stride on jumpettes? I did a mile in seven minutes, forty seconds. When I reached the business district I found myself frequently surrounded by excited throngs. Since it was difficult to escape these throngs—several times I literally had to leap from out their midsts —I turned around and headed home. On the way I witnessed at least a dozen automobile collisions. Instead of watching the traffic around them, the drivers all persisted in turning their heads to stare at me.

During the next couple of weeks nearly every school child in the city came to my door begging for a pair of jumpettes. They came after school hours; they came during school hours; I hired six workers to assist me in turning out the jumpettes. Six workers were not enough, of course. I needed hundreds of workers, thousands of workers. I needed factories. I filed articles of incorporation for a firm to be known as Jump-Springs, Inc. I mortgaged my home; I borrowed every cent possible on my life insurance; I planned grandiose schemes to acquaint investors with the skyrocketing possibilities of Jump-Springs, Inc. "Jumpettes will bring the suburban areas of all cities within walking distance of the business areas," I prophesied. "Jumpettes will become as common a word in all languages as shoes. You'll find pairs of them in every clothes closet."

I was starting out for a stroll on my jumpettes one morning when I met my neighbor, old Mr. Westerfelt. He got off the sidewalk when he saw me coming and climbed high up the slope of a lawn to give me a wide berth. I stopped and offered the old man a pair of jumpettes if he would join me for a stroll on them. He seemed hesitant at first but curiosity got the better of him and he accepted the offer. I fastened a pair of jumpettes to his shoes and we set off. He took an immediate fancy to the jumpettes. "Why, they're wonderful," he chuckled. "They make me feel like a seven-year-old!" We had walked only a few blocks before he grew adept with them, throwing out his legs and taking wide, graceful bounds in the air. We walked about six miles and returned home again within an hour and a half, feeling not the least fatigued. As we were about to part, Mr. Westerfelt plucked my sleeve and inquired, "Do you have any springs that I could jump with—like the children?"

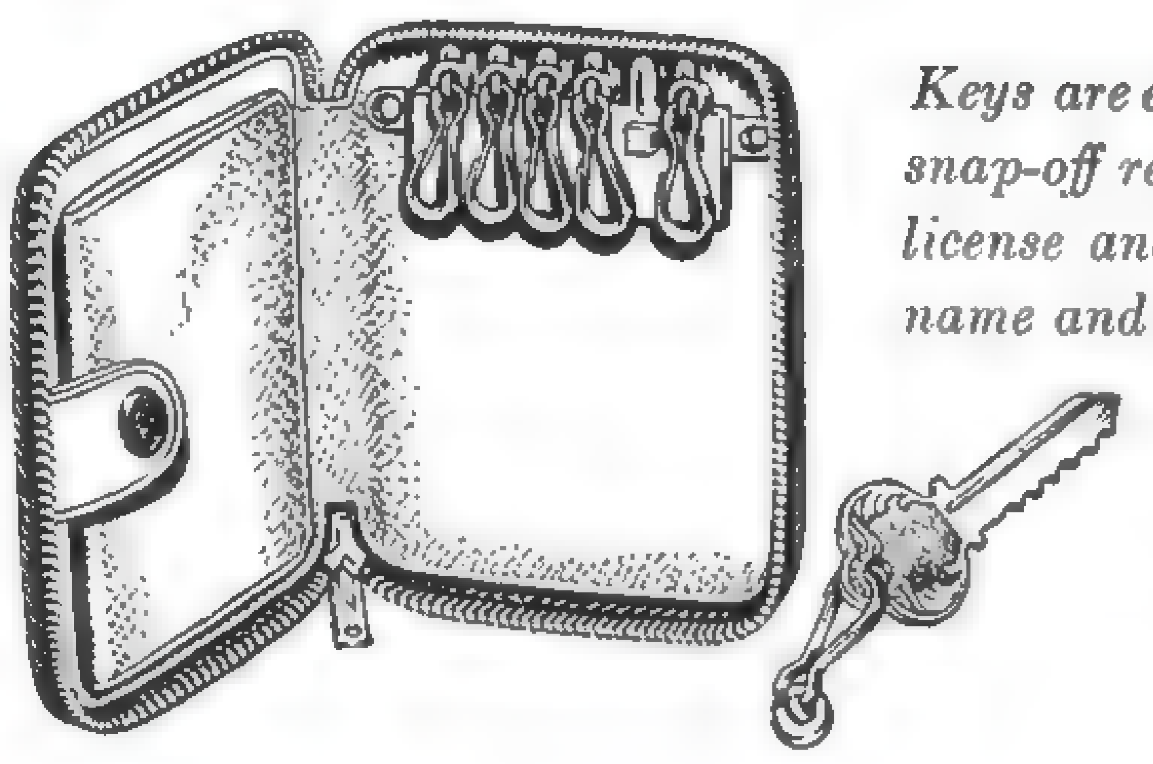
Mr. Westerfelt weighed about one hundred and forty pounds, so I found a pair of jumpettes which had the proper springs for a person weighing two hundred. These I carefully fastened to his shoes, warning him that he might break his neck if he jumped too high with the springs. But he was as excited and impatient to be off as a child; he acted as if he had the jump fever. He said that all his life he had liked to jump and now that he was getting old he could hardly jump at all. The first leap he made with the pair of jumpettes sent him into the air about six feet, the second ten feet, the third fifteen feet, the fourth took him no higher, the fifth landed him with a crash atop a trellis in my back yard.

He climbed down spryly. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you a pair of jumpettes with bigger springs?"

I gladdened his heart by removing the jumpettes he had on and replacing them with a pair which possessed the largest springs I had in stock. His first leap on these sent him into the air twelve feet, his second leap fully thirty feet. He landed in the upper branches of a large hackberry tree in my back yard and I had to call the fire department to get him down. I thought the old man would have had enough of jumping then; but he asked for a pair of jumpettes with springs so large he could jump across Salt River where it flowed past his father's farm. He said that ever since he had read in school about George Washington throwing a dollar across the Potomac River, he had wanted to prove his own strength by jumping across Salt River. With a pair of jumpettes he figured he could achieve that ambition.

That is the way the Great Jump-Spring Exhibition came about. It was held on a Sunday afternoon on the Westerfelt farm nine miles from the city. Several thousand farm and city folk gathered to witness Mr. Westerfelt's attempt to jump the river. Reporters from the leading Midwestern newspapers were also present. The ladies of several church-aid societies erected booths and sold sandwiches, coffee, doughnuts, popcorn, candy bars and soft

Continued on page 186



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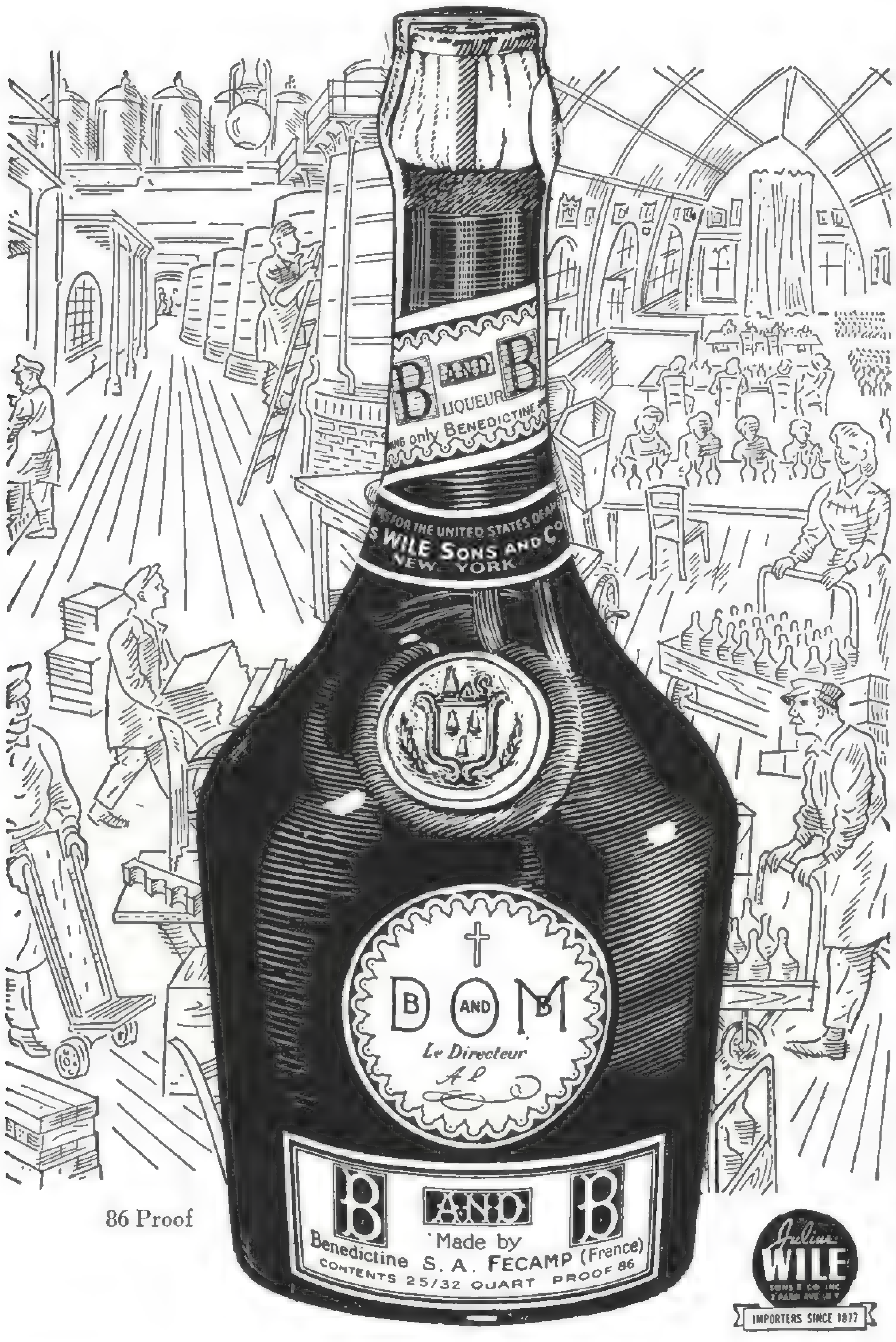

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The Famous Jump-Springs

Continued from page 185

drinks to the crowds. A carnival spirit prevailed; it was almost like a county fair. Betting was light; the opinion being too general against the possibility of anybody, springs or no springs, jumping across Salt River. Men would wander down to the bank of the river, gaze speculatively across the water, spit tobacco juice into it, and shake their heads. Salt River at the point cleared for the jump was all of sixty yards across. No man could jump such a distance!

There was something electrifying about the old man when he appeared on the hilltop overlooking the river on his high jumpettes. The crowd fell silent; all eyes turned expectantly toward him. The jumbo-sized springs of his jumpettes raised him about five feet off the ground, giving him the appearance of a man on stilts. In his hands he held two poles to assist him in his take-off. The hilltop on which he stood was about fifty yards back from the river. Before him, a cleared space ran down to the river with ropes holding back the crowd. Across the river, on the opposite bank, was a corresponding cleared space, with a small crowd gathered about it. Mr. Westerfelt called, "All ready?"

I was standing below him on the river bank. "All readee-e-e-e!"

From across the river another voice sang, "All readee-e-e-e-e!"

Mr. Westerfelt swung his body between the two poles and let go. His first leap sent him into the air twenty feet and carried him about ten yards. His second sent him into the air fifty feet and carried him to the river's edge. Up he zoomed then into the sky like a rocket and over the river he sailed. Such a roar went up from the crowd that it was heard for miles. Not a single hitch had marred the performance. Old Mr. Westerfelt had jumped across Salt River! He had achieved his great ambition. But he didn't stop there. He landed ten yards beyond the river's edge on the opposite bank and was immediately sent into the air again by the jumpettes. Up—up—up, he zoomed, even higher than before, until he was just a speck in the sky. Where he came down we could not see. The spectators immediately rushed for their cars in order to pursue him.

Of course, the chase was hopeless. Wherever Mr. Westerfelt had come down, he was no longer there when his pursuers arrived. He was up and away on another jump. For, you see, one thing neither Mr. Westerfelt nor I had stopped to consider was how he was to quit jumping once he started. Whenever he landed the springs were bound to send him up again. The only thing that could stop him was a landing in a tree or bogmire. Then, likely as not, he would be killed. But he was fortunate in this respect. A hundred miles away he landed up to his neck in a sand bar in the Platte River and that stopped him. He was extricated, shaken and bruised, but the happiest old man in the world.

As a result of the publicity given this event by the nation's press, I was deluged by a flood of inquiries about the jump-springs. By letter, by telephone, by telegraph, the inquiries and orders poured in. What could I do? I hired a dozen stenographers to handle the correspondence. I purchased a couple more coil-spring machines and built an extension on the shed in my back yard. I hired a few more workmen. But debts were accumulating and then one day several policemen came and padlocked my shed. They said it was against a zoning ordinance of the city to have an industrial plant in my back yard. A complaint had been made about it. I had to pay off my workmen.

That is how I came to sell my patent rights to the jump-springs.

I sold them to Mr. Nomma, the city's leading capitalist. Mr. Nomma owns the bus and trolley lines which thread the city and its suburbs. He phoned me and asked me if I would see him at his office. It was the day after the policemen had padlocked my shed that I went to see Mr. Nomma. He made a flat offer of $50,000 for the patent rights to my jump-springs. I accepted his kind offer, went home, sold my coil-spring machines, and tore down the shed in my back yard. I turned over all the inquiries regarding the jump-springs and the orders for them to Mr. Nomma. I paid off the mortgage on my home and the loans on my life insurance. I paid off my other indebtedness.

But I think I owe the world an explanation about the jump-springs. I continue to receive telegrams and letters about them, even from such faraway places as Russia. I refer all this correspondence to Mr. Nomma for I want it understood that I have positively nothing whatever to do with the springs any more. Mr. Nomma holds the exclusive rights for the manufacture and sale of the springs. I do not think, now, that he has any intention of manufacturing and selling the springs. Months have passed and he has made no move to fill the great number of orders for the springs. Frankly, I doubt if he ever had any such intention. He sees in them a serious menace to his own thriving bus and trolley business. Just consider how many people would use a streetcar or bus if they had a pair of jumpettes with which to spring swiftly to wherever they wanted to go.

I even suspect it was Mr. Nomma who had those policemen padlock my shed. Mr. Nomma isn't anybody's fool. But it doesn't matter to me. I am at work on another invention. ⁂

Continued from page 99

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

antipornography

I

I enjoyed Paul Gallico's comments on the modern female author and her pursuit to the very last primitive detail of the animal instinct in the human being. A spicy tale, told with every detail smeared over it, becomes a distasteful vulgarity, repulsive to our finer sensibilities. I have discontinued my membership to a certain book club because, like Paul, I got an overdose of the so-called "lady" realistic writer.

ROLLAND DAVISON

La Porte, Ind.

II

The article *This Man's World*, by Paul Gallico, in the July issue of Esquire strikes a new high in journalism dealing with the recent flood of pornographic literature.

As a humble scribe of the lower brackets, and candidate for the position of All-American collector of rejection slips, I am wondering whether Gallico realizes that, in most instances, the blame rests directly upon the shoulders of so-called "literary agents."

The pressure brought to bear upon a novice in the literary field to pander to the depraved tastes of readers for the sake of sales is incredible. The inexperienced female author is often completely overwhelmed by insistence on the part of the agent that the story be "livened up" with off-color incidents. Honest and competent agents undoubtedly have their place in the field of journalism, but there are far too many with no scruples where the almighty dollar is concerned.

Let us put some of the blame where it really belongs.

HENRY PLEASANTS, JR.

West Chester, Pa.

interdict

In your August, 1947, issue on page 83 you have a picture of the bartender at Shepheards in Cairo. You mention that many GIs will remember him. Brother, you sure were not there. For many years I had heard of that famous hotel and when I was sent to Cairo, I thought now this is it. Was I wrong! Don't you know that anyplace decent in the Middle East (British type) is on limits to officers and civilians *only*?

SAM GRANT

Vallejo, Cal.

Esky at home abroad

Since my visit to the States just before the war, Esquire became my closest friend. Unfortunately it is very hard to get and I call me very lucky that I do get it steady now.

I have to keep records and often feel like in a library when a new number of Esquire arrives and has to make the rounds. And if we're through I can assure you I get a hell of a time to satisfy all the wishes; one wants the beautiful pin-up girls, another this or that story or article, and the next one is interested in the wonderful advertisements or the pages about fashion. Things are getting hot if two are wanting the same page!

I'm very interested in the American language and its people, as I had enough opportunity to watch them during my work with the UNRRA in Germany. Back home again I've no opportunity to hear or practice real good American, therefore I got the idea to ask your help, might be there is someone who would be interested to change letters between Denmark and the States. And maybe there is someone too, who could help me to keep my Esquire myself in sending me his old numbers.

LUISE ANDERSEN

Risskov, Denmark

They

It may be presumptuous on my part to make this request, but I believe it would be timely when there is so much unrest in the world, that you reprint the article entitled *They* by Bruce Bairnsfather as it appeared in the May, 1935, Esquire.

Because my husband fought in France in the first world war to make the "world safe for democracy" and we became so disillusioned afterwards, I started a scrapbook of clippings about war and peace, and the article entitled *They* was included.

Despite all we had learned we signed the papers so our oldest son could go into the second world war and he served three years as a paratrooper with the 82nd. He came home disillusioned.

Believing conditions are the result of indifference on the part of the people, I have always taken a great interest in voting, trying to select the right candidates for office. I wonder if I might have saved myself a lot of time spent in trying to act my part as a citizen, if I had accepted the philosophy of Bruce Bairnsfather in 1935 and realized that "They" are running the world and moving nations around as we play a game of checkers.

DONELDA ALLARDYCE

Saginaw, Mich.

sleuth of the month

On page 29 of August issue of Esquire we have proof that even your copy writers look at the pictures, inasmuch as "gilding" becomes "gliding" when the eye strayed a little high on the page.

Gad! Who'll notice a spelling error below such a lovely picture.

CLYDE H. KAYSER, JR.

Dayton, Ohio

Greek has a word

A big bouquet to Mr. Gallico for blowing his top on the subject of the rabid Rooshan. I don't need to tell you how the average Greek feels about the "moody Muscovite" after three years of wooing with methods that would make Dillinger look like a Sunday School teacher's favorite moppet.

I am sorry to hear Mr. Gallico is out on a limb as regards party affiliation. Might I suggest that he form a party of his own?

Bouquet to Esquire for airing Mr. Gallico's views and don't you dare give us that line about "the opinions of the author are not necessarily shared by the editors or publishers of this magazine." You ought to publish his article in pamphlet form and distribute it to every politician and UNO delegate you can find.

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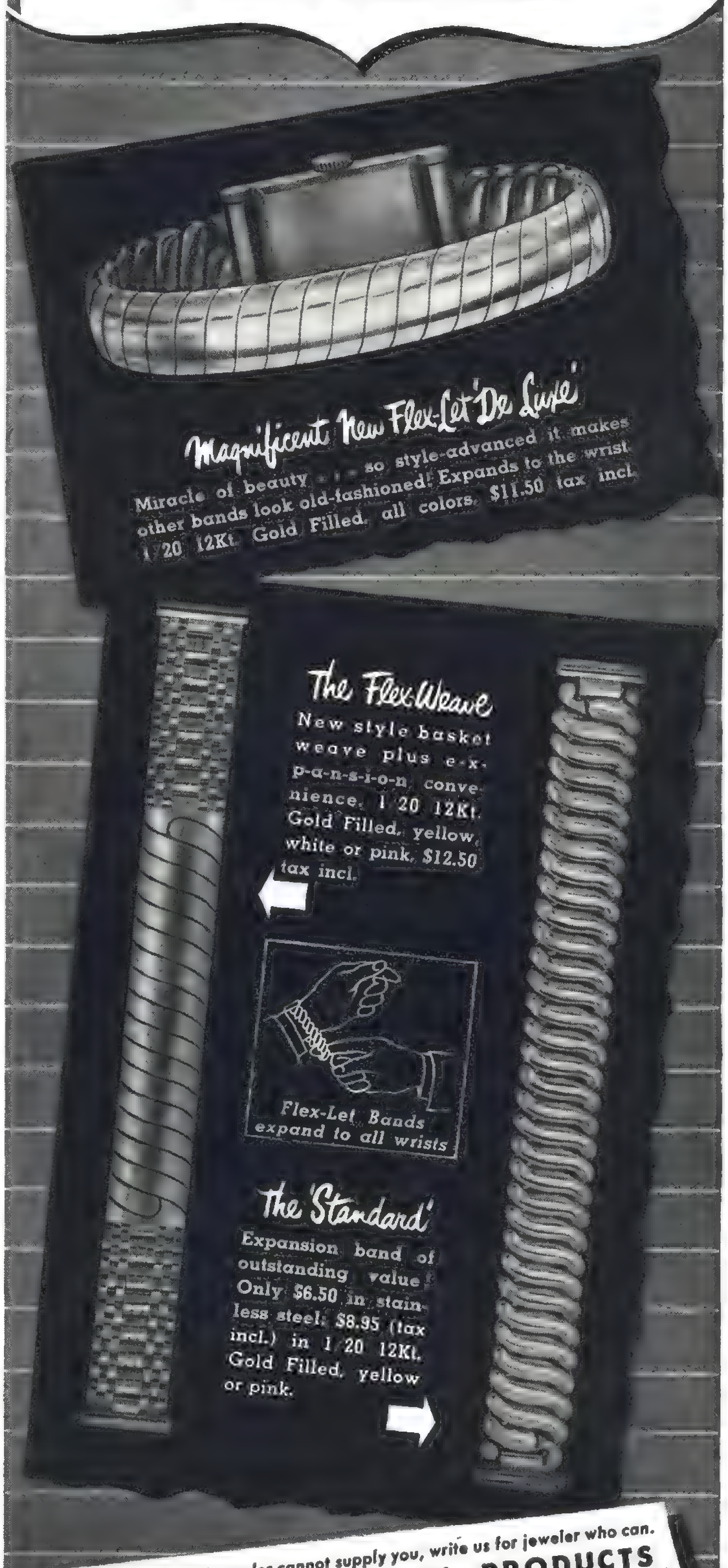

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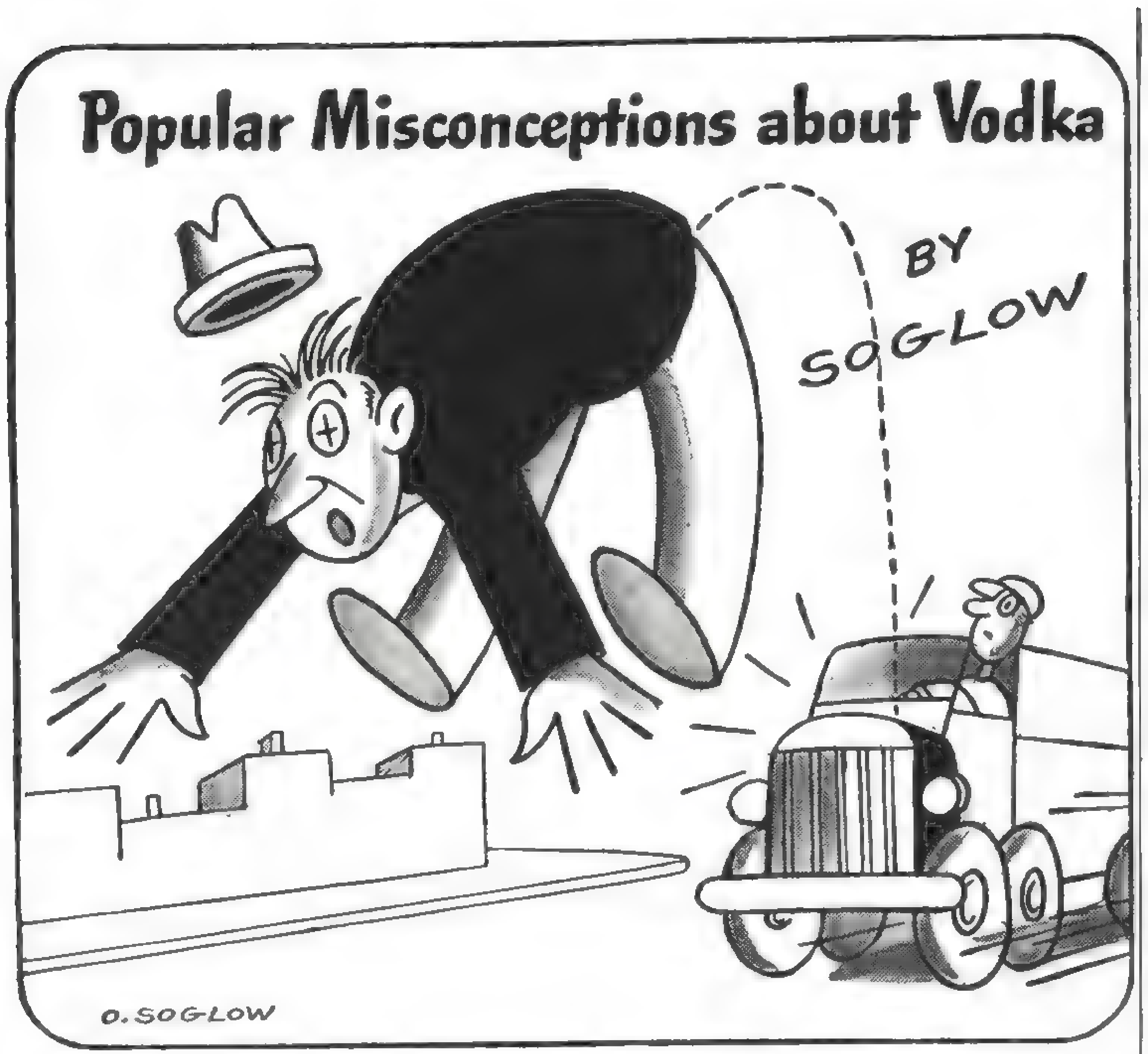
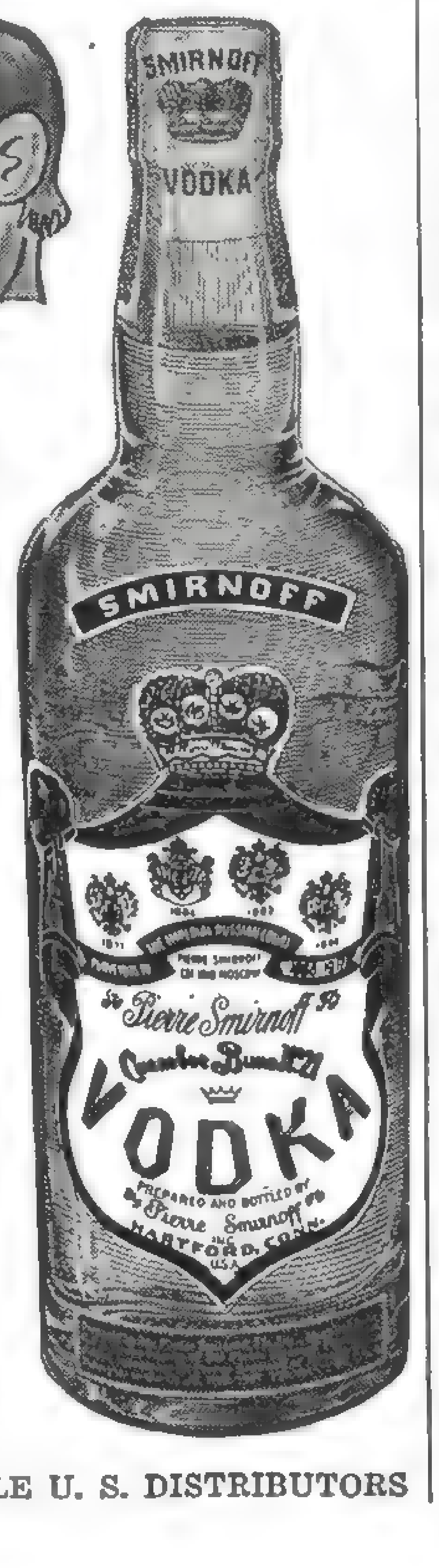


So you think vodka hits you like a ten-ton truck? So did I—until I actually tried a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka! The fact is, folks—and I'm still here to prove it—that even the strongest Smirnoff (100 proof) is no stronger than regular bonded whiskey. And the 80 proof Smirnoff is actually less potent than Scotch! It isn't the amount of potency in the vodka—it's the amount of vodka in *you* that counts!

Another notion I had was that vodka has a fiery taste. 'Tain't so. Actually, an ice cold Smirnoff Vodka is the smoothest drink you ever tasted. So, just forget the fire department—those Smirnoff folks really know how to take the bite out!

And don't think that bottle of Smirnoff is just for Czars and Commissars—you'll find you and your friends preferring it to other liquors. Makes super Dry Martinis and really shines with fruit juices, colas and ginger ale. *Try Smirnoff and see!*

I recommend a Ginger Ale Highball made with Smirnoff Vodka! It's Delicious



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Flo's Freudian Slips

Continued from page 95

on Fifty-Seventh Street and found him in the phone book. I suggested that Flo call him.

"Don't mention the clock or the chain," I said. "Tell him the doc wants you to drop by to see how he feels after the Pentothal."

Brody answered the phone and told Flo to come right over. His wife was visiting her aunt, he said, but should be home in an hour or so. Flo forgot to say she was bringing me along.

Actually, according to Mendoza, Nadya was visiting the French masseur that evening. But I saw no need of bringing this up, and on the taxi ride over I cautioned Flo not to mention it.

Brody opened the door, smiled at Flo, then frowned when he saw me beside her. Flo introduced me again as a visiting psychiatrist.

Brody was a tall, rather handsome man in his forties. While he and Flo talked I excused myself and asked the way to the washroom. Going through the bedroom I seized the alarm clock. In the bathroom I wound up the alarm, pushed down the little button, and turned the indicator to coincide with the time—which was ten o'clock.

When I walked into the sitting room, Brody had his back to me. I placed the clock on a table just back of his left ear, and pulled up on the button. It went off with a shrill, upsetting ring.

Brody gave a sudden jump and stopped talking. But he didn't look around. Instead he looked at Flo.

"Sweetheart," he said in a loud, emphatic voice, "I love you!" Then his ears reddened and he began to sputter and stammer.

Flo was on her feet, pale and shaken.

I turned off the alarm and put my hand on Brody's shoulder. "Don't try to apologize, old man." I explained as best I could about the posthypnotic suggestion and what it was supposed to do to his wife and Flo. I didn't tell him how the chain linked up through the Frenchman to his wife.

Brody's embarrassment changed to anger. He got up, his face still flushed, and tightened his fists. "If what you say is . . ."

The front door opened and a woman walked in. She was a little on the plump side, with black hair and eyes. She looked surprised when she saw us standing in the middle of the room. I assumed it was Nadya.

She turned to Flo. "Well," she said, "I certainly didn't expect to find *you* here." The way she said it, you could almost see the little wheels of suspicion starting to whirl in her head.

It was then that Flo made her fatal slip. Angered, she said, "And we didn't expect you home so soon, Mrs. Brody. How was your French friend tonight?"

The remark had more effect on Brody than on Nadya. He walked over and grabbed her by the arm, jerking her around to face him.

"Have you been to see Maurice again?" he shouted.

Nadya pulled herself away and glared at Brody without replying.

"Don't think I don't know about you and Maurice," Brody sneered. "Mendoza told me all about it weeks ago. He said . . ."

Nadya turned suddenly and walked into the bedroom, slamming the door. Brody glanced hopelessly at Flo and shrugged his shoulders. Flo was biting her lip, looking guilty and unhappy.

Then the bedroom door opened and Nadya came out again. She still had on her coat and hat, and carried her bag. She walked to the hall door and opened it, then she turned toward Brody.

"Did Mendoza also tell you," she asked, her eyes blazing, "that he made love to me himself?" She didn't wait for an answer.

Brody made no attempt to stop her. Instead he rushed into the bedroom. We heard the scraping of a drawer followed by a string of unprintable epithets. He came back to the sitting room.

"It's gone!" he said wildly. "The automatic. She's taken the automatic!" Through the open window came the sound of a car starting and moving off in low gear.

Brody ran to the window. "Nadya!" he called out. We heard the gears grind into second a block or two away. He spread his hands.

"Well," he said, "what do we do now?"

All I could think of was to find Mendoza. Not that I cared about protecting him, but if we found him we might intercept Nadya. Flo gave me his home phone and I tried there first. A servant told me the doctor had just left and was on his way to the clinic.

"You wait here," I said to Brody, "in case your wife comes back. We'll call you from the clinic."

Flo and I walked a few blocks to the nearest boulevard to find a taxi. Finally a veteran's dilapidated cab rattled over to the curb. On the way I said to Flo, "I can't understand why Mendoza would want to kill you. There must be some details I don't know yet."

"There are," she said. "When I told you about the time I took the cloud test I left something out."

I shook my finger in front of her face. "Aha! A Freudian slip!"

"No—a Freudian slap. It was after working hours when he gave me the test. Afterwards, he made a couple of passes at me and I slapped his face."

"I see—I see," said I, settling back in the seat.

When we got out of the cab we noticed lights burning in several parts of the clinic.

Flo was about to turn the key in the door when I placed my hand on hers. "Listen!" I said. From inside came two muffled sounds. A dog was howling and a woman sobbed hysterically.

Once inside we discovered the

sounds were coming from the laboratory. The door was open. We went inside, expecting to find Mendoza dead with a bullet through his brain. We got what we expected.

The doctor was lying on his back, beneath the easel. There was a small spot on one side of his forehead. A dark stream dripped from the spot to the floor. Id was sniffing the body and whining.

Nadya sat in a chair at the side of the room, sobbing miserably. A revolver lay in her lap. She didn't seem to notice us.

We heard heavy steps in the hallway and into the door frame stepped Brody. He stared at the body, at Nadya, then turned to me.

"Did . . . did she . . . ?"

I nodded. "How did you get here?"

"Borrowed a friend's car. I . . . I didn't hear from you and I couldn't wait there any longer." He turned to Flo, who was trying desperately not to pass out. "I'm going to call the police. Where's the nearest phone?"

"Wait a minute," I said. "Isn't that a revolver in Nadya's lap? I thought you told us she'd taken an automatic."

"I . . . why . . . yes, I guess I did. I can't imagine why I said automatic. I must have meant revolver."

In the pause that followed, Id stopped whining and Nadya, eyes still fixed on the floor, wept quietly. There was a sound of something scraping, like a needle at the end of a phonograph record.

"What's that noise?" I asked.

Flo looked surprised. "It sounds like the recording machine."

"It's possible," I said, "that Mendoza was smart enough to throw the switch before he was shot. Can you play the record now?"

Flo disappeared through a side door. We heard her adjust the apparatus and discovered a loudspeaker on the wall near us. Then came a high-pitched, excited voice. It had a Spanish accent.

"For God's sake!" the voice screamed, "put that gun down, Brody! You're a sick . . ."

The voice was interrupted by two sharp reports, a moan, and the thud of a falling body.

I didn't look at Brody. I was watching Nadya. All traces of hysteria had vanished. She jumped to her feet, her blood-rimmed eyes burning like coals. She pointed her revolver at Brody.

"So it was you who killed him!" she cried. "Don't you know you killed the only man in the world who could have helped me, the only man who ever really cared about me?" Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Brody put his hand slowly into his coat pocket and brought it out again. It held a small black automatic. His eyes were narrowed to slits.

"Shut up, you fool!" he said, "and drop that . . ."

Nadya fired three times. Brody clutched his chest with his free hand. The hand turned crimson. He fired once.

The bullet hit Nadya above the left eye, her knees gave way and she fell in a grotesque sprawl across Mendoza's outstretched legs.

I looked at Flo, who had been leaning against the wall by the side door. Her eyes turned upward and she sank slowly to the floor.

There was a sound of crashing glass as Brody's shoulder rammed a medicine cabinet. He turned, rolled against a chair, then plunged forward on his face.

I checked Russia first, then America. They were both dead. Then I carried Flo to the reception room, Id whimpering at my heels. I left Flo on the sofa, and called the police.

It took the police about four hours to go through their usual routine. Fortunately, I was acquainted with the lieutenant and that made it easier to convince him of what had happened.

Brody had borrowed a car, arriving at the clinic before Nadya or Flo and I got there. Nadya had been delayed by going first to Mendoza's home, and Flo and I were delayed looking for a taxi. Brody shot Mendoza, then concealed himself in the clinic until Nadya came.

When Nadya found Mendoza dead, she became hysterical and oblivious to all that went on around her. Brody dropped his revolver on her lap, so it would match the bullets, and took the automatic from her purse. Then he left the building and waited outside until he saw us get out of the cab. He gave us enough time to find the body before he walked in.

I still had Mendoza's manuscript in my pocket, but I decided it would be difficult to explain chain reactions to the police.

At four-thirty a.m., after the police photographers had finished, the lieutenant dismissed Flo and me.

At the doorway I paused to look back. Above the bodies of Mendoza and Nadya was the seascape I had seen several weeks ago. The sky was blue and peaceful, but now two bullet holes punctured the cloud. Under the sky—the quiet, unruffled surface of the sea.

It struck me that the bullet holes were eyes, and the shape of the cloud had a startling resemblance to the face of Id. At that moment Id was drooling into my right trouser cuff.

Flo and I walked down the hallway, with Id trailing us. I tried to hide a yawn.

"If you think you're going home to bed, you're nuts," she said. "I'm hungry." Then she bent down to pat the bulldog. "Goodbye, Iddy," she said. "Be a good dog."

She straightened up, glanced down the hall, and shivered. Then she slipped her arm into mine and together we slipped out into the night. ##

Continued from page 95

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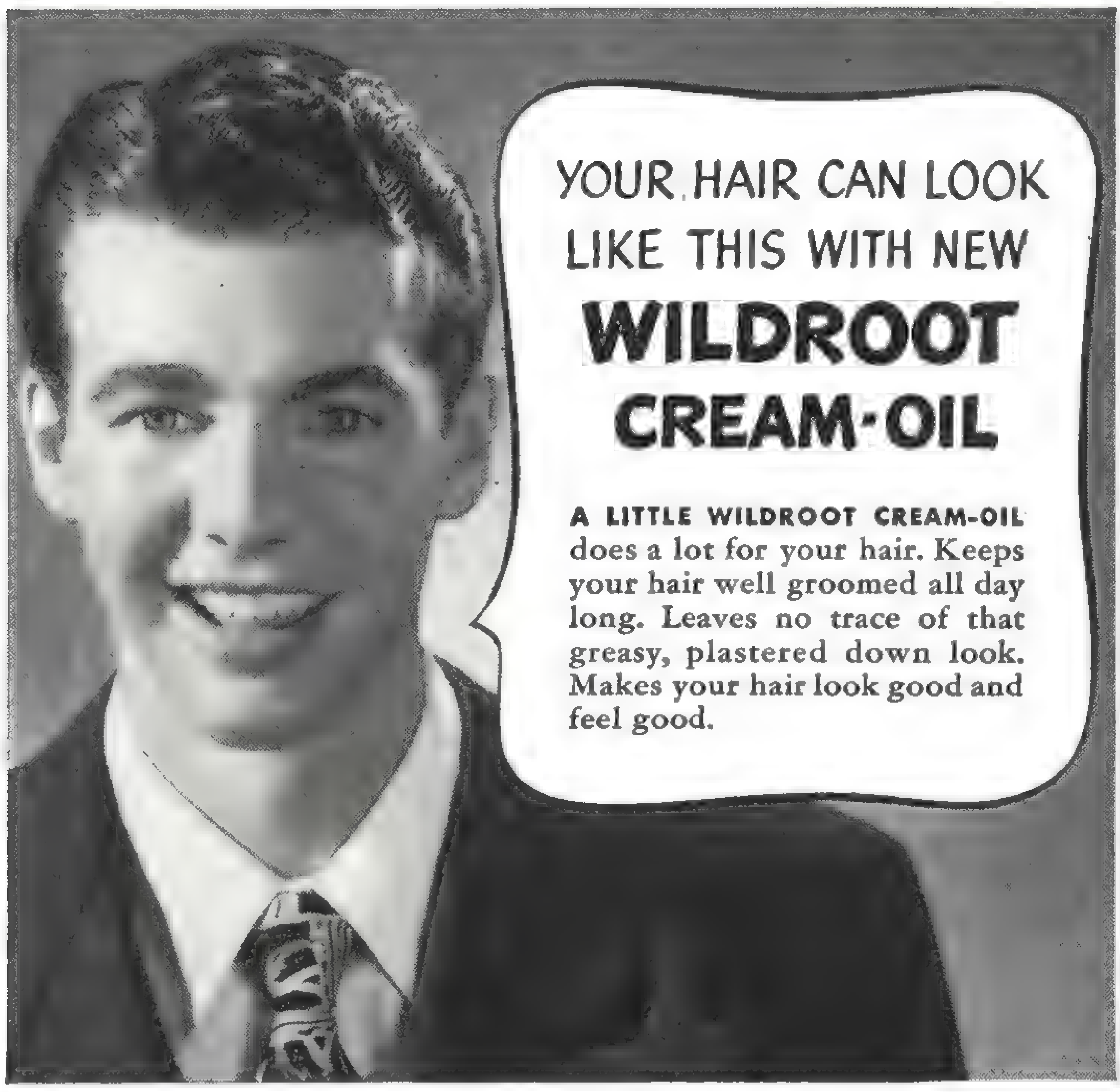

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IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair!*

TUNE IN... *TWO NETWORK SHOWS!* "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Saturday afternoons, NBC Network.

The Owl Show

Continued from page 108

in 1945 a thirtyish blonde came to the studio and identified herself as one of his regular fans. Ford told her she could watch the broadcast and walked out of the studio in the direction of the record library. In the hall he was confronted by a man brandishing a .45 who said he was looking for Art Ford. "That guy stole my wife," the man said.

Ford told him that a man who would do a thing like that certainly deserved shooting and they went across the street and had a cup of coffee while Mike Cometo, thoroughly baffled by the disappearance of his boss, changed the records.

After several cups of coffee the man put his gun away and Ford introduced himself. The man said that his wife had told him that she knew Ford and had decided to leave her husband for him. Ford assured the man that there was not a word of truth to it and they went back to the studio arm in arm. But since that time Ford has never admitted his identity to strangers.

The number of listeners who want to talk to Ford varies with atmospheric conditions. On a hot night or during a storm when people are unable to sleep the studio phones are always busy.

At midnight and for the first hour most of the calls are from kids who are listening to the program from their parked cars, their living rooms or the park. Later the society crowd begins to call and request Jean Sablon and tunes like *Love For Sale.* Later still, the wives of orchestra leaders phone to request their husband's music and Harlem stay-up-late listeners want to hear Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday and Lionel Hampton.

The women who call are usually lonely and in a romantic frame of mind. Ford calls them darling, tells them to come up and see him.

Male listeners generally stay up to hear the *Matinee* because they have to. Taxi drivers, newspapermen, hash slingers in all-night restaurants and watchmen tune in to relieve the monotony of their jobs and to keep awake.

Matinee listeners preparing to do away with themselves usually call and request a last tune, generally *Gloomy Sunday.* Ford tries to keep them talking while he signals Mike to call the police.

Sometimes the caller does not really want to die, but is merely lonely and attempting to break up a monotonous evening. But on at least one occasion police arrived in time to pull a listener's head out of a gas oven.

Between records and conversation Ford manages to squeeze in as many as ninety-six commercials in the six hours he is on the air, although he personally feels that twenty-five is a more nearly palatable figure.

"Now here's a word from old man Adler," he will tell his listeners as he removes a Glenn Miller record from the pile and puts it on the turntable. "If you have feet, old man Adler has shoes for you."

He is inclined to ad lib without paying much attention to the script his sponsor provides. If he feels it is long he will cut it.

Every half-hour he turns the program over to the news commentator for five minutes and wanders through the darkened halls to stretch his legs. Gene Lucifer, his bodyguard and chauffeur, goes out and gets ice cream, cokes, and coffee for everyone.

To keep listeners awake Ford sometimes plays a scrambled record which he calls his All Mouse Band, a series of piercing screeches and groans. When he feels everyone is awake, he goes back to Harry James and Tommy Dorsey.

Several band leaders have made special recordings for him in which they say what a pleasure it is to be here tonight with old friend Art Ford. Ford uses these occasionally during the morning, telling the record how glad he is that it is here and then putting on one of that leader's records. This keeps both hands busy changing records but listeners have the impression that all of their favorites are right there in the studio.

At six a.m. (seven on Sundays), the *Matinee* goes off the air, and Gene Lucifer brings the car, a black custom-built English racing model, around to the door, and when Ford comes out they cruise around the park while Ford relaxes against the white upholstery.

He finds the car highly satisfactory on several counts. It seems to him a proper accoutrement of his success and its speed (115 mph) delights him.

As Gene drives him uptown to his house at 62nd Street and Park Avenue, Ford likes to look at the people going to work. It gives him a great deal of satisfaction to know that he is going to bed.

"On a cold winter morning," he says, "it's the best part of my day."

By eight o'clock he is in bed in a soundproof room at the back of his brownstone house. The room —curtains, furniture, rugs—is all white, with indirect blue lighting. This gives the impression of perpetual dusk when the curtains are drawn.

"It puts me in a twilight mood so I can go to sleep," Ford says, "instead of an up-and-going mood."

Usually he gets up at three o'clock in the afternoon, although if he is tired he may sleep until it is time to go back to the studio. He dresses, shaves, runs his errands, sees record people and sometimes drops by the studio to arrange his program. Then he goes to dinner at Al & Dick's Steak House or Café Society Uptown where he has shrimp, sirloin steak and French fried potatoes. His dinner seldom varies and he seldom eats it anywhere else.

Usually he takes a girl to dinner and to the theatre or to his home to listen to his records. Ford says that he tries never to appear with the same girl more than a few times and that he doesn't care much what they do or say if they look beautiful.

But his favorite showpieces are his apartment and his car. To him they represent the long way he has come since the days when he played summer stock in Shawnee, Pennsylvania, and John Barrymore told him that as an actor he was a fine radio announcer.

He was eighteen then. Now, eight years later, he holds down the top owl-show spot in radio. In the years between he has become a worldly young man with an engaging if extremely self-assured manner. Six-feet-two-inches tall with blond unruly hair, he manages to seem boyish and at the same time older than he is. He dresses almost quietly, but well, and he has an air, especially with women, of a precocious child accustomed to being admired.

Son of an English actor, he grew up wanting to be an actor, and he still moves and talks like a man who is conscious of being watched. After Mr. Barrymore's remarks he decided to try radio and managed to sell a fifteen-minute show called *Looking at Hollywood* to WWRL on Long Island, though he had never been to Hollywood and WWRL was largely a foreign-language station. The station manager liked the idea, but not enough to pay for it and Ford did it for nothing for six months.

Then he took a $5-a-week job as an apprentice sitting in the WWRL control room learning how to be an announcer. Later he was made a regular announcer with a $14-a-week salary, and began his first record show called *Swing Clubhouse of the Air.*

A few months later he moved to WBNX in the Bronx where he did his second record show and a show called *Today in New York.*

Later he suggested an all-night record program and was told that it would cost too much. He went to Macy's where he had been buying his records and induced a man named Wolfe to sponsor him. The show was called *All Through the Night* because Ford had that record and could not afford to have his own theme recorded. George Vincent, one of the leading students of sound recording, lent him some old records from his collection, and Ford began a feature called *Cavalcade of Wax* that was the first revival-record show.

It was while he was doing this all-night show that Ford first realized how real his unseen audience was. A night-club entertainer named June Morgan began to make pies for him and send them to him every time he played a song called *Lil Abner.*

Later a girl proposed to him over the phone, addressing him as "Art, darling" and he became so worried that for the next few weeks he sneaked out of the studio the back way when his broadcast was over. Nothing happened, but it gave him an idea how impressionable sleepy audiences are and made him very cautious.

Shortly after he started doing the owl show for WBNX, WBYN in Brooklyn offered him an early morning show called *Brooklyn Bulletin Board.* It was the kind of show in which the announcer attempts to make people glad they are getting out of bed. He has to sound very cheerful when he tells them, "Time to get up."

Ford would finish his show in the Bronx about forty-five minutes before he was due to start his show in Brooklyn. He had a taxi waiting for him and he would get in and sleep until it got to WBYN. Then the driver would wake him and he would go in and say something bright and cheerful to early risers.

He found that he could not keep his eyes open during the whole show so he devised a method by which he could lie on a couch in a corner of the studio with a boom microphone over his head and the script on his chest. Then he would play Goodman, Shaw, Bunny Berigan and Judy Garland records till the show's end.

He had no particular feeling for any of the four, but says they were about the only people at the time who made twelve-inch popular records and he had discovered that with a twelve-inch record he could put it on, take a minute to get to sleep, sleep for three minutes and take a minute to wake up.

This arrangement didn't last. "I had to eat," Ford says, "but after awhile the taxi driver talked me out of it. He said he liked me and he didn't want me dying in his cab."

Ford moved to WMCA where he did a program called *Table at Toffenetti's* in the window of the Times Square restaurant at eleven every night. It was supposed to put on the air the celebrities who were eating at Toffenetti's. Ford would go over to the Paramount or Strand Theatre before his broadcast and ask an orchestra leader or singer to have a cup of coffee with him. He would take him over to Toffenetti's and order the coffee and the celebrity would suddenly find himself looking into a live microphone.

Broadway Rose and the rest of the main-stem regulars would press up against the window to watch the show and Ford began to be known along the Street.

When Stan Shaw, "your very good friend the milkman," left the *Matinee*, Ford replaced him. He likes the show and the hours because he says he has never been able to sleep at nights.

Only occasionally does he wonder about his upside-down life. This usually happens when he is going to the studio and sees the people he was sorry for in the morning on their way home to bed.

"That," Ford admits, "is the worst part of the day." ⵜ

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FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Papa Bear, Football Revolutionist

Continued from page 105

organization plan. Furthermore tardiness may have a psychological effect in wrecking the precise timing demanded in the Halas plays.

No detail is overlooked in arrival of the stock at camp in Grade-A condition. The squad is warned to get well tanned before coming to camp. Papa Bear and his coaching staff, Paddy Driscoll, Luke Johnsos, Hunk Anderson and Gene Ronzani, sweat the lads. Uniforms are out of the question and, as sunburn would retard training performance, the Bears must get sunburned on their own time before engaging in practice.

Prior to the training campaign Halas mails his candidates installments of the pep talk and preliminary instructions the athletes had better heed . . . or else.

Communiqué No. 1, which was mailed on May 28, read:

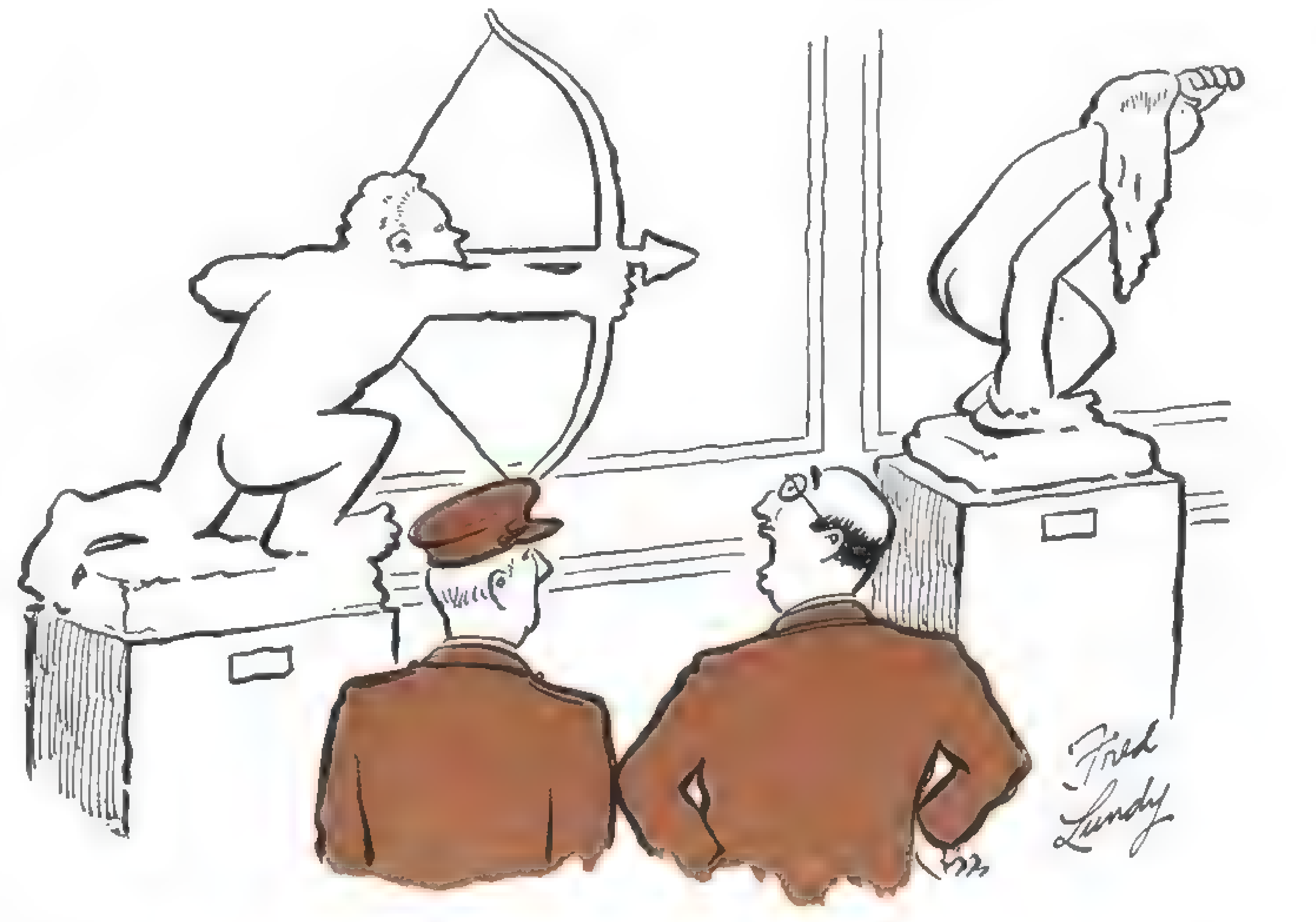
> *We are looking forward to the tough season ahead of us and this year, more than ever, the Bears are facing one of the greatest challenges ever thrust upon them. As 1946 Champions, we must make every effort to protect our position. From the first day, when we meet the College All-Stars at Soldier Field on August 22, to the last game of the season, every opponent will want to have the pleasure of defeating us.*
>
> *As you can see by the enclosed schedule, we have an interesting season ahead which calls for a lot of hard work in a very short time. You will have to get in condition as quickly as possible and stay in condition. We intend to have considerable contact work during the early part of the training period. Get plenty of exercise and plenty of rest (at least nine hours of sleep each night). Keep your weight down. Remember, as you grow older, added weight makes you pay the toll with the loss of spring in your legs. Exercise your legs every day in every way possible by playing golf and tennis, and by hiking. Jog or sprint over a short distance and increase the distance every week.*
>
> *We are going to training camp on Thursday, July 31. Please report to the new downtown headquarters of the Bears, 233 West Madison Street, at 2:00 p.m. Central Daylight Saving Time. The bus will leave directly for St. Joseph's College, our training camp at Rensselaer, Indiana. I am looking forward to seeing you all in first class condition.*

The follow-up letter begins to accent the Halas "must." "YOU MUST," "WE MUST WIN."

Letter No. 2, mailed June 17, read:

> *You now have 44 days to get into prime physical condition before reporting to our training camp on July 31! You Must Report in playing weight and in condition on July 31! After a few days of hardening exercises, be ready to go into scrimmage. Beginning August 1, we have only 21 days in which to learn the new T-formation to play against the College All-Stars on August 22. There will be very little time allotted to getting you into good physical condition. The time will be used primarily to learn the offense and some scrimmaging.*
>
> *We are going to play against the toughest College All-Star team of all time. The starting backfield against us will be Blanchard, Davis, Tucker and Charlie Trippi and they will have a tough and speedy line. But the most important development is that Frank Leahy of Notre Dame will be the head coach and Wally Butts of Georgia will be one of his assistants. They are probably two of the best organizers and hardest working coaches in America. Leahy and Butts will be assisted by four other capable college coaches. One thing is certain.* THEY ARE DETERMINED TO BEAT US. WE MUST WIN THAT GAME. *What the result will be is up to you.* YOU *can answer by reporting in good physical condition.*
>
> *If you have started training, you can ignore the rest of this letter. But if you haven't started, get off that big, lazy duff of yours and go to work. Weight is not an asset unless it is translated into dynamic force. Report with your feet toughened and you can do this by going down to the corner drugstore and buying fifty cents worth of tincture of benzoin and applying it between your toes and the bottoms of your feet; then run and work out in football shoes. Get your legs in shape by running and report with your body well-tanned.*
>
> *Stress muscle conditioning along with proper playing weight. Combine dieting and exercising so that you lose weight while you are toning your muscles. Begin conditioning yourself today and be ready for the fast tempo of the training camp. You are to report on Thursday, July 31, weighing not more than ...... lbs. I will personally weigh you in the first day.*

In the foregoing sermon to his cubs, Papa Bear's keynote, as you probably have noted, is "get off that big, lazy duff of yours and go to work." He is a vigorous, heady worker himself and won't stand for anybody around him dogging it. George's father, a tailor, died when he, his two brothers and his sister were youngsters. Mother Halas and her brood kept



"I think one of these statues should be turned around"

in comfortable circumstances by careful management and the energy of her sons in toiling for a loose buck after school. A bit of the Halas kids' income came from sports.

George was the versatile one. He was good at baseball, football and basketball when he was a high-school student in Chicago. This athletic reputation didn't hurt him any when he entered the University of Illinois. But it didn't help him much either. He was intent on becoming an engineer. Studying engineering and being on varsity teams as a football end, a basketball guard and a baseball outfielder didn't leave him time for fun. George graduated in three and a half years from Illinois by working under high pressure to get his degree so he could get out in February, 1918, and join the Navy.

"Say when"

It was at Great Lakes Naval Training Station that the coaching career of Papa Bear began. The gobs' team was not doing so well under the coaching regime that prevailed. Halas, Paddy Driscoll and Charley Bachman were detailed to coach the club. The performance of the Halas-Driscoll-Bachman squad, highlighted by its victory over the Naval Academy and over the Mare Island Marines in the 1919 Rose Bowl Game, is memorable in football history.

But Halas didn't get to see the sea, which was the objective he had when he joined up in 1918. In World War II he joined up again and got to the Pacific.

Promptly after emerging from World War I as an ensign, Halas was signed by Miller Huggins for the Yankees. During the 1919 Spring training at Jacksonville he hit a triple off Rube Marquard and injured his leg sliding into third. He was able to get by on his damaged pin and was started in the Yankee line-up against Walter Johnson's pitching. Papa Bear still remembers that first game in vivid detail for it was then that he missed becoming a major leaguer by inches.

Johnson's fast ball was not too much for Halas, who was accustomed to the lightning pitching of indoor baseball with the hurler only 26 feet from the plate. So when Johnson fed him the fast ones Halas lined three of them into the outfield stands. Every one of them was barely outside the foul line. Then Johnson tossed curves and Halas might as well have stayed in the dugout. A debut with a home run could have kept Halas in baseball. Huggins shipped him to Mike Kelly at St. Paul for more seasoning after having had "Bonesetter" Reese at Youngstown repair Halas' injured leg.

Papa Bear's physical injuries never could hold him back for long. Reese relieved what Halas and the doctors he had consulted had considered a hip injury. The Bonesetter manipulated a Halas ankle and the cripple was in good shape again. Other damage to the Halas machinery incurred during sports action included a broken ankle, a broken collarbone, a broken finger, a broken jawbone, a cracked cheekbone and four teeth kicked out by souvenir hunters among the enemy. The only injury Halas never could stand was losing. Halas couldn't reconcile himself to not making the grade with the Yankees. He stepped out of baseball to take an engineering job with a Burlington Railroad bridge-building corps. That interlude was brief.

The lure of football drew George back to play with the Hammond, Indiana, pro team. Baston, the former Minnesota star, played the other end. Driscoll, Wyman, Hauser, Blacklock and DesJardien were among the other ex-college stars picking up linament and bridgework money. It was coached a couple of nights a week by King of Harvard.

The Hammond team had football physique and savvy in magnificent quantity and quality and did well as a pick-up team playing organizations such as Jim Thorpe's all-star outfit, which had been working together. It became sharply obvious to Halas that cohesion, discipline and coaching could make that Hammond club a wonder team which would outshine varsity standard of play.

Shortly after that line of thought began to pound in the Halas skull came the opportunity to begin the experiment that eventually broke the varsity monopoly on football headlines.

George was signed by G. E. Chamberlain, general superintendent of the A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois, as athletic director. In February, 1920, Halas went to work to recruit the best pro team that Staley money and Halas brains could buy.

That Staley team provided Halas with the basis upon which football coaching was revolutionized. Fresh from colleges came such smart performers as Guy Chamberlain who, with Halas, took care of the ends; Edward (Dutch) Sternaman, George Trafton, Emmett Keefe, Hugh Blacklock, Lawrence Petty, Bert Ingwerson, Leo Johnson, who later became the track coach of the University of Illinois, and Charles

Continued on page 194

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Papa Bear, Football Revolutionist

Continued from page 193

Dressen, coach this year of the Yankee baseball club.

The first Staley team used the original T-formation, the T-formation with unbalanced line, the then current Illinois, Notre Dame and Minnesota systems, with any other backfield shifts and line deviations Halas could devise.

It was, according to Papa Bear, "the shiftingest team that ever played." It was the first pro team to have all-day practice with two- or three-hour field sessions alternating with skull practice.

What made the Halas job of pioneering with the Staleys a milepost in football was a simple fact that will shock the elders who still worship the old football gods. Rockne, Zuppke and others of the newer style of football themselves were just learning then. Their graduates who were signed by Halas had volumes to learn. The standards that Halas set were far higher and more exacting than those of college football. Before Halas, pro football was chiefly a sand-lot sort of game played as a side line by young, rugged citizens of varying degrees of literacy.

Today high-school football players get better coaching than major university squads got in the early twenties. One tremendously valuable result of this is that the element of safety is much more pronounced in high-school, varsity and pro football than it used to be because players have been educated to handle themselves better and incur fewer risks of injury. For that, in the last analysis, all football is indebted to Halas.

Certainly, also, Papa Bear introduced into football businesslike organization of a sort never imagined before. He has carried that further than any other coach has.

When the Halas U. candidates appear at Collegeville in uniform and on the field at 9 a.m., they know they are beginning a daily schedule that would make the ordinary workingman sob before the U. S. Supreme Court. Until 11:15 they engage in vigorous practice. Then they can shower and take a breather before lunch at 12:15. Between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. there is a quarterbacks' session. At 3 p.m. the whole squad is on the field again to work until 5:15. At 6:15 dinner is served. From 7:30 until 9:30 there are blackboard lectures. After that there is nothing to do until 11 p.m. when it's curfew. Before 11 p.m. the Halas U. squad is ready to hit the sack.

Drinking means an automatic $100 fine for the Bears until after the third game of the regular season. Then Papa Bear allows the boys to have a couple of beers so they won't go stale.

All that sounds tough on the players, but Papa Bear gives himself an even more severe schedule. Most nights the year around he is diagraming new plays and trying to conceive novelties that will continue the progress made, due to the touch of Halas' genius, first by the Bears, then by the National Professional league of which he was a founder, and then by all football. Halas is allergic to inertia and dissatisfied with anything less than the best in performance. The time he doesn't spend on football he devotes to his interests in the jewelry, premium goods, laundry and real-estate fields.

Last year there was muttering among some Bear partisans that Papa Bear's team was too old. His patriarchs were spry enough to win the league title, but not such nimble youths that Halas hadn't seen the necessity of replacing seven players on his 1946 championship team before the 1947 season opened. Halas always is far ahead of the most enthusiastic and informed of professional football fans and for that reason has been the prime builder of the multimillion-dollar pro game. And what all football fans don't realize but what the brightest fellows in college and professional football unreservedly admit, is that Papa Bear has behind his grim or grinning features the liveliest, most logical football brain the game has known. ⧻

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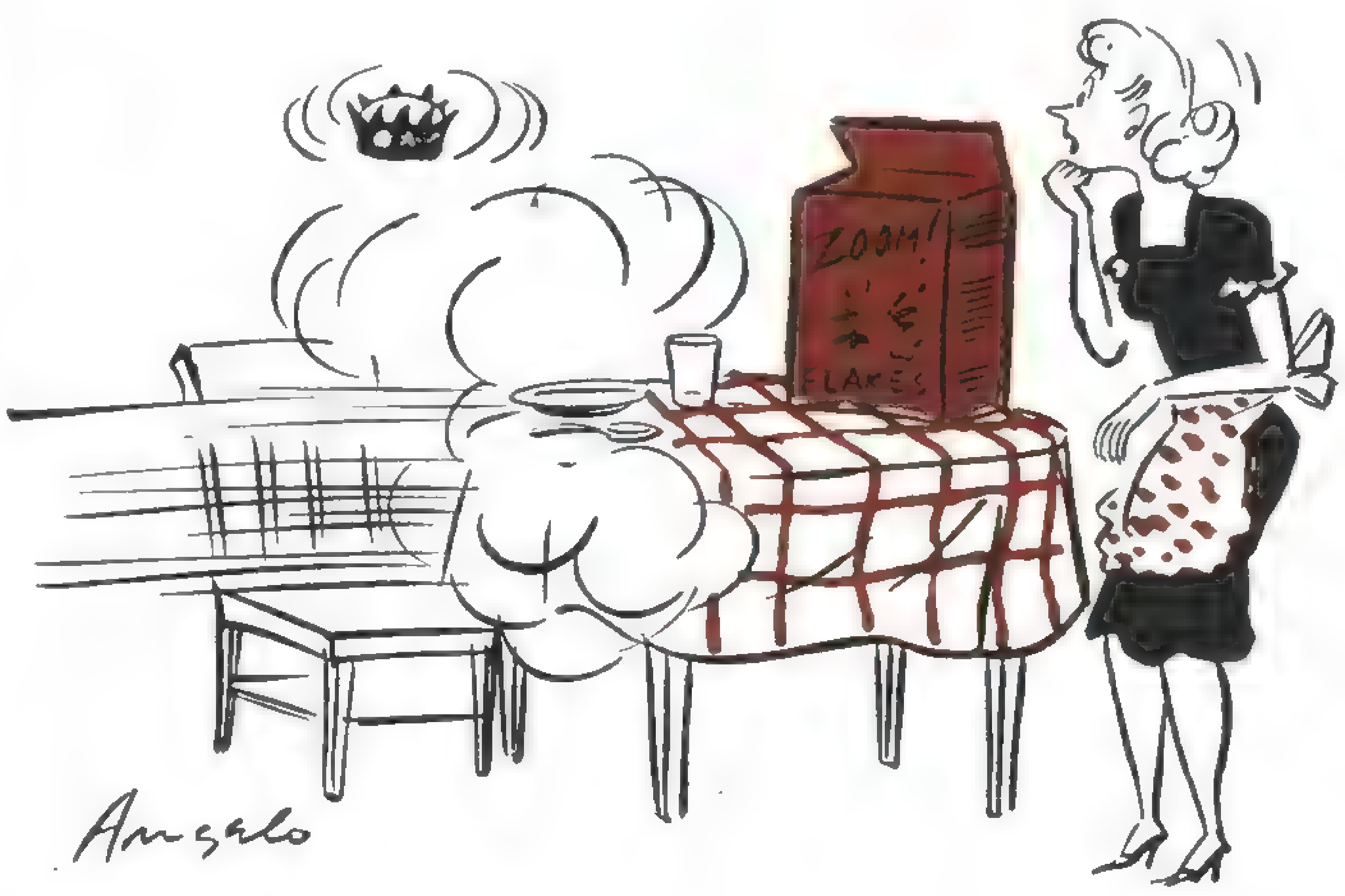

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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Report on Mr. White

Continued from page 76

doubt, throughout his book, that the reason we must build up a strong Germany is because we need it as an offset to Russian ambitions. Russia made a pact with Germany in 1939. Germany invaded Russia in 1941. There is no evidence that a strong Germany would prove a more dependable ally for us. A weak Germany can harm nobody.

The argument of *Report on the Germans*, as it appears on the last two pages, would have little appeal for the customers if the author had begun his book with it. It would seem as preposterous as a naked appeal to buy a bottle of Kickapoo Indian Snake Oil as a cure for arthritis. But Mr. White, the son of a small-town sage, possesses the small-town medicine pitchman's art of putting on a convincing spiel that has little to do with what he is trying to sell. The sucker walks out with the bottle while still thinking about how funny the doctor talked.

Old Bill's boy begins by reciting a conversation with a German acquaintance who told him the Germans today hardly remember the terrible things they did, because they do not want to remember them. This obviously furnishes a clean mental slate on which we can tell them to write "I love democracy; hurray for the *Reader's Digest*; three cheers for the National Association of Manufacturers; up Dewey!" It makes everything *einfach* (simple). Doctor White does not say that he thinks this is true; nor does he point out that it parallels the plea of the broad who shoots her heavily insured husband and then says, "Everything went black." She doesn't want to remember either. Doc just wants you to know what the Germans are like.

"When the world protested," he says, telling about the 1939 situation of the Jews in Germany, "the Nazi reply was that they frankly wanted the Jews to leave Germany, and that any other government which desired them was welcome." America, he says, did not send for them, so we must share the blame. That is like saying, "A mugger doesn't do anything except beat a guy up and steal his watch; if you are any better than a mugger why don't you give the guy your watch?"

"It is curious now to remember that prior to the war European and American liberals felt that Hitler was the result of confused policies toward Germany, and were disposed to pity the German masses who were in his power rather than to blame them," Doc writes.

"I believed this fervently in 1939, and rather regret that it is now so badly out of fashion, for most of it I still believe."

This is the old switch again. Many liberals felt that way in 1933, but if the Kansas medicine man fervently pitied the Wehrmacht marching through Poland in 1939 he was in a small minority. The twelve years from 1933 to 1945 were twelve arguments against the captive masses theory.

The book is based primarily on six weeks White spent in Berlin in 1946, but he also has something to say about a residence there in 1939, as a war correspondent.

"Are the people of Spain and Yugoslavia to be despised because they cannot rid themselves of Franco and Tito?" he asks, implying that the Germans are no worse than anybody else. The Spaniards fought for three years to get rid of Franco, and would have done it, if Germany and Italy had not imposed him on them after an heroic war. The Germans took Hitler without even a grimace. And so he goes on, "frankly . . . as man-to-man . . . fellows," quoting half-apologetic Germans for endless pages, with little comment except a recurrent appeal to remember that we aren't perfect ourselves, as if genocide were a human frailty, like betting on horse races.

He never did find a real Nazi in Germany, or an SS man, although he does not deny that there may have been some. The German "scouts" that he sent out to find him Boches to interview

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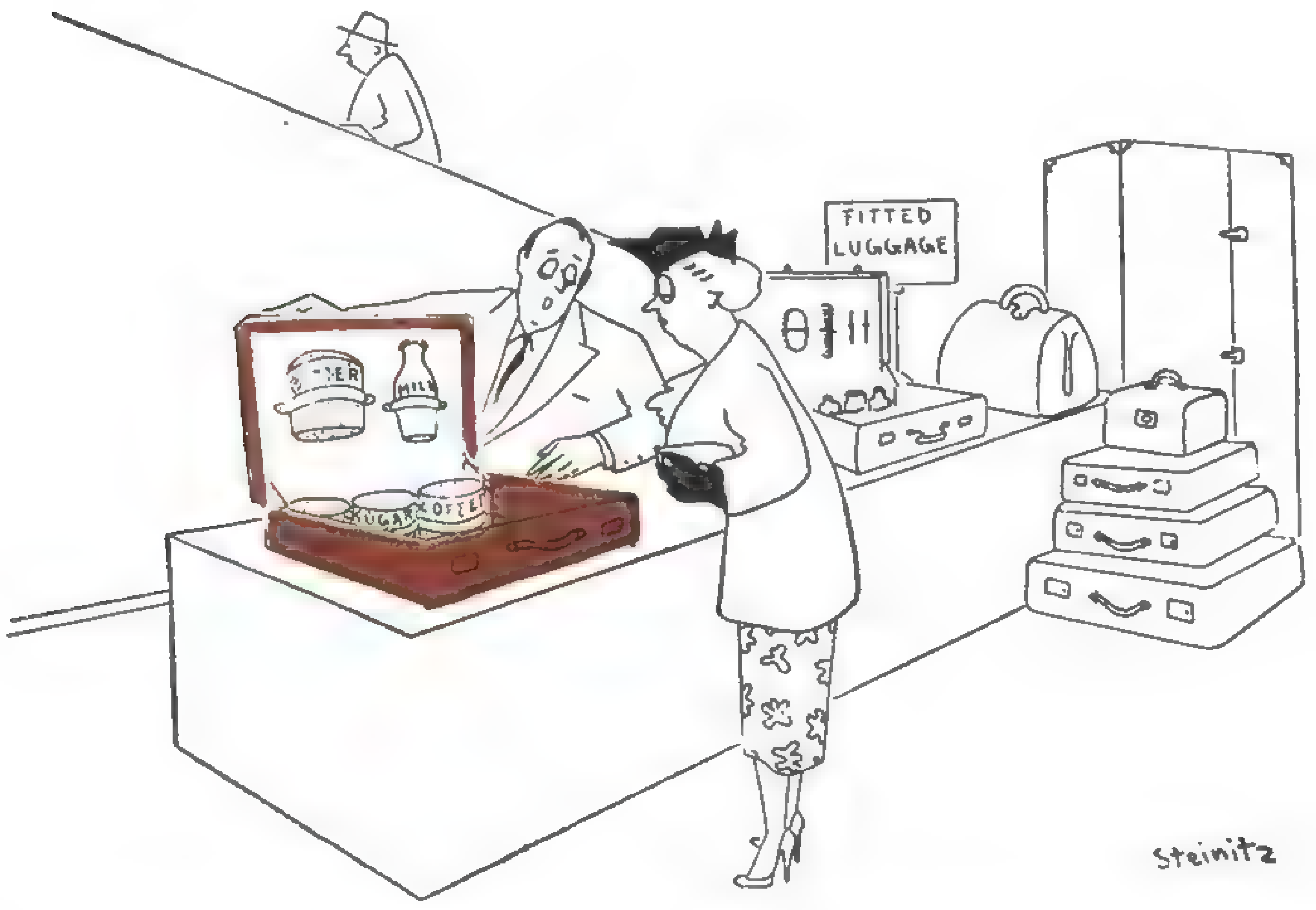

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Kings Guard
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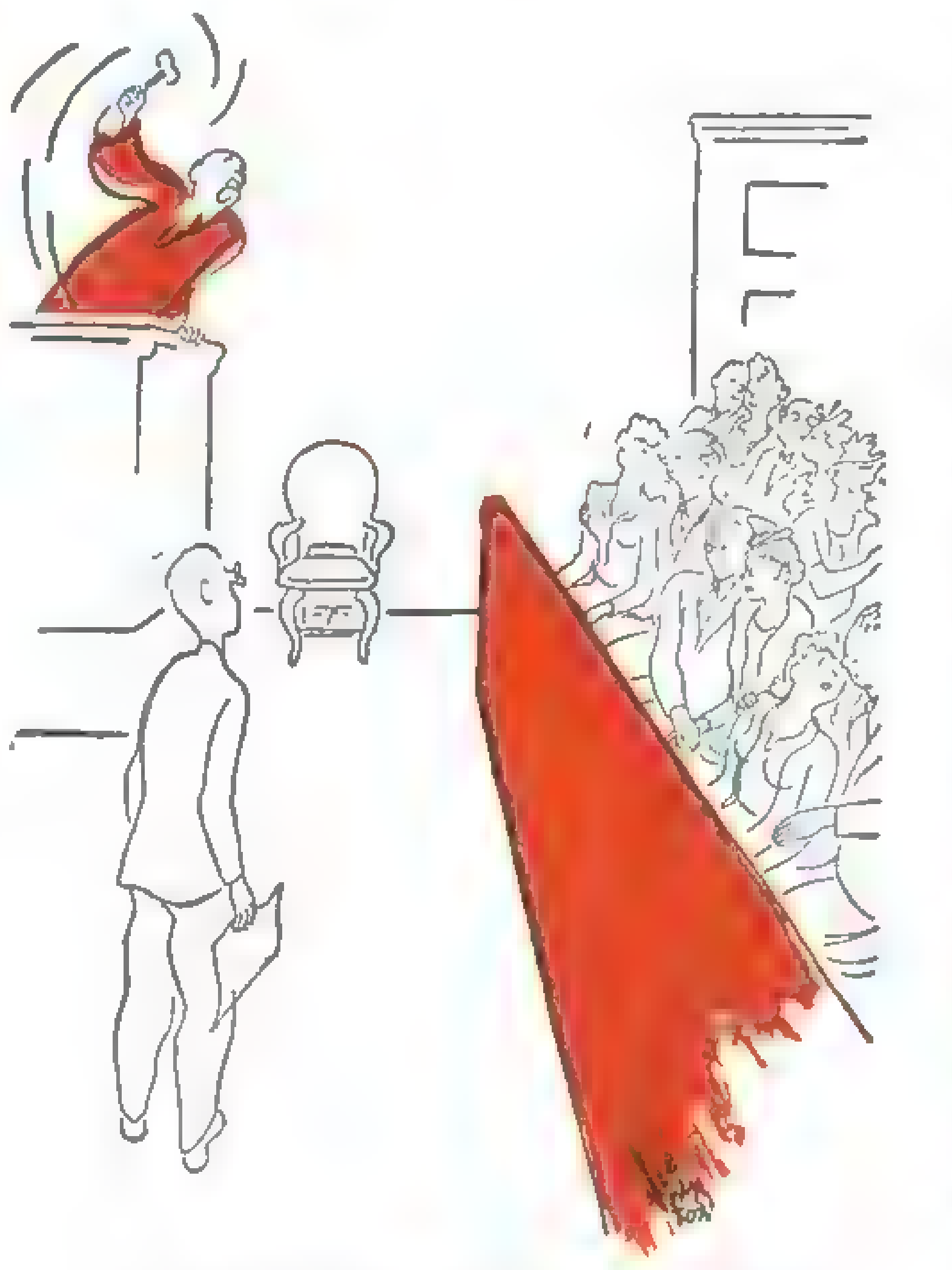
Report on Mr. White

Continued from page 195

just never could turn up a Nazi. This creates an implication that they are rare, but old Doc is not responsible for it. The scouts did find him one brave, handsome, former German war correspondent whom he describes as "unrepentant" in a noble way.

"I have seen the same proud, wary look on the face of a Harlem Negro intellectual who has been invited out to a party with white people and is on the lookout for any kind of snub, sometimes imagining one when none was intended," he says, describing this German's manner at their first interview. This use of the phony parallel is an unaccidental mannerism. The Harlem intellectual belongs to a wronged group: Doc's Berlin pal to a gang of thieves. In the same way he compares an old Prussian baroness to a Scarlett O'Hara, "her whole world in ruins, and now fighting somehow to survive, using charm, wit, firmness and gaiety . . ." The Confederacy's war was not waged to subjugate nations and then kill them for the gold in their teeth.



"I say! Have you reached a verdict?"

The thesis of the human but fallible German: "What would you have done in his place?" sounds strangely like the argument to the jury of a broken-down criminal lawyer—the kind who would be nicknamed Hot-Squat. Just between me and Mr. White we would have done a hell of a lot better, and so would any other people, including the Eskimo.

For a fairly simple reason, the appearance of Mr. White's little *opus doppis*, as the rhyming-slang boys might say, coincides with those of two far superior works on Germany by Europeans: *The Other Kingdom* (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.75), by David Rousset, and *Beyond the Last Path* (Boni and Gaer, $2.75), by Eugene Weinstock. The authors received the impact of German culture under different circumstances than Mr. White. Rousset, a Frenchman, and Weinstock, a Hungarian long resident in Belgium, learned about the industrious and talented people as prisoners in concentration camps. They set down their recollections while they were still fresh: as soon after liberation as they were physically able to write. But because of the time-lag caused by translation and publication in a foreign country they appear here in a season when horrors have become unfashionable—unless they are Russian horrors. To editors of the *Reader's Digest*, like Mr. White, these books must seem indelicate.

Rousset, a professor of philosophy at a secondary school in Paris, was an early participant in the underground struggle against the German occupation. Marc Bloch, the great historian who died before a firing squad, consoling a sixteen-year-old companion in death, was another. The boy's nerve failed in the last minute and he began to cry, forgetting he was a hero. "Don't be frightened, kid," Bloch said. "It won't hurt at all." Jacques Decour, the founder of the literary resistance, was a professor too—a professor of German literature! "We are the leaves that fall," he wrote before they shot him. "Upon us will depend the quality of the soil in which the new France will grow." White quotes, without comment, one of his Germans as saying: "Since they [the French] had to collaborate with Hitler, they understand why Germans also had to." White knows as much about France as a hog knows of Heaven.

Rousset, only very slightly luckier than Bloch and Decour, spent sixteen months in the concentration camps of Buchenwald, Helmstedt, Neuengamme and Wobberin, being freed in May, 1945, by the American Eighty-second Airborne Division. He returned to Paris weighing 114 pounds as against 209 when he was arrested. After a short convalescence he wrote *The Other Kingdom*, called in French *L'Univers Concentrationnaire* (literally, Concentration Camp Universe). For the concentration camps, as he saw them, were a universe apart, with their own social and economic structure, a Fourth Reich in which the degradation and eventual death of the subject were the objects of government. It was terribly important to the rulers of the Fourth Reich (who were the rulers of the Third Reich too—Himmler, Hitler and the rest) that degradation should precede death: that no concentration-camp inmate should carry to the grave a shred of dignity.

Weinstock, a less subtle type, had emigrated from Hungary to Belgium in 1928, when he was twenty-three years old. He was a cabinetmaker in Antwerp when the Germans marched in, and as a Jew was subject to special peril. He worked in the Belgian underground until 1943, when he was caught and shipped off to Buchenwald, which, he admits, was one of the "soft" camps. He came out of it weighing 80 pounds!

"Buchenwald lives under the sign of a monstrous whimsicality, a tragic buffoonery," Rousset writes, describing his arrival at that metropolis of a camp. "In the first gray of dawn, the unreal platforms under the white glare of the floodlights, the SS swaggering in high boots, gripping their rubber bludgeons, the barking dogs straining at their supple leashes. The men crouching ready to jump from the freight cars, blinded by blows that catch them off guard, reel back, stumble against each other, shove, jump and land, tottering on their bare feet in the dirty snow, hobbled with fear, their stiff, nightmare gestures like rickety automatons." Ramon Guthrie, a professor of French at Dartmouth, has done a honey of a job as translator.

The simpler Weinstock writes, describing a detail of his arrival at the same "soft" destination:

"Fascist efficiency extended to the technique employed to search a naked man. Guards lined us up before an SS trooper who stood with a slender cane in one hand. He commanded us to spread our legs. First he probed our armpits with the tip of the cane, then stirred it about our genitals (doubtless seeking those elusive diamonds or gold bullion). Then he probed each man's anus with the end of the cane, after which (and in just this order) he prodded inside our mouths and under the tongue."

The Rousset-Weinstock approach might have provided White with a sounder appreciation of the German character than six weeks in Berlin as a conqueror who continually regretted that he had nothing better than ice-cream bars, doughnuts, Coca-Cola and peanuts to offer the representatives of a people whom we had not "permitted" to go straight. (Some special pleading tastes like the end of the SS man's cane.)

The camps, the prisoners soon learned, were rottener with graft than is conceivable in any world of unimaginative democratic larceny. The camps were run by prisoners, mostly German criminals, appointed by the SS. To retain their places these convict-tyrants had to make things run smoothly and turn back to the SS a steady stream of graft obtained by selling prison supplies.

At Neuengamme in November, 1944, Rousset writes, a Robert Darnand, a Frenchman he knew, found a human jawbone in his soup. An investigation revealed that the Kapo (convict head) of the kitchen and the Kapo of the Krematorium had arranged to sell the meat intended for the kitchens to civilians and feed the prisoners on cadavers. "A profitable operation for all concerned," writes Rousset . . . "After all, dead flesh is meat. The prisoners had got more of it than they ever would have received of the real thing." I am ready to wager that many a man regretted that Robert Darnand ever made his discovery.

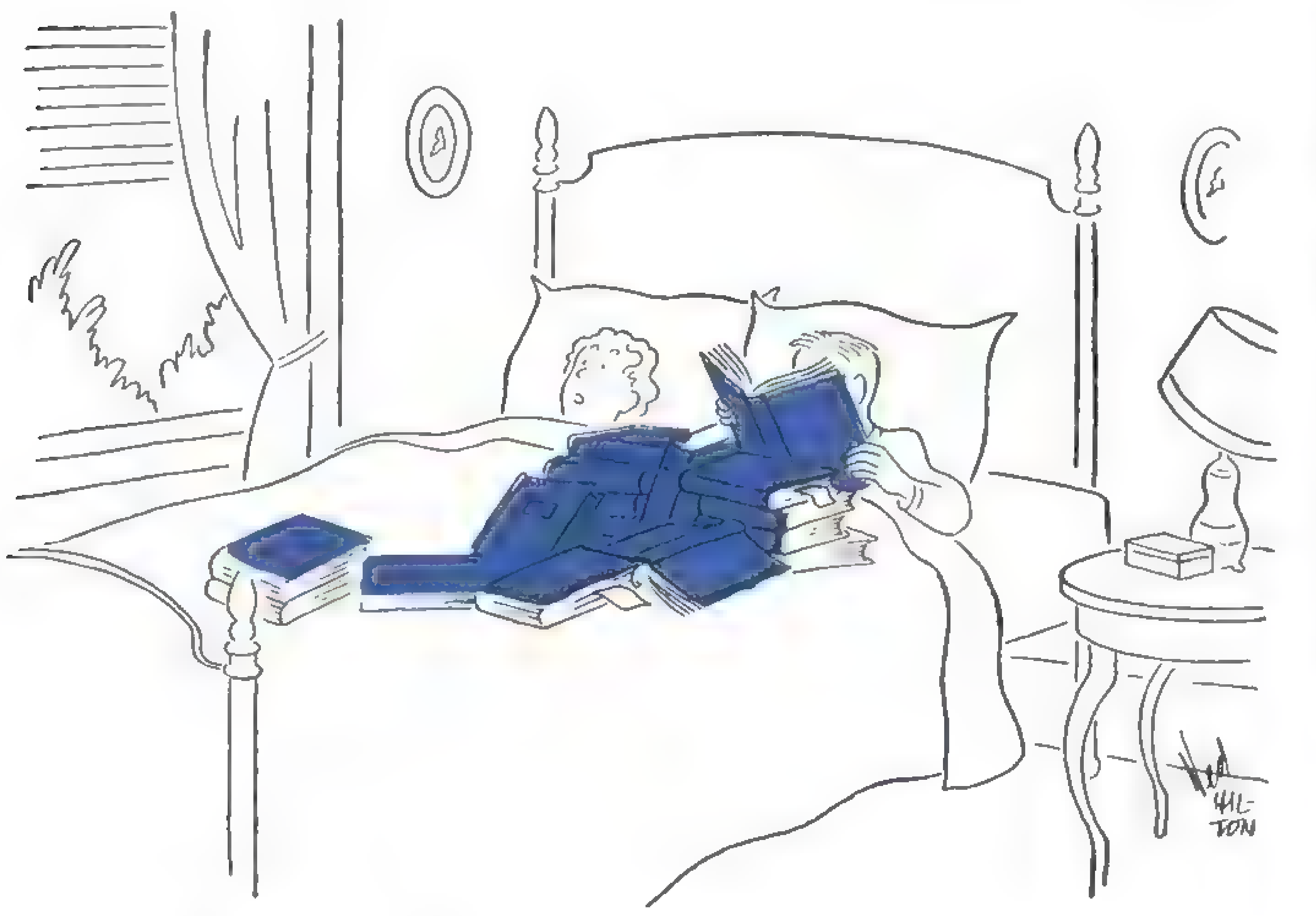
"It was not without a thrill of exquisite pleasure that the SS watched the bureaucrats chosen among the prisoners shower beatings and kicks on their fellow prisoners cowering at their feet," Rousset says. His stories of sadistic homosexuality among the industrious and talented sycophants of the SS make horrible reading. It is hard sometimes to stop a howl at your lips.

Weinstock's story of Buchenwald reaches one of the most frantic, dreadful climaxes in the literature of this war with his description of the last fortnight of the camp's existence, with the American guns audible and the SS commander of the camp vacillating between fear of his superiors, who had ordered him to kill all the prisoners, Jews first, and his fear of the approaching Americans. He would start roundups, execute scores of men and then call the massacre off for no apparent reason, while the Jewish prisoners tried desperately to hide, and the guards, rendered more terrible by knowledge that they themselves must hang, hunted up new victims until the rescuers' arrival.

All the Germans to whom Mr. White's German employees talked said they wanted to forget this sort of thing—in fact, they wanted to so hard they *had* forgotten it.

Isn't that just jim jam claphands peach ice cream dandy?

Continued from page 76



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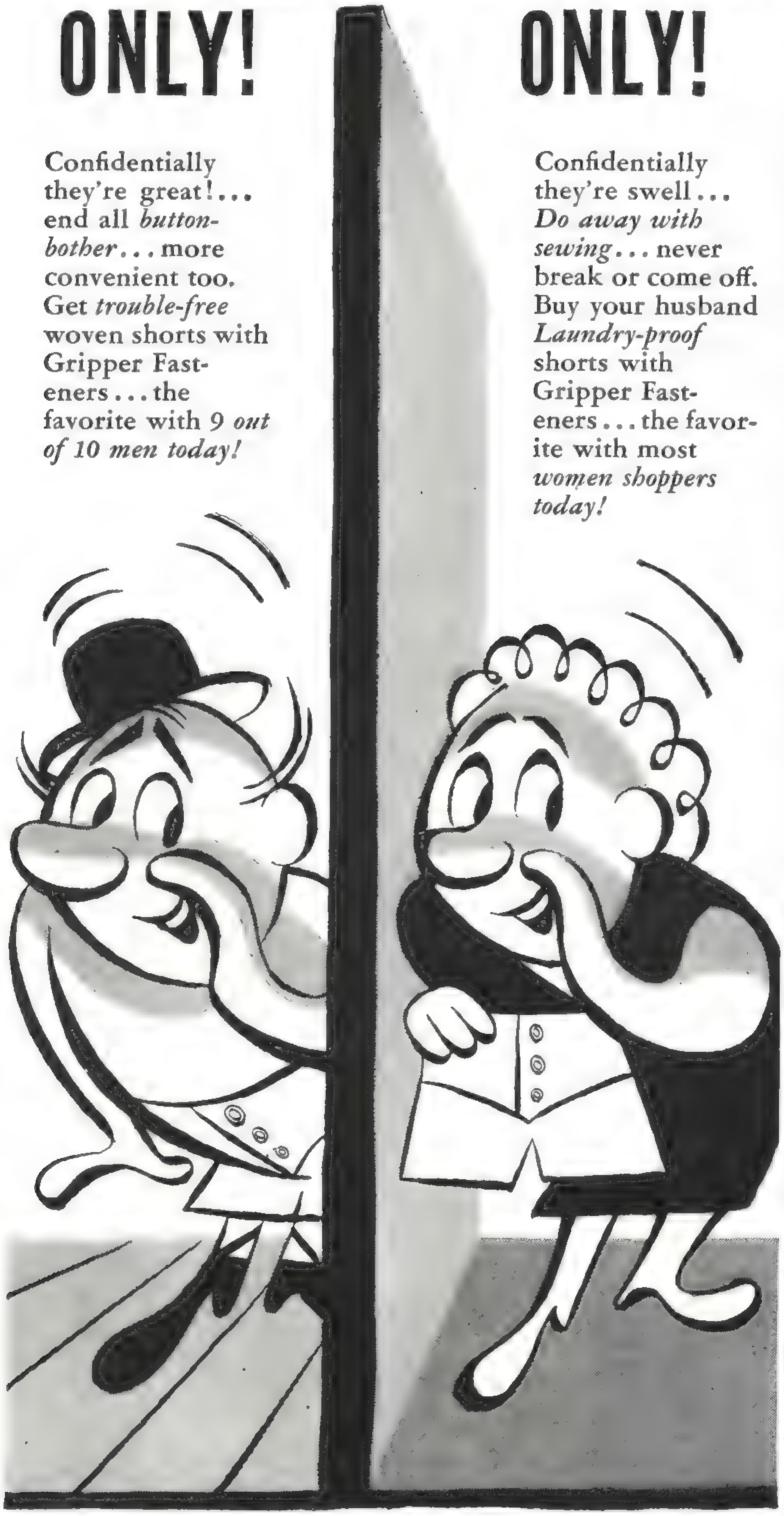

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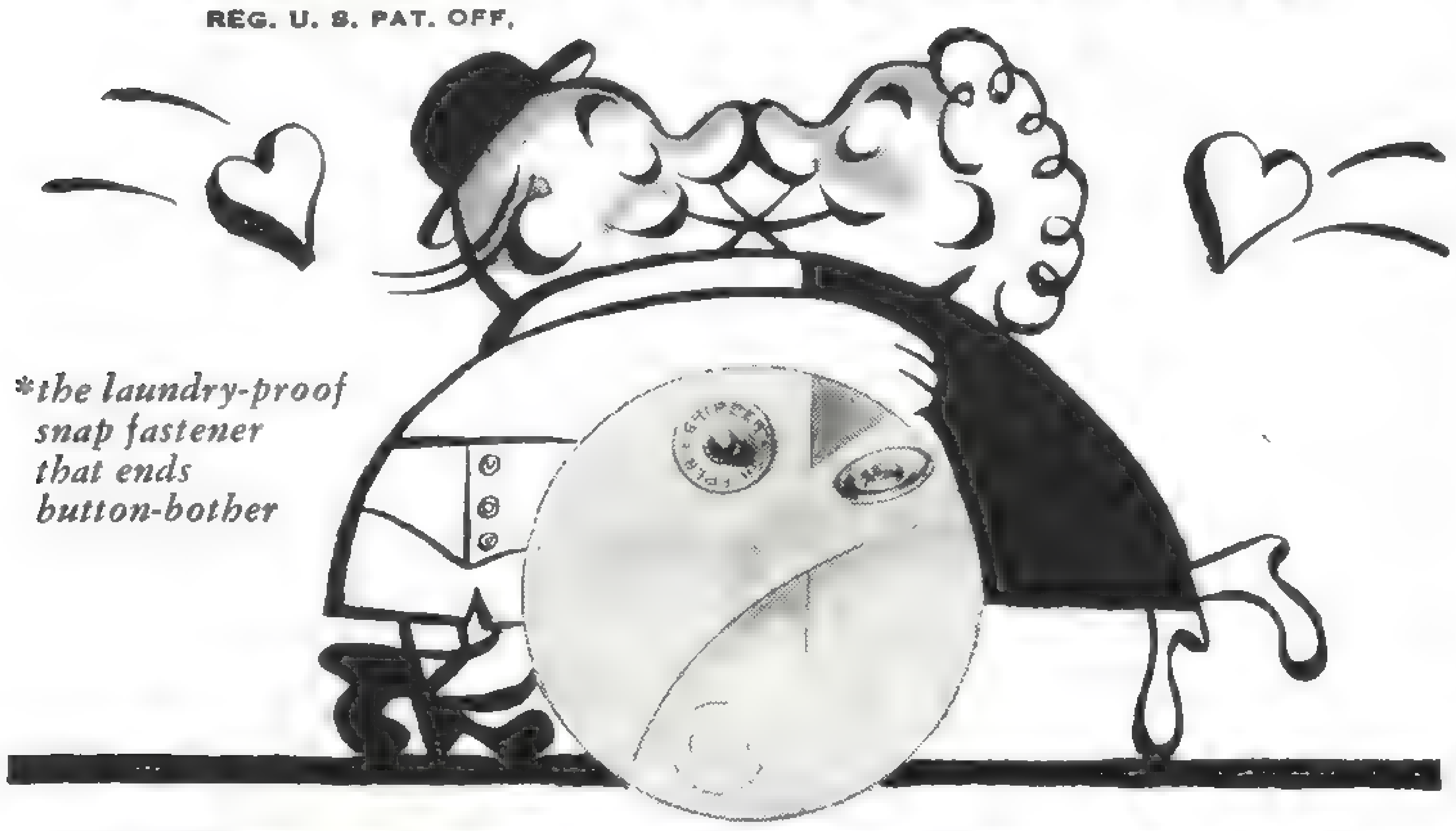

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A Nice Cup of Tea

The burning ship held inferno in its cargo of cotton, oil, tea, explosives

by **FRANK LASKIER**

It was good to be home, sitting before the fire in an armchair, but best of all, it was good to see Joe Prescott again and know that he was safe; he has been my friend and shipmate for years. Though he was never a man to join ship full to the scuppers with liquor, or a sea lawyer with a grouch for every watch, he had one weakness: he loved tea and he drank far too much of it. It was his panacea and I recall few scenes aboard ship without the memory of Joe and his steaming cups.

It was so long since I had seen his weather-beaten face that I thought he had been drowned at sea; but on this, my first leave at home in two years, he was waiting on the doorstep of my house. His hands were scarred and swollen with great welts across the palm that had but lately healed. Joe got around to every subject in his own time, and without my asking; so I waited.

"The doctor took the bandages off my hands last week," he said. "I'll be fit for sea duty soon."

"What happened?"

He took a cigarette and huddled down in the chair.

"We had a little trouble," he said.

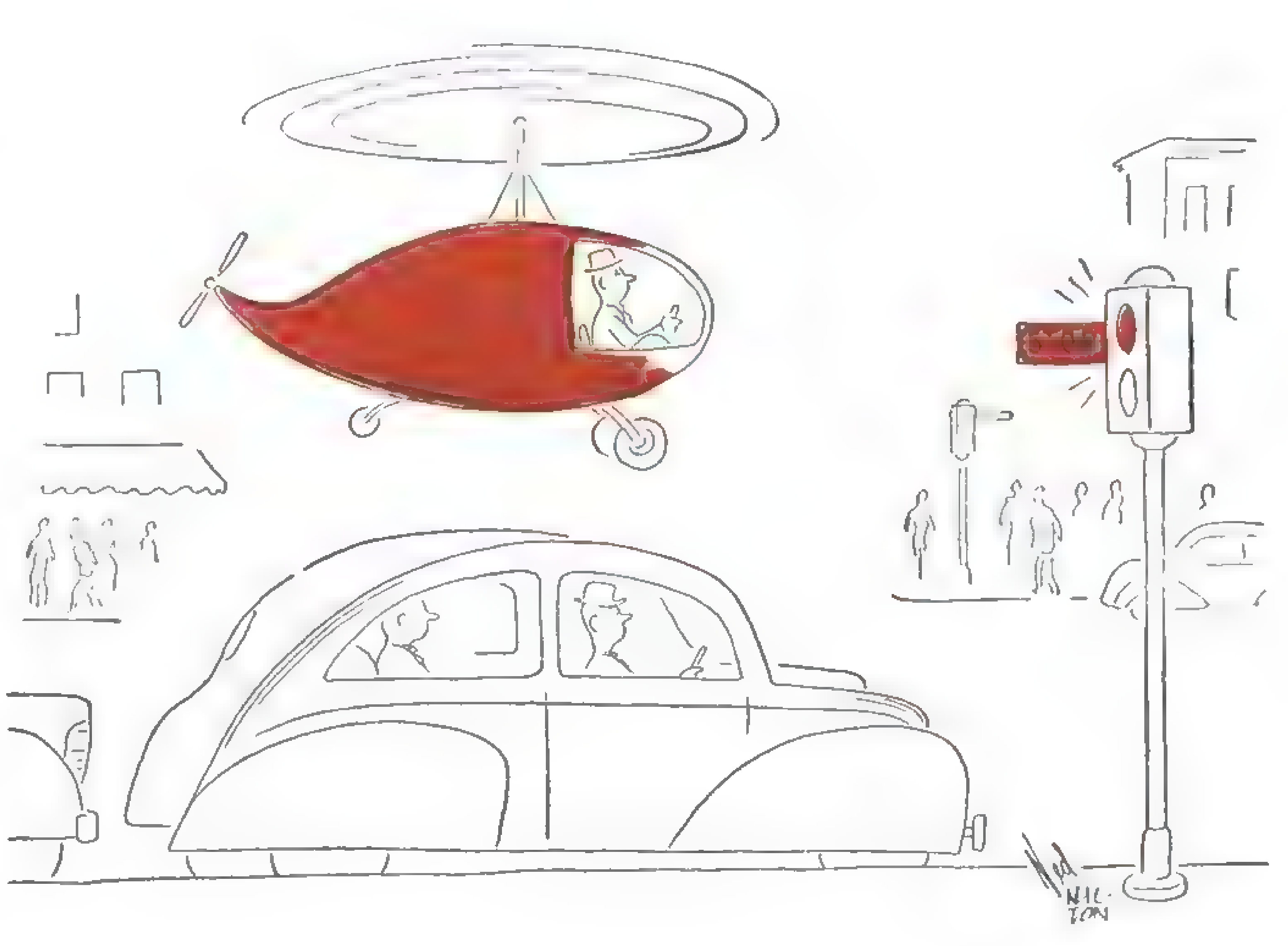
I sat and listened.

"I signed on as A.B. aboard a freighter, thinking I'd get a nice peaceful trip. We docked in Calcutta on the last leg of the journey home and loaded part cargo of cotton. There had been some disturbance ashore, you know, strikes, trouble on the dock. It delayed us a couple of days so we were in line to pick up extra cargo—explosives for Durban, South Africa. There were only a dozen boxes and we stowed them below decks. Next port was Colombo and we filled the holds with tea. And there was deck cargo too, two hundred barrels of heavy oil, which was secured about the hatches on the fore deck.

"Leaving Colombo, we ran head on into a storm and, what with the pitching of the ship and the green seas that swept us end for end, the lashings parted and the barrels worked loose to roll about the deck. Deck gear was smashed, rails were ripped, and worst of all, the seas took some of the heavy barrels and pounded them down on the wooden hatch covers so that they broke right through and landed in the hold among the cargo. Never saw so much damage done in my life. We turned all hands out, but before we could control things one man was hit head on by a rolling barrel. We got him out from under after a lot of trouble, but there was little enough left of him to recognize. There was so very much to do after the storm had blown itself out we had no time to clean out the hold; we spread a tarpaulin over the broken hatch and waited for better weather.

"Usually, the air cools off after a storm but it didn't seem to after this one. It got hotter and hotter. We worked all day in heat that was so sticky it glued our clothes to our bodies like wet cloths and the smell of rotting tea and oil-soaked cotton was like a taste in the mouth. Then the heat turned acrid, and the bosun discovered it wasn't the weather that was making us sweat; the ship was afire beneath us. Call it combustion, or overheating, or what you like; it might even have been sabotage.

"So we set ourselves to the job of finding the blaze. There was smoke to blind you, heat enough to dry the breath in your throat, but no flame. The plates got so hot that walking on them was



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agony, and a metal tool dropped to the deck had to be picked up with gloves. But worst of all, we knew that them damned explosives were cooking in number two hold, and as soon as the temperature was right, they would explode and turn the whole ship into a bomb.

"Fighting it was too much of a risk of life, and the skipper ordered us to abandon ship. We put three boats over the side, piled in them and rowed away from the ship until we were ordered to heave to, then we sat and watched her die. She lay heavy on the water, with only the fore part showing, the rest of her hidden by a long low cloud of greasy smoke that spewed from the afterhold. There wasn't a cloud in the whole blue sky, and the sun's glare on the water was enough to burn the eyes from your head. We sat in the boats, a bunch of beaten men in blackface, clothes torn, shoulders torn and marked with bruises, quiet while the boat dipped and swung to the swell.

"Then the bosun roars, 'What of it? Let's go back and have another smack at it.' The skipper speaks up for the first time and tells him to wait."

"Who was your skipper?" I asked Joe.

"Mathews," he said. "You know him. A big man, he always speaks quiet and slow; stands over six foot and bald as an egg. This was his last trip and he was due to retire. I was in the same boat as him and the chief engineer, and I saw them start talking together; then they called Mr. Shannon, the mate, over from the other boat and the three of them began whispering. Then Shannon blew up in a temper and I could hear him shout: 'No. I insist. Let me go.'

" 'I am still Master,' says Mathews, and gives him a very severe look, 'and I say that you will stay.'

"Then he looks around and speaks to us all.

" 'The chief engineer and I have decided to go back aboard;' he says, 'and we will attempt to get the explosives over the side. I want two volunteers—single men.'

"Before anyone else can take the wind to their sails the bosun yells 'Aye, aye,' and I'm close on him, because I'm tired of being in the boat, and near seasick besides.

" 'The two large boats will remain here under Mister Shannon,' says Mathews. 'We will take the jolly boat. Transfer all stores at once.'

"I watched Mathews as we stripped the stores from the small boat. He took his big gold watch from his pocket, wound it carefully, and handed it over to Shannon.

" 'I would appreciate it,' he says, 'if anything goes wrong, you would give this to my dear wife, with my love.' Then he blows his nose. 'And I hope, Mister, your next command is better than a lifeboat.'

"The four of us pulled back to the ship and boarded her, but when we got to number two hatch and ripped the tarpaulin back, well I wished that I had given me watch to a man in the boat. Those tea crates that the loose barrels hadn't smashed the storm had cast loose and broken. The hold was black as the pit with tea; splintered edges of broken crates stuck out like knives; smoke blinded us, and the bulkheads were hot to the touch.

"Mathews points down to where the explosives are hidden, in the 'tween decks, starboard side.

" 'Start digging,' he says. 'The chief will try to get the winches in order; I'll find a cargo sling and rig the boom.'

"Just like that.

"Down we go. It was a dunghill of wet cargo matting as tough as leather jammed between crates of broken wood and covered with a layer of wet tea a foot deep. We got shovels and we worked until the sweat ran down our faces and our backs; until our clothes were

Continued on page 200

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A Nice Cup of Tea

Continued from page 199

soaked and the blood from our cuts and scratches ran pink instead of red.

"It was hard enough to clear the wet tea, but the dry beneath it was like sand and the dust from it came up in clouds and choked us. The deeper we dug, the hotter it got; a sort of heat weakness came over me and my strength turned to water, but when I looked around, the bosun was working to one side of me, and the skipper at the other, each of them pulling crates to one side with their bare hands.

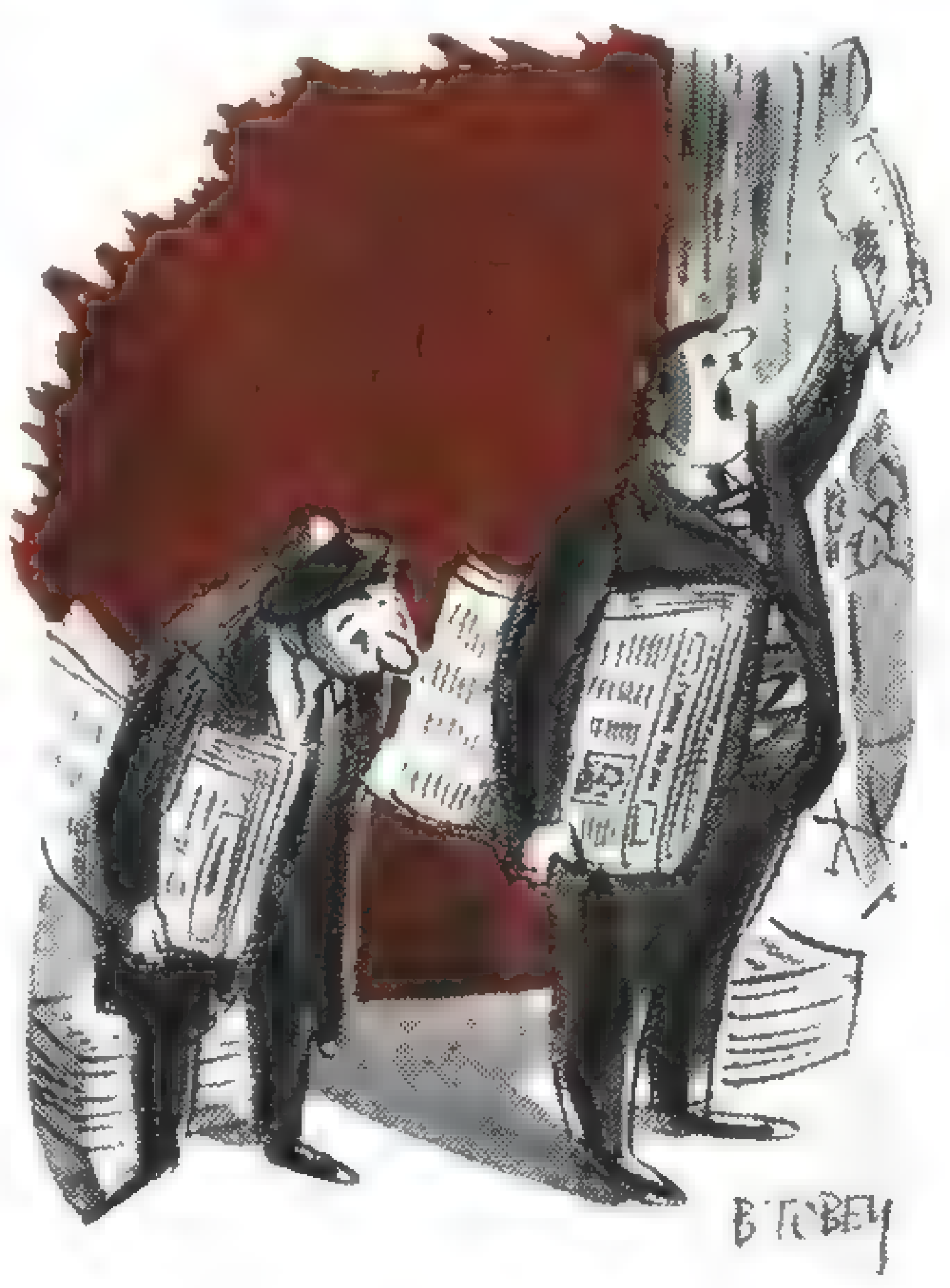
"We found the explosives packed in heavy wooden boxes, about the size of a suitcase. We dragged each box across hills of tea and we piled them into a cargo sling the skipper had found, then climbed to the deck.

"The chief engineer was there, almost on his hands and knees with spent effort.

" 'The winch is smashed,' he mumbled.

"We rigged a block and tackle to the Jumbo boom and hauled by hand.

"There were four of us to the rope, all heavy built men, and if there'd been another ten pounds to the sling, we'd never have made it. We heaved till our stomachs were a red hot ache of agony and the bosun had not the breath even to swear. We hauled that load right chock to the block, suspended over the open hold, then getting it over to the deck was our problem. The skipper made us lower away until there was length to the rope, he took a boathook and prodded the sling, until it began to swing, and all as calm as if he poled a punt on a summer's day. But I'm sweating blood, the chief is praying, the bosun's cursing is horrible to listen to, and there's the sling loaded, swinging, backward and forward longer and longer, the rope a-creaking under the strain and the three of us hanging on as if we had all died and gone to hell for sailormen.



"It swung close enough for Mathews to grab a hold, then we lowered it to the hatch coaming while we got our breath.

" 'Right,' says Mathews. 'Over the side with them.'

"It was just one of those things; each of us let go of the rope to take a box, just as the ship rolled, the sling was balanced on the edge as it tilted. I grabbed for the rope, just too late, and the whole loaded sling went crashing and smashing down into the hold once more. I couldn't stop it though I grabbed for the rope; it burned right through my hands and almost stripped the flesh away from the bones."

Clumsily, Joe Prescott lit another cigarette.

"I stood there, waiting for the explosion, looking at my hands as though they didn't belong to me; the bosun was white as a sheet and the chief was backing away toward the boats. The only one who was calm was Mathews. He walked to the edge of the hatch, looked down.

" 'Seems we have to go below again, lads.'

"Then he cocks one leg over the hatch, feels for the ladder, and climbs down. His head and shoulders vanished into that pit of hell, and he looked as though he was inspecting cargo, safe in port.

"We all followed him down into the hold again, filled the sling again, hoisted it to the deck again, and this time, taking no chances, we dumped the whole lot over the side. Then I went to the bridge and fired off flares as a signal for the others to come aboard.

"With no danger of the ship blowing up, it didn't take us long to get the fire under control. After that, the rest of the trip had nothing to it."

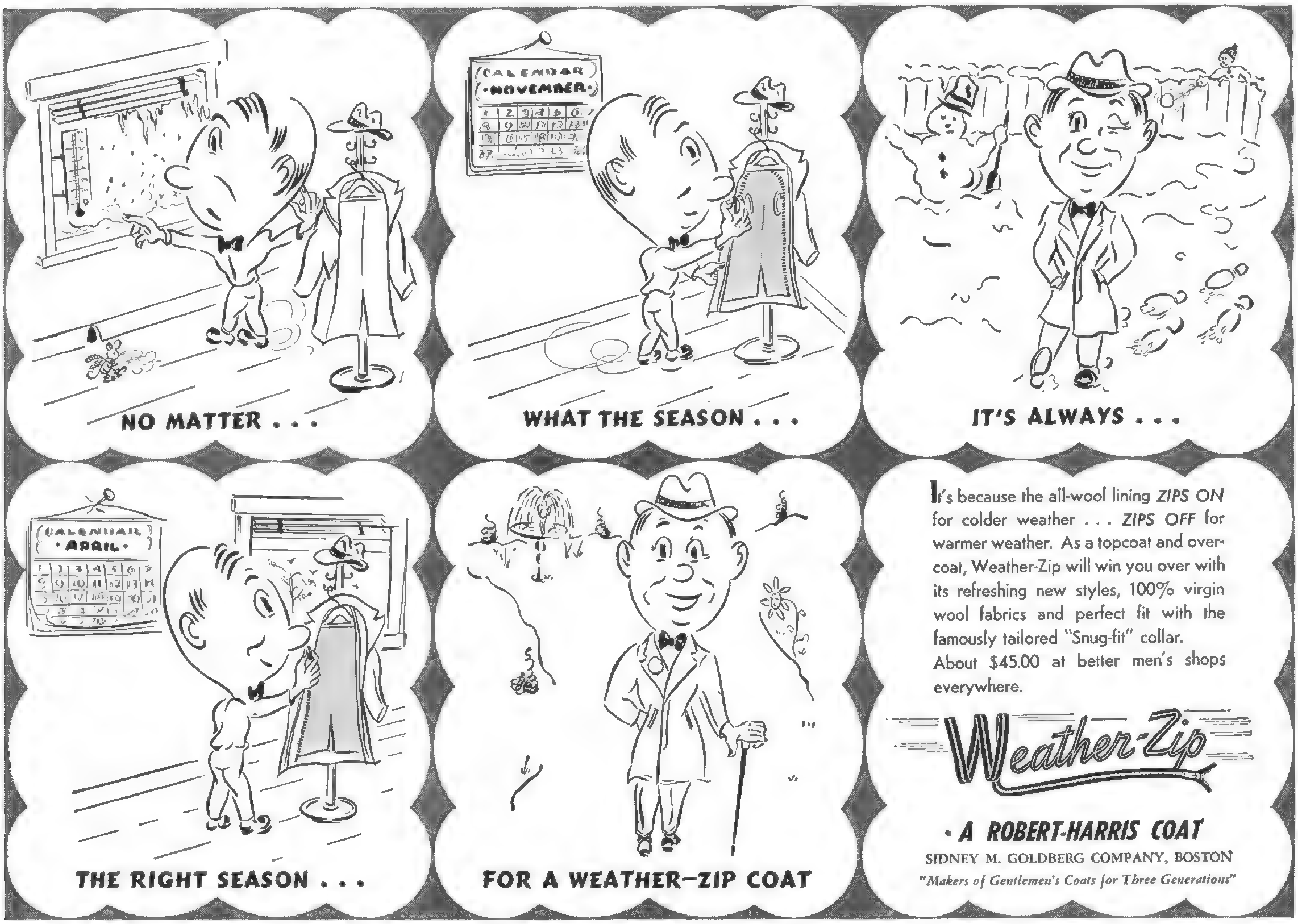
Joe looked up at a welcome interruption. My mother was standing in the doorway smiling, for he was like a second son to her.

"Come in and have your lunch, Joe?"

We walked into the kitchen to find the table set, and the first thing I noticed was our big teapot on the centerpiece. Mother knew Joe's favorite drink, and she handed him his cup the moment he sat down. It was hot, and strong, and fragrant.

"Could I have a glass of milk, maybe?" he asked hurriedly. "I've sort of lost me liking for . . ."

He struggled to his feet, laughing as he spoke. He held the cup in both disfigured hands, and they trembled so that the tea slopped over the side. In the silence, the rattle of the cup in the saucer seemed to fill our quiet room. ⌗



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by **BILL BURTON**

STRICTLY for the man-about-town who knows his spirits. Fun for the gang at the local bistro. But if the BW insists, you can try it in your own home: 14 right makes you Class AA; 18 right puts you into the major-league class; 20 right, and Lucius Beebe will be looking for you.

1. Slivovitz is
   a. a Russian general
   b. a kind of vodka
   c. a kind of brandy
   d. Notre Dame's new fullback

2. Barsac is
   a. French for Scotch whisky
   b. a pornographic novelist
   c. a kind of sauterne
   d. a dirty word

3. Pernod is absinthe without
   a. wormwood
   b. gall
   c. its French accent
   d. alcohol

4. Kümmel is
   a. an admiral at Pearl Harbor
   b. a caraway liqueur
   c. fruit-flavored vodka
   d. a German secret weapon of World War II

5. The letters DOM stand for
   a. drishka omsk malovitch
   b. Deo Optimo Maximo
   c. dry old Madeira
   d. Dominic

6. Pisco Punch is
   a. a kind of tequila
   b. rattlesnake milk
   c. Peruvian brandy
   d. a Mexican humor magazine

7. The only cure for a hang-over is
   a. a good stiff drink
   b. tomato juice and Worcestershire sauce
   c. a Turkish bath
   d. rest and time

8. Mirabelle is
   a. King Carol's consort
   b. Slivovitz' cousin
   c. a kind of mascara your wife uses
   d. Churchill's bulldog

9. Tequila is
   a. cactus juice
   b. donkey milk
   c. armadillo milk
   d. llama milk

10. Angostura bitters are made in
   a. Trinidad
   b. Graustark
   c. Yugoslavia
   d. Czechoslovakia

11. Grenadine is
   a. a German artilleryman
   b. nonalcoholic syrup
   c. forbidden liqueur
   d. a Samuel Goldwyn production

12. Southern Comfort was first known as
   a. ball and chain
   b. night and day
   c. lazy lightning
   d. cuff and buttons

13. Cocktails with eggs in them are always
   a. scrambled
   b. shaken
   c. iced
   d. terrible

14. Rock and Rye
   a. are suburbs of Westchester
   b. is rye, sugar and horehound
   c. is a rye and soda highball
   d. is rye with ginger ale

15. A stinger is made from
   a. crême de menthe and brandy
   b. vermouth and gin
   c. brandy and champagne
   d. rum and maple

16. Forbidden fruit is
   a. a Schiaparelli perfume
   b. a citrus liqueur
   c. a kind of punch
   d. a Hollywood way of calling for a Mickey Finn

17. Brut means
   a. oldest
   b. toughest
   c. driest
   d. with vitamins added

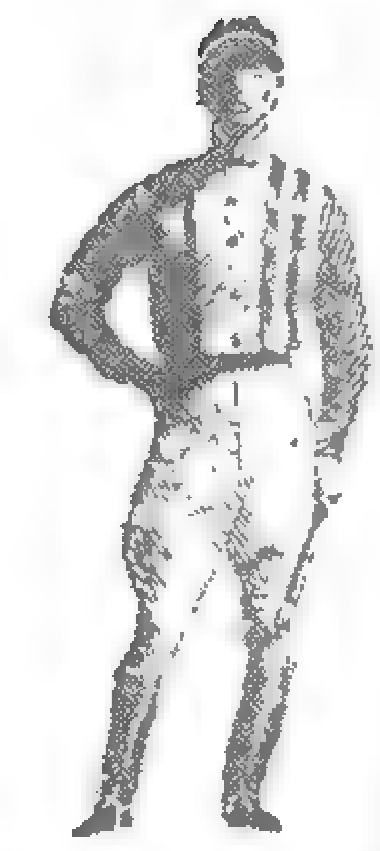
18. Amontillado happens to be
   a. a small animal with a shell
   b. a kind of sherry
   c. a famous café in Madrid
   d. a type of vermouth

19. Bacardi rum is named after
   a. the family which makes it
   b. a town in Cuba
   c. a magician who is a native of Spain
   d. a Brazilian fan dancer

20. Sherry is
   a. aromatized
   b. atomized
   c. magnetized
   d. fortified

Answers

1. c	5. b	9. a	13. b	17. c
2. c	6. c	10. a	14. b	18. b
3. a	7. d	11. b	15. a	19. a
4. b	8. b	12. d	16. b	20. d



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Are Husbands Helpless?

Continued from page 75

fresh air, but I have found this only increases the amount of dust and offers a haven for swallows. Now, cleaning a house or apartment is a full-time job, and a professional man has no time to be tramping around with a dust rag and vacuum cleaner.

I once cleaned the kitchen, after I got sick of skidding around on bacon grease. My error was to clean the floor first (an arduous hands-and-knees operation) and then go after the sink and cupboards. The slosh from the sink hit the clean floor, as did the odds and ends I knocked off the cabinets, and I finally did the floor three times, the woodwork twice.

It might be argued that people who have maids or cleaning women will not have this worry, but remember that maids and cleaning women usually work under supervision, and if they are given a full day to themselves when the master is at work, they often use the opportunity to catch up on their movies or drinking. A friend of mine whose wife was away hired a cleaning woman to come in by the day, and it was a week before he noticed there were more cigarettes in the ash trays after she left than there had been before she came. He finally learned from the neighbors that she had been conducting a sort of salon in his absence, and when the grocery bill arrived at the end of the month it turned out that she and her friends had been quite fond of smörgåsbord and tartar steak.

The best way of showing the disorganization that stalks through a wifeless house might be to describe one day in my life last summer, when my helpmate was in the hospital with a newly completed child. It was a Saturday, about a week after she had left, and I woke up at 9:30 with a good long day of nothing staring me in the face. I arose, went through the motions of shaving with a dull razor, then took a shower and tracked water all over the bedroom looking for a clean bath towel. Owing to my not having sent the laundry there were no clean bath towels, so I was forced to use the cleanest and the least clammy one from the used pile. Something bit me while I was fishing through the pile.

When I looked for the morning paper I found there was none, and had to read one two days old. For the first time I saw a bill pinned in the upper left-hand corner of the paper, with some terse remark about please remitting. I read the paper halfheartedly, while breakfasting on an apple and cold soup.

About 11 the bell rang, so slipping into a sweat shirt and pair of crew pants I answered it, and was handed a towering pile of dresses from the cleaners. These I hung on the back of the hall closet door, where my wife found them a week later and discovered they were not hers . . . Hers were never traced.

I spent the next half-hour searching for a cigarette and finally selected the longest butt I could find in the ash trays. I decided to buy some supplies, which I could do only after I found a pair of socks the holes in which were below the shoe line.

After lunch at the corner drugstore (a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and a vanilla malted), I went to the hospital. My wife was listening to the radio, and looking much better than I was.

"Did you bring the stuff I wanted?" she asked.

"What stuff?" I said.

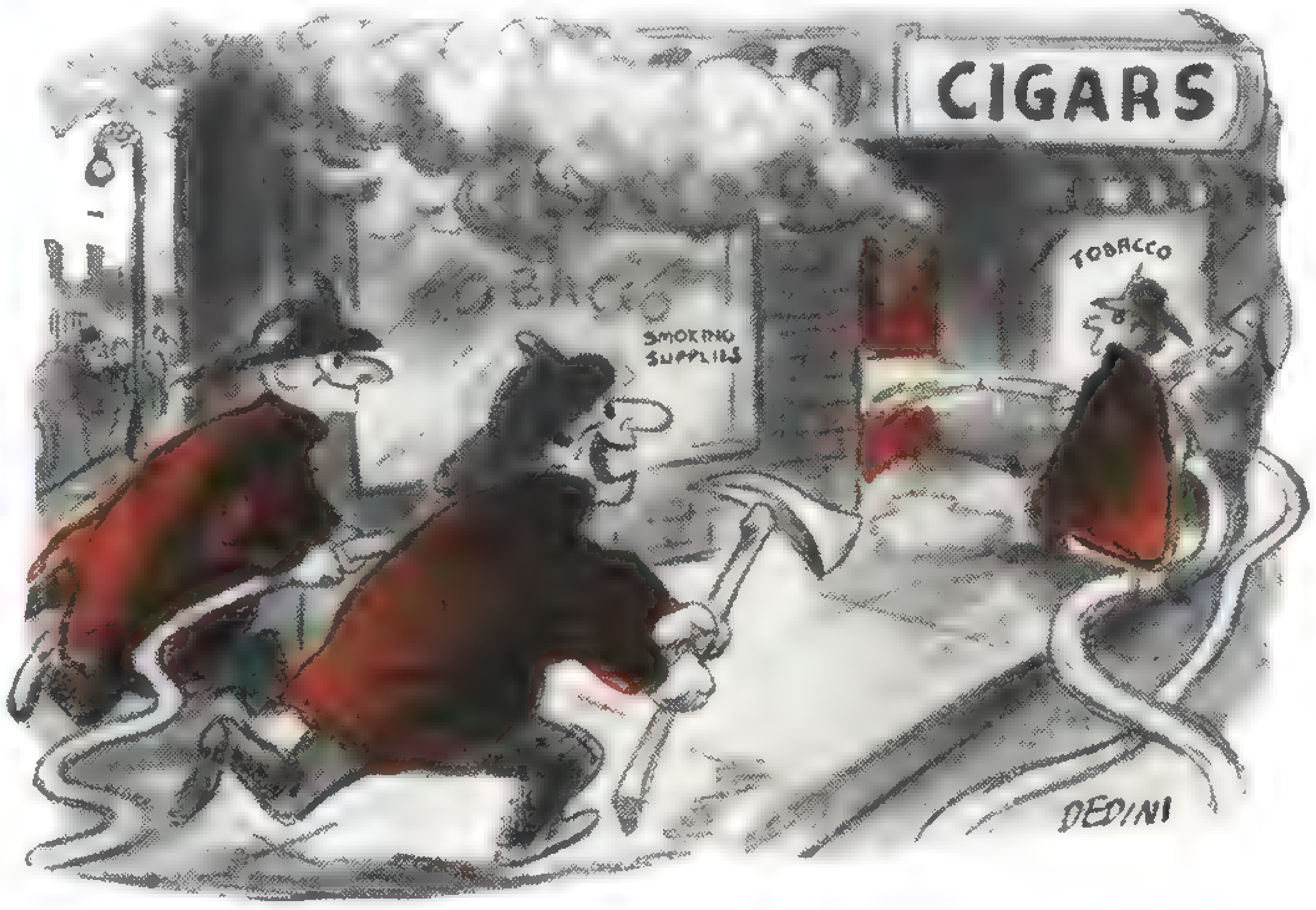
"The list I gave you yesterday—the sewing kit, make-up box, dressing gown and mules."

"I looked for them," I lied, "but I couldn't find them."

"They're right in plain sight," she said, a little testily. "The sewing kit is in the magazine rack, the make-up box is on your dresser, and the dressing gown and mules are in the closet with the suitcases. Just use your eyes and you'll find them." Then she looked at me closely. "Are you making out all right alone?"

"Fine," I said. "First rate."

"You look awful," she said. "You're thin and need a shave and haircut. Have you been eating?"



"Man! Just smell all that fine tobacco!"

"Sure, I've been eating. And I shaved this morning. The razor was dull, that was all."

"Well, the razor blades are right there with the tooth paste, in the linen closet. How long have you been wearing those socks?"

"I put them on this morning."

"If you will remember to bring the sewing kit and all your socks I'll mend them for you."

I left the hospital about an hour later and wandered back to the house. I collected the socks and put them in a pile, and then put the towels on top of them to keep them from blowing away during the night. Feeling the need of a drink, I went into the kitchen for some ice, only to find that the icebox was frozen so solid that I couldn't budge the trays. It was then I recalled having been told to defrost the icebox last week. I split one tray with a screw driver trying to get it out, and upset a bottle of milk on the floor. I had the drink warm, and, since there was no soda, straight.

By five o'clock I was feeling a little gregarious. After considerable phoning I found a friend who was free for dinner, and whipped into the bedroom to change. The only clean shirt left had no top button on it, but undaunted, I tore a button off the bottom of the shirt and affixed it to the neck with a bent paper clip. This, naturally, fell off later in the evening. Taking a last pull at the bottle and humming a gay little tune, I set off into the night.

Although some married men may deny this, there is a certain force which draws them home if they know their wives are there. The wives may not object to their staying out late; yet something tells them when they ought to be getting on home, even if it is only an aversion to being seen coming in with the daylight. If, however, their wives are *not* there, there is an actual force which keeps them *away* from home, because the house seems more empty and there is a strong aversion to coming back to it while it is dark.

When I arrived home this Sunday morning, little children were playing in the streets, and they compared me and Ray Milland. I hurled a milk bottle at the nearest and, missing the tot, it went through the neighboring doctor's car window. I went to the kitchen for a sandwich, and tracked milk from there into the bedroom.

I didn't go to the hospital that day which meant that, among other things, my socks did not get mended. I was terse with the doctor when he called about his car window, but he looked around the house, and the next day two men from the Health Department arrived with orders to fumigate the premises. I started to argue but finally realized it was as good a way as any to get the place cleaned. I moved to a hotel, and when my wife came home at the end of the week and asked what the strange smell was, I said I had heard houses should be sterilized before new babies came into them. I said it so fast I think she believed me. #

It Was Like This Before

Continued from page 89

cause he had been sick. But he had been so much better lately that they had agreed she could visit her sister, her only relative, whose death had been imminent for weeks. There were some in the village, he had heard, who had said they would not blame Anna if she did not come back. But such people were stupid and unkind. It had not been his fault he and Anna were not happy.

Anna, like all women, lived in the present moment and was forever magnifying the petty concerns of every day. She fussed; she interfered. This had distressed him and brought on periods of depression; he had found it impossible to clear his mind for reception of the great light. He had been a little happier, however, after she had moved into another room—so that he could get more rest, she had said.

He had not known, to be sure, that she locked her door. Yet it did not seem strange. Anna, poor child, was an ordinary mortal; she locked her door against the light.

But he had brought the light with him, and she had had to open the door. He waited now for her to comment, to marvel.

She said nothing. Her back was rigid against the headboard of the bed and her eyes were wide. Terror, of course. She feared the light, feared him now because he was in the light and of it, and it was a thing beyond her comprehension. He knew the scene well; he had been there before. But it was a tragedy that he had never found anyone who understood.

Before Anna there had been Evelyn. She too had been obsessed with instant time, with every day; she too had feared the light. She, like Anna, had become impatient with him. That made him ill, and he could not permit it—not for long; one had to be fit to receive the light, and strong to stand erect in it.

He could have had peace while Anna was gone—could have regained the complete passivity which was essential if he were to relive nightly the really important incidents of his past. But Anna would come back; she was, he thought scornfully, a woman of responsibility. And with her return there could be no more peace.

It was unfortunate that Anna could never understand. She would have to be given to the light, as Evelyn had been. She had no will of her own to embrace it, but he, who had so willingly surrendered his will, had had it restored to him; that was the miracle of all this.

He stood beside Anna at the head of the bed. Still she did not

Continued on page 204

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sends up to the stars the mellow aroma of America's favorite fine cigar.

DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS

It Was Like This Before

Continued from page 203

speak. Her eyes, unblinking, were dazzled by the light; there was a terrible fear in them, and despair. He knew it was useless to try to explain, but he felt pity for an instant. He slowly thrust out his hands to her, that she might see the glow in which they moved. The light his hands shed upon her might warm her throat, he felt.

She moaned a little as his fingers locked and his thumbs pressed deep into her flesh, but he could hardly hear that; and quite soon—this was disappointing, because there had been no hurry—he could not hear her at all.

Her body was very frail, little burden to him as he bore it slowly to the cellar. He was sorry he had to put her down, for the cellar was cold and unless she were in his arms she could not be warmed by the light. He shoveled coal into the furnace; opened the draft. He opened the door, too, and gazed at the fire. Here, too, was light; not his, but a stage toward its attainment; warmth and peace for such as Anna and Evelyn.

Frail though she was, Anna's body was too large to enter the door. But he could work at the table here beside the furnace, the table with its neat cabinet of tools. He occasionally made little things of wood and metal, and his facility with tools had been much admired. Both Anna and Evelyn had been delighted when they discovered it, and had been forever after him to fashion some silly object for their amusement.

He spread several layers of paper on the table and gently placed Anna's body upon it. Then he shoveled more coal into the furnace and turned back to the cabinet to select his tools.

It occurred to him that he had not lost, in all this time, the delicious sense of recalled experience. That meant that he had not erred in any particular, that every action was exactly right, exactly as it had been. It did not matter that it was Anna who lay before him; it might just as well have been Evelyn.

That was the essential reality, after all; only his own identity, his own experience, mattered.

When he had finished, he cleaned his tools thoroughly in the laundry tubs and stuffed the papers from the table into the fire. For what may have been quite a long time—he had no sense of it, but it was as long as he wished—he stood before the open door of the furnace, gazing into the flame. He was very warm; that was as it had been before. He closed the furnace door. It was necessary to slam it quite hard.

The sound echoed in his brain:

Relax—HERE'S YOUR PENDLETON ROBE

Those evening-at-home sessions with a book and the radio will look twice as inviting to you now. Pendleton robes are waiting for you! Striking tartans, rich plaids and stripes... all Pendleton exclusives... all Pendleton-woven from pure virgin wool. You'll like their extra length and roominess, the three large pockets, their custom-like fit and tailoring. At America's better stores....... $18.50 and $22.50.

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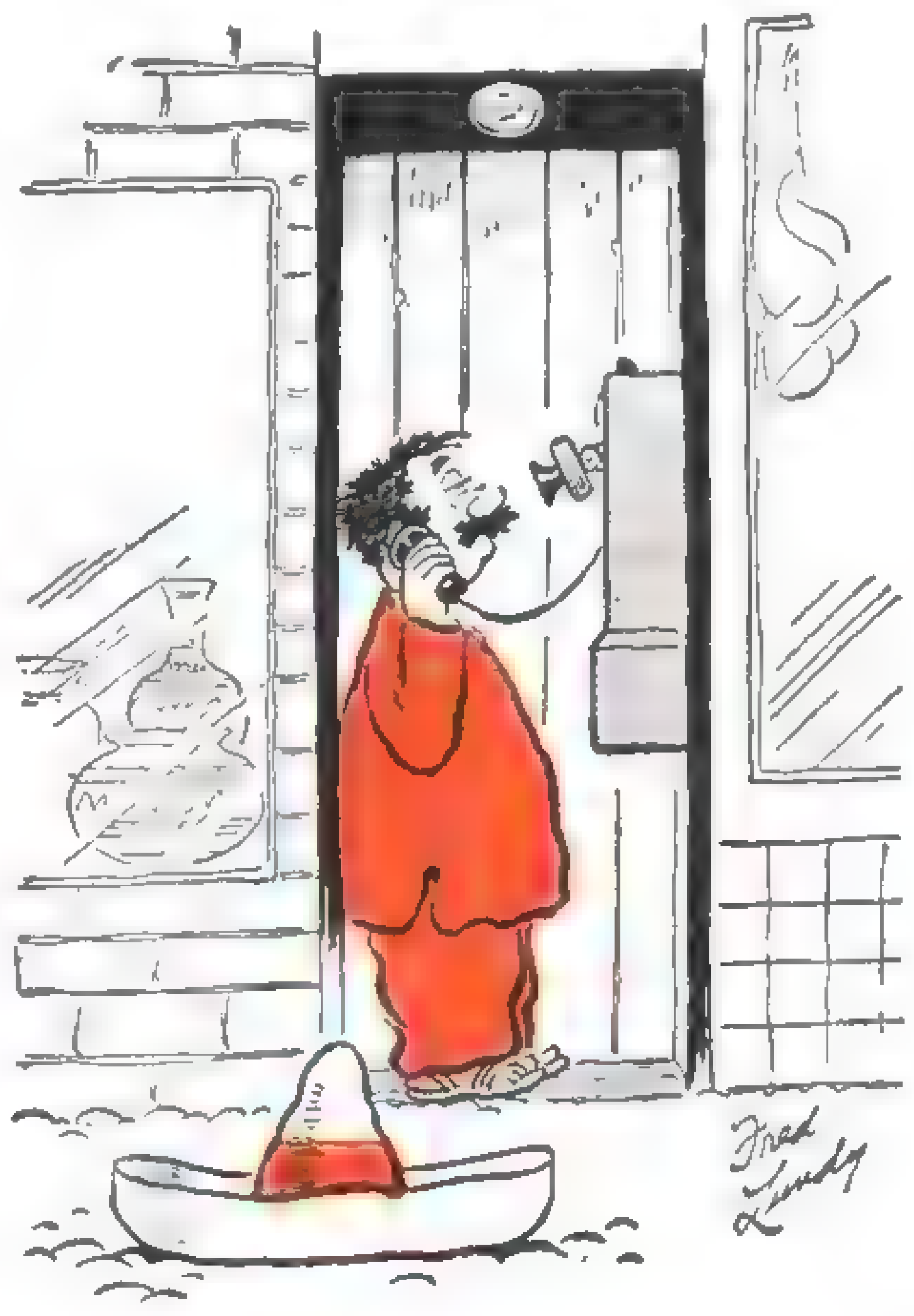
he was in bed, and there was light on his eyelids, only faintly warm and not very bright. He opened his eyes on sun in the room.

His wife stood beside the bed, holding a tray. "Here's your breakfast, dear," she said. "I'm sorry I woke you by slamming the door. I had to close it with my foot; had my arms full."



She placed the tray on his lap, adjusted pillows behind his back. "Are you feeling better this morning?"

He smiled. "I think so. Though my rest was disturbed. I had a nightmare."

"Oh? Well, just forget about it. It's unhealthy to dwell on such things."

He closed his eyes, but continued to smile. "I wouldn't say that," he said gently.

So it had been a dream about Anna! However, it didn't matter; there was so little difference between the dream and what women called reality. The light was all that mattered, that and the precise recapture of familiar sensation. Unhealthy? So like a woman—but was there none, anywhere, who could understand?

He opened his eyes. Still fondly smiling, he watched as she bustled about the room, putting things to rights for the day. Finally she returned to his bedside.

"You wouldn't say what?" she demanded. "My, you certainly look happy this morning!"

His sleepy smile didn't change. Her eyes probed his face. Slowly, as he watched, they became puzzled; then for just an instant he caught a flicker of fear and despair. They looked just as the eyes had looked in his dream. Yes, he told himself happily, I've been here before!

"I wouldn't say," he repeated slowly, "that it is unhealthy to dwell upon one's dreams. I am of a retrospective cast of mind; it is pleasant to recall things . . ."

The most delicious drowsiness took possession of him, but he could feel her gaze upon his face.

"It is pleasant," he drawled, "and sometimes most suggestive my dear . . . my dear Louise." ⧻

Continued from page 89

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Sportsmans in Spain

Continued from page 114

and we soon see first example of fist combat. Name of pugils will be later announce.

My newspaper wich publish *Muskeeters* in series cut him out for Lives of John L. Sullivans.

Then I receive distinguished visitor in person of Honorable Polycarp "Kid" Perez, and he recall many victim in Panama he lick in fist combat, leaving those poor boy nearly dead and bearing face like canceled post stamps. "Kid" Perez whoop if no one can be finded to fight for . . . ***, he himself, all alone, will triturate entire population of Spain.

I communicate these news to Sailor Mack. He is engrossed in game of pokers with six Swede sailors. Howevers, in between jacks pot, he scribble me advices.

"No, Mack," he write, " 'Kid' are common name. This great champion should have another appellation!—a high-sounding designation of fighting nobility. Look in dictionary (I am now skinning cards), and go to it."

I consult dictionary and right off the bats I discover inscription for warrior: "Young Goat Perez."

Well, Times flee rapidly. More pugils arrive. All go training under basilisk optic of sailor. Finally, great day come and sportmans of our city read advertisement which are publish in my newspaper. I translate him in these style:

Club of Boxing Athletic Announces Monumental Spectacles

Combat of boxings wich will produce indispositions, shivering, and sudden deaths to witness him will be verified these afternoon in Bull Ring, and we invite distinguished sportmans honor us by appearance.

Program of Fights

1. Fleas-weight competition. Francisco Escobar in opposition with Julio Delgado. Both mans is earthquake slugger.

2. Rooster-weight. Three minutes of scrap and one of repose. Alfonso Moreno contrary to Pedro Blanco. Antique resentment separate two grand enemy, and matches promise sanguinary episode. Pugils are of solid structure and brutal smile.

3. Middling-weights. Tom Diaz before Abdulio Toro. These adversary will castigate theirself with blow of fantastic strength. Will cost much labor to diminish him.

4. The Grand Fight. Forty-six round to the death. Champion of heavy-weight, Young Goat Perez will skirmish against Pete Walkers, Hurricanes from Gibraltar. Colission of violent giants.

In same newspaper appear letter to publics wrote by rooster-

Gems of AMERICAN FORESTRY

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CHENEY CRAVATS

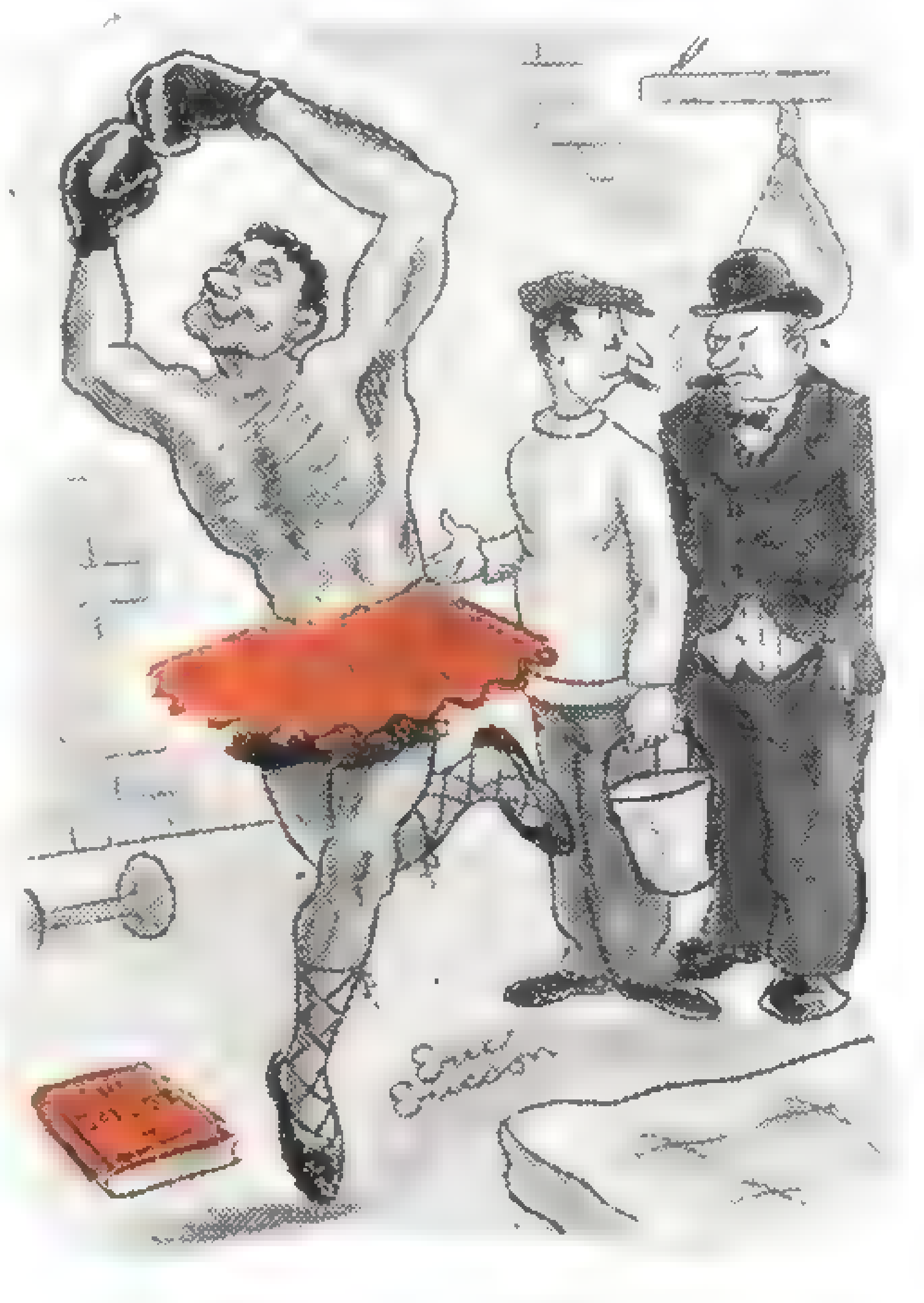
For the name of your nearest dealer, write Dept. E, Cheney Brothers, 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

weight Alfonso Moreno who promise swell face of opponent, Pedro Blanco, bust sixty-nine ribs of said Blanco and reduce him to paste. Moreno urge sympathizers to put bets on him as in 8 round he will give publics a victory. He suggests publics should subscribe to fund for protection of widow and orfans of said Blanco. These sentiment provoke many applause.

Sailor Mack look with happyness at concourse of publics who assemble to witness events. He exclaims: "Mack, it are my opinion we is about to have lovely fracas! Big gate monies also."

Howevers, No. 1 fight is washout. Mr. Escobar receive victory in second round. Publics tell Mr. Delgado to retire to family house and fry onions for said family and include grandmother.

Rooster-weights enter Ring and before the bell are gonged, Blanco expunge nose of unfortunate Moreno who also took terrific smosh on muzzle. Later, the distinguished sportsmans scrapped with exquisite correctness and dedicated theirselves to barbarous castigations. Both fighters is badly wounded. Blanco was best mans. Spectator cheer when arbitrators declare him victor. Congregation which bet on Moreno insult said Moreno and likewise his family.



"Lefty claims it develops his footwork"

Next event Tom Diaz, before Abdulio Toro produce grand exhibition of sluggings. In first round Toro take a biff filled with vitamines wich as Sailor Mack describe affair "Knocked him base over apex." Mr. Toro is risen again but he introduce face in globe and bathe in tears. Opponent generously accept for another battel next week and the 2 fighters are ovationed.

Pete Walkers, champion from Gibraltar, now appear. Young Goat Perez crawl through rope and jump on him with howl of rages. When arbitrators restore calm the bell is ringed. Contending sportsmans leap together making ground tremble. Each effect perfect crash at precisely same instant on lower mandible

Continued on page 208

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Magnified drawing showing featherlight Thermo Wool between layers of tough, water and wind resistant Football Twill for perfect insulation against Cold.

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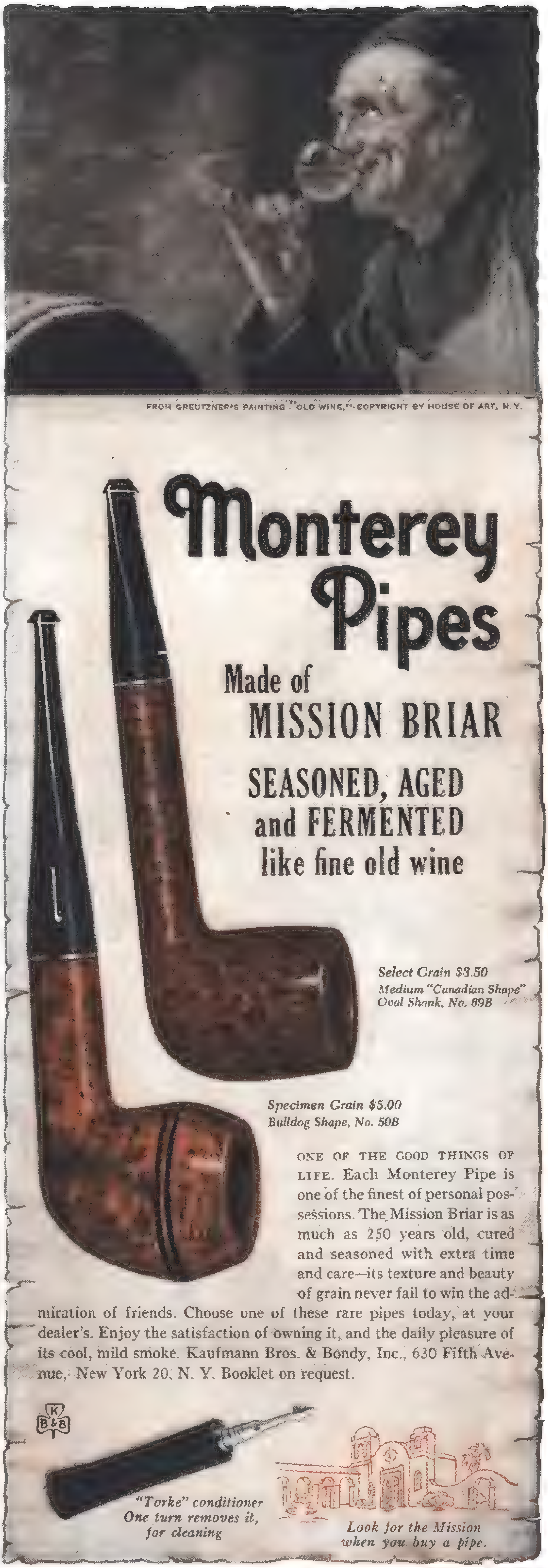
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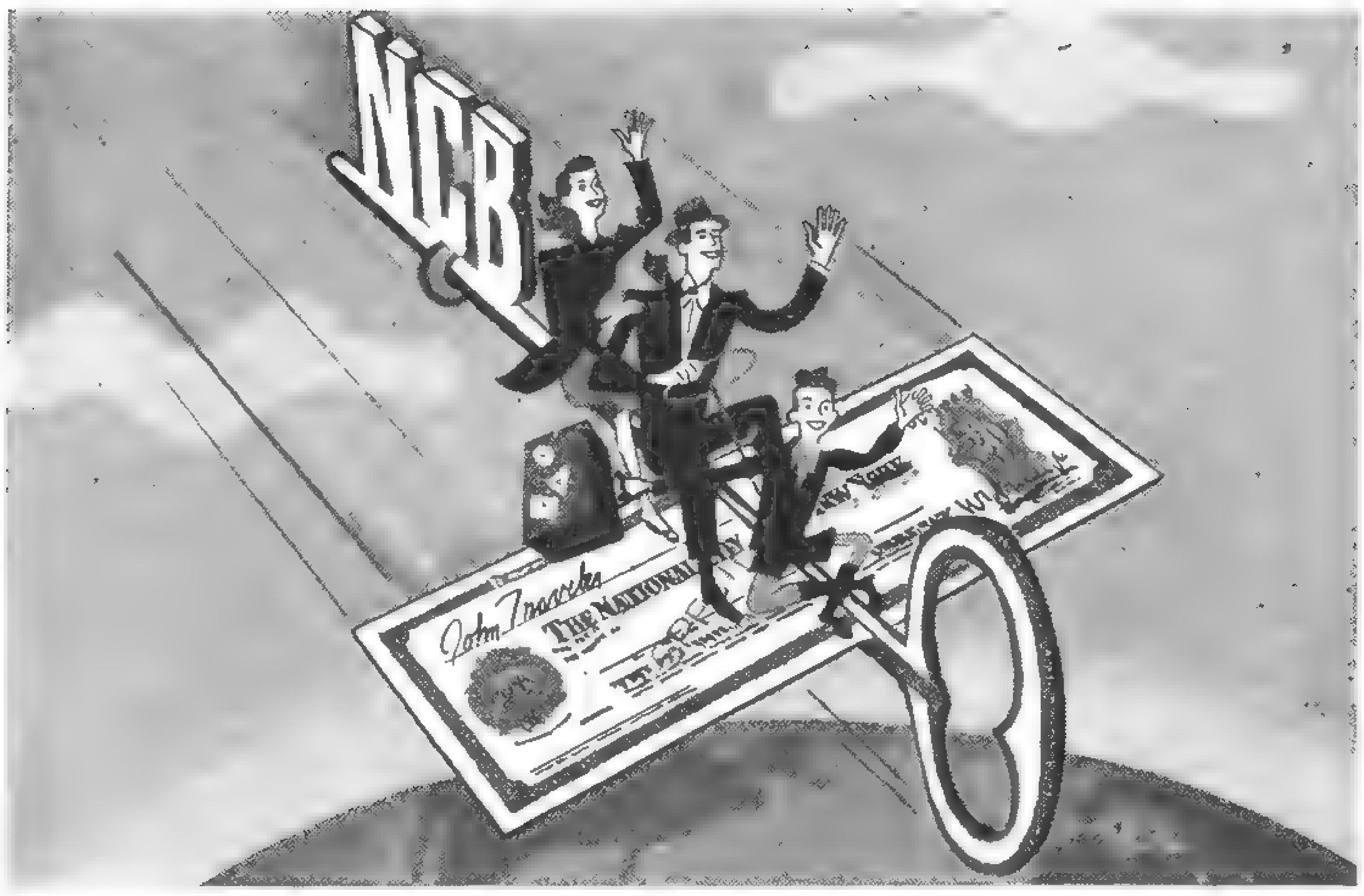

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Sportsmans in Spain

Continued from page 207

of other. It are Grand, clearly colossal, simultaneous duplex knockouts never before seen in history.

Moment of stupor envelope Bull Ring. Eyes of spectators are popping from faces. Then arbitrators announce both fighters win. Partisans of fighters pronounce arbitrators stupendous thief.

Being exhalted by fast finish of grand fight, gentleman musician of trombone emit cry of horror and smite innocent near-by spectator with said instrument. Drummer imitate example of colleague and clout other spectators with hammer of big drum.

Policemans leap to replace order and some is wounded and go to House of Succor. President of Club of Boxing Athletic dash to telephone to call more doctors, policemans and Fire Brigade.

Sailor have disappear from map. I go to newspaper office to make reports and immediately am violently dejobbed by editor who shout me a burro hundred per cent and I am responsible for riot wich impose horrible blot on reputation of our city. As editor refuse, in awful languages, publish story of scrap Esquire enjoy complete scoops of mess.

Anyway, these dejobment are catastrophic disasters. I go to family house with not a smell of monies in pockets to face savage mother-in-law who, if she be made of pure sugar, are bad eggs. And my wife lament calamity for now she must omit permanent hairs curl and silk stockings, etc. I report these fact being on verge of destitution and incredible misery. Otherwise, I am sinking and without insurances.

My ex-newspaper publish next day small paragraph wich I translate for confidential information:

> *After deeply ruminating fist combat which occur here on Sunday we are of opinions that these games are exceedingly dangerous. At recent match we have almost as many casualty as in last civil war. We supplicate authorities impose heavy sanction on boxings wich are too expensive for peoples in our temperaments. As eminent poet say: "The collar cost more than the dog!" And no more is to be discussed on these question.*

P.S. American sailor have taken refuge in American Consulate to escape fury of policemans who denounce said sailor as communist. ⧻

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*Explanation of * and ** are: name of city must be in rigorous incognito. Censorship mens are ferocious and I must observe my steps.*

*Explanation of *** are: name of beautiful city must be preserved in strictest incognito. For God sakes!*

Continued from page 114

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The Gaudy Cat

Continued from page 107

patra then seemed to be dying of love for me. She grew thin. I discovered later that she was dieting excessively. She lay languishing and seeming now and again to half faint away. I reproached myself then, and let her persuade me to announce our marriage to the world.

Octavian shook his fist and shouted in the Roman senate. His sister had been outrageously insulted. He told those senators who sympathized with me to leave, and many did, joining me at Ephesus.

War with Octavian appeared inevitable. However, my Parthian campaign having ended in disaster, I was ill prepared for it. I considered making peace with Octavia, but Cleopatra said the time was past for half measures. She said I must divorce Octavia.

"It would mean war," I said.

She replied, "The world is too small for us and Octavian too."

I complied with her desires, and sent orders to Rome to have Octavia evicted from my house. Cleopatra was happy and hummed contentedly, as now the cat, crouched on the carpet, purred.

Chancing to glance at Bill's wife and Mr. Tyson on the sofa, my eyes bulged with astonishment. They were kissing.

Bill's wife had no right to behave in such a manner with anyone. Like Caesar's wife, she should have been above even suspicion.

I barked. Bill's wife and Mr. Tyson looked at me, startled. Annie told me to be quiet, but I barked again when they resumed embracing, and they seemed embarrassed.

"Be quiet, Buster," Annie said.

"I wonder if we could go out somewhere for a bite," suggested the insurance man.

"Why, yes, that would be nice," said Annie.

After they left, the cat lay on the carpet and viewed me with pale green pensiveness. She mewed. The words were mangled through the inadequacy of feline vocal cords, but I understood.

"Gone moral?" she asked.

I said, "She's Bill's wife."

"So what?" she mewed.

"I never pretended to be a saint," I barked, "but I know the meaning of loyalty."

"You always were a hound at heart," she said.

"Cat," I said.

"Dog," she said.

Before my advance she retreated, arching her back. Her eyes blazed, and I recalled our quarrel the night before Actium.

The senators and my generals frowned on the presence of Cleopatra in my camp. They knew her for a queen who represented autocracy. They grumbled that in

Continued on page 210

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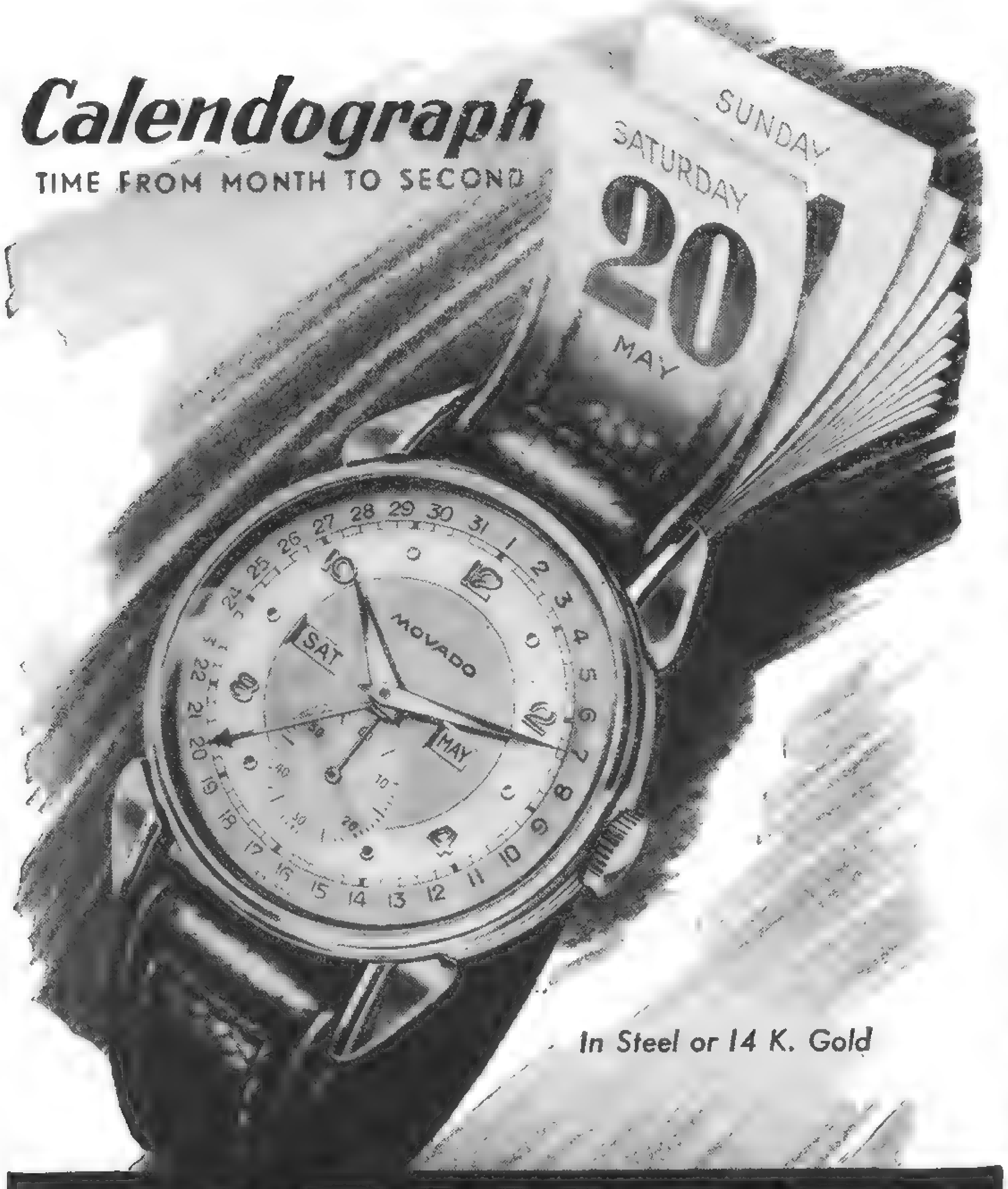
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The Gaudy Cat

Continued from page 209

event of victory she would be wanting more power, and if the republic was to be restored, that was out. Moreover, she wanted to fight a sea battle against Octavian, and my generals favored a land battle.

Disliking the presence and policies of Cleopatra, some of my key men deserted me and went over to Octavian. I asked her to return to Egypt and wait there until the fighting was over. She refused, saying flatly she did not trust me: having availed myself of her ships, men and money, she said that upon attaining victory I might desert her to set up a republican government in Rome.

"I'm staying," she said. "And I insist on fighting by water. They're my ships, you know."

I shook with anger, crying out, "Go back to your sun-baked clay bank, serpent of the Nile! You've caused my best men to leave me. You are naught but misfortune and evil to me—"

She stood close. "The ships are ready. One stroke and the world is ours."

"I've won full many a victory by land," I muttered. "Leave the water to Octavian with his experience of fighting the pirates."

She placed her hand on my wrist and her nails bit my flesh sharply for a moment. "Come," she said, "let us go in and dine."

As I sat beside her, she smiled and handed me her wine cup. Taking this for reconciliation, I raised it to my lips.

"Wait," she said, and taking some flowers from her hair, she dipped them in the wine. Then she snatched the cup from my hand and gave it to a slave to drink. In a moment he lay writhing in the clutch of death.

Smiling, barely showing her small teeth, she said, "If I wished, how easy it were. You fool—those flowers were poisoned."

The battle was fought next day, and in the thick of the conflict, the fortunes equal on either side, she gave order for sails to be hoisted and thereupon departed with her sixty ships, leaving me to certain defeat. Realizing all was lost, I followed her. Woman's counsel had led me to fight by sea, and woman's instability had caused my downfall.

Even now her treachery stung me and I snapped. She leapt upon the table out of my reach.

"Everything is obvious to me now," I barked.

"Become a thinker?" she mewed.

"You used me to advance yourself. You used Caesar too."

"That baldhead."

I upbraided her with the cruelties of which I knew her to be

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guilty. "You had your sister, Arsinoe, killed—yes, at the steps of a sacred altar! How many did you watch die in agony while you tested drugs and poisons and deadly snakes in your search for a painless suicide? And that last base lie—you sent a messenger to tell me you were dead the day all my forces went over to Octavian, and believing you really dead, I plunged my sword into myself. But you weren't dead. It was a trick.

"Furthermore," I barked, "I believe you had something to do with the way Bill's wife acted."

"Electwisty," she said, having difficulty with her vocal cords. "Carried it between 'em."

I made a desperate try to leap upon the table when the door opened and Bill's wife came in.

"Buster!" she cried. "What on earth!"

She took the creature in her arms and sat on the sofa, murmuring, "Poor Patty—poor little Patty." She fondled the cat, rubbing her nose against its nose. "Was the little beast being dreadfully horrid to Patty?" she murmured.

I clamped my jaws upon the yellow tail hanging from Bill's wife's lap. With a piercing scream the cat sprang up and clawed Annie's face.

Annie felt her way, stumbling, falling against the wall, to the bathroom, gasping and crying.

The cat stood upon the sofa cushion and arched her back at me.

Mr. Tyson came calling shortly after Bill's wife returned from the hospital. Standing in the doorway, looking at Annie, he appeared to be swallowing a difficult piece of meat. Annie put a hand to her face to hide the scar where the infection had been.

"I'm not really frowning," she said. She sounded light-hearted. "I've had a little bad luck. I haven't been out of the hospital very long."

"I—I'm sorry," muttered Mr. Tyson. "I stopped in—I wondered about that policy I spoke to you about—but I won't trouble you. I'll be hurrying along—couple of stops to make near here."

He bowed and went.

So here we are, the three of us—Bill and his wife and I—happy once again. Bill and Annie have more fun together I think, than formerly. And I take my ease, contemplating the days with my soldiers in camps from wintry Gaul to the humid East. I do not give much thought to Pharsalia and Philippi, the various victories and defeats. I love to think of the smells and sounds and labors and diversions of the soldier's life. And sometimes I think of Caesar and his warm dark eyes and smile.

Sometimes I wonder where the cat is now. Bill took her out the night Annie went to the hospital. He came back alone. ⌗

Continued from page 107

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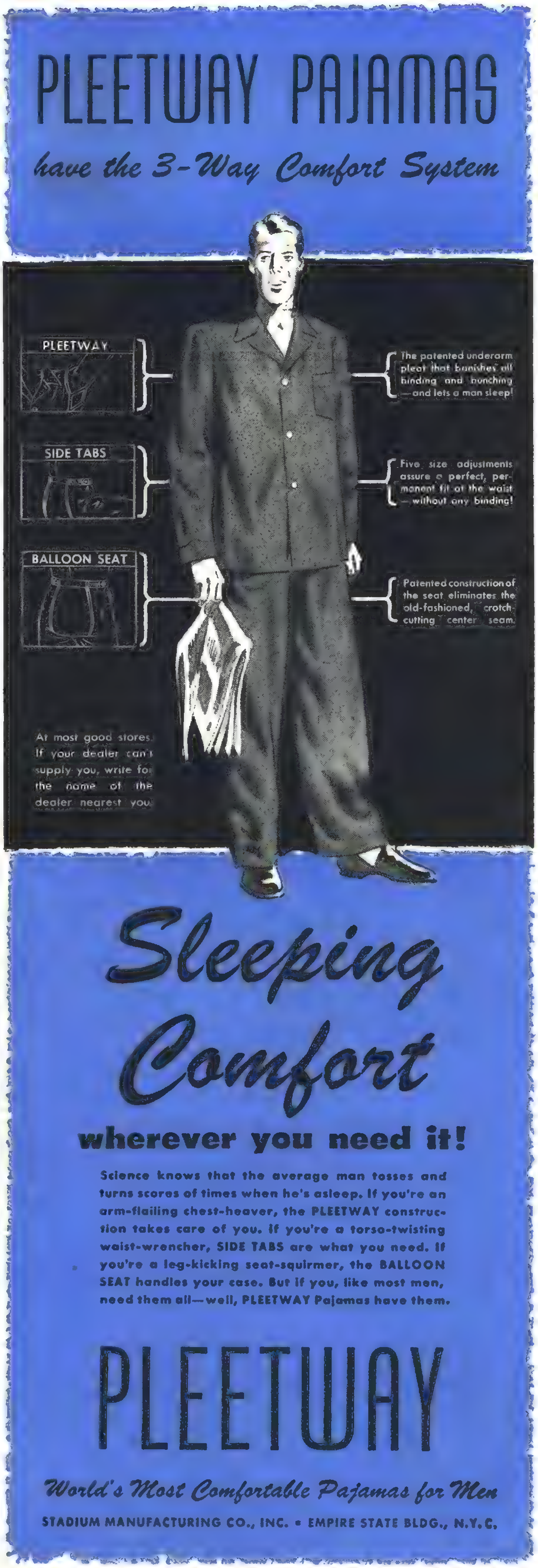
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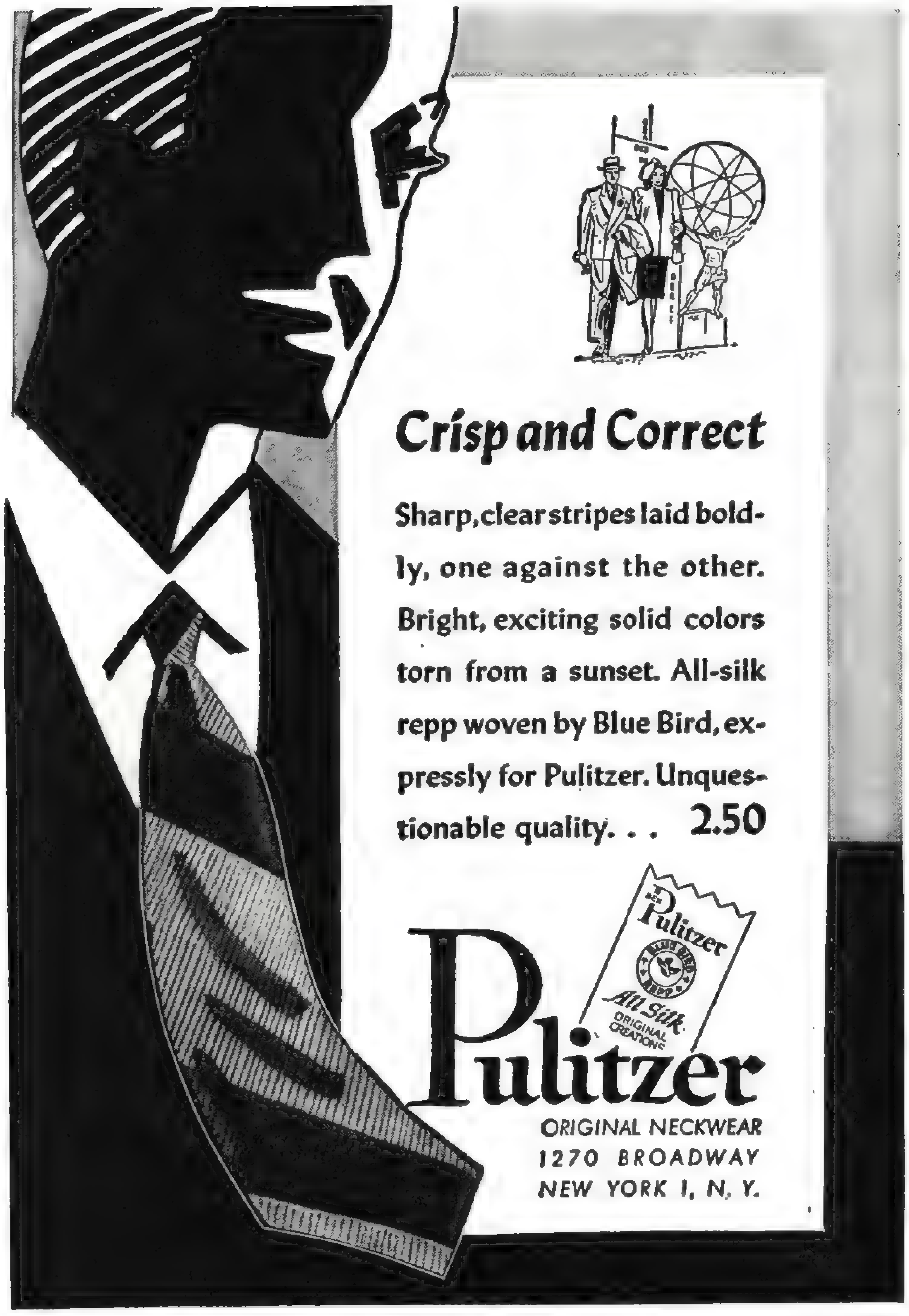

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The Diz and the Bebop

Continued from page 90

year, his first question was, "Where is Dizzy playing?" Gillespie was on a date in Baltimore at the time and there Django, speaking no English, and Dizzy, speaking no French, sat and discussed bebop pro and con on their instruments.

After Dizzy returned from Europe he spent most of his time at Minton's, a Harlem bistro which might be called the bebop salon. It was in this spot that bebop was developed, with many musicians contributing their ideas. There was Thelonius Monk on piano, Charlie Parker on alto, Joe Guy and Gillespie on trumpet and Kenny Clark on drums. But Dizzy first thought of playing in the new style awhile before.

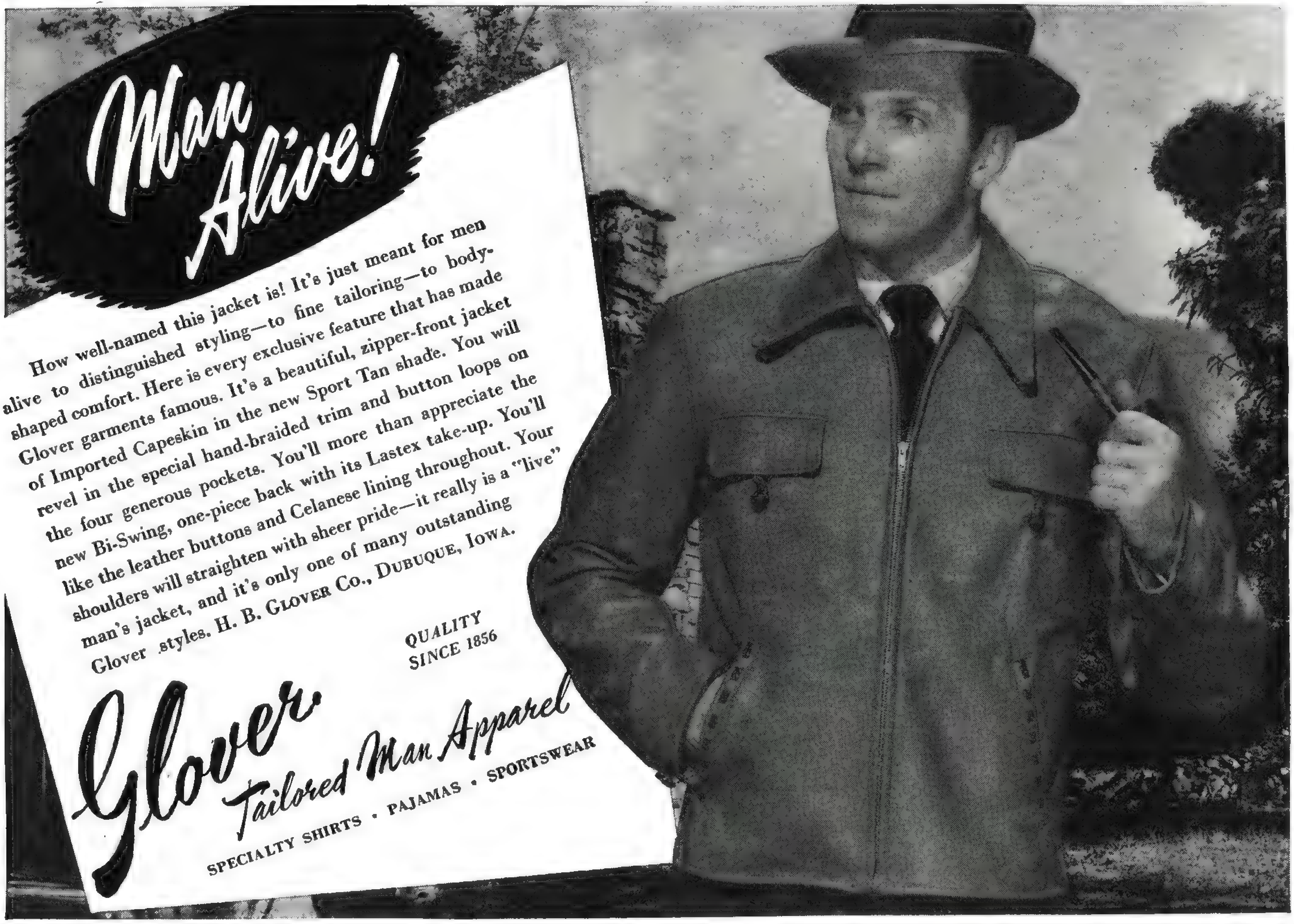
He had been rehearsing with Edgar Hayes' band and there was one bit in a Rudy Powell arrangement that sounded a little different and weird. "It really got me," he says reminiscently. "I played it over and over and realized how much more there could be in music than what everybody was playing. There was a lot there that nobody had been getting. After that, whenever I got the time, I used to sit down with Thelonius Sphere Monk on piano and we'd play anything that came into our mind."

And so Dizzy began to make a name for himself. It wasn't easy. To a conservative swing band a bebop soloist was as welcome as Senator Taft at an A. F. of L. rally. His periods of unemployment were doubly irritating because many big-name bands dangled fat contracts before him. But it meant playing straight-ride choruses with no chance to develop as he pleased. So he stayed in New York playing odd jobs and spending his spare time at Minton's blowing the notes that many would have sworn weren't there in the first place.

As he exerted more and more influence on musicians, a music-publishing house got the idea that a trumpet-instruction book by Gillespie would be desirable. They summoned a representative, Milton Shaw, and told him to collar Dizzy and give him the pitch. They became friends and for some time Milt was a sort of free-lance advisor to Dizzy on bookings, jobs, publicity, etc. Finally, Dizzy persuaded Milt to work for him full time as manager and that is the present status of their quo.

Milt is one of Dizzy's most slavish admirers, which is just as well because one of a personal manager's duties is to be on hand nightly for the band's engagements. He has heard the arrangements many times and swears he still gets a lift out of them.

Milt confesses: "I used to want



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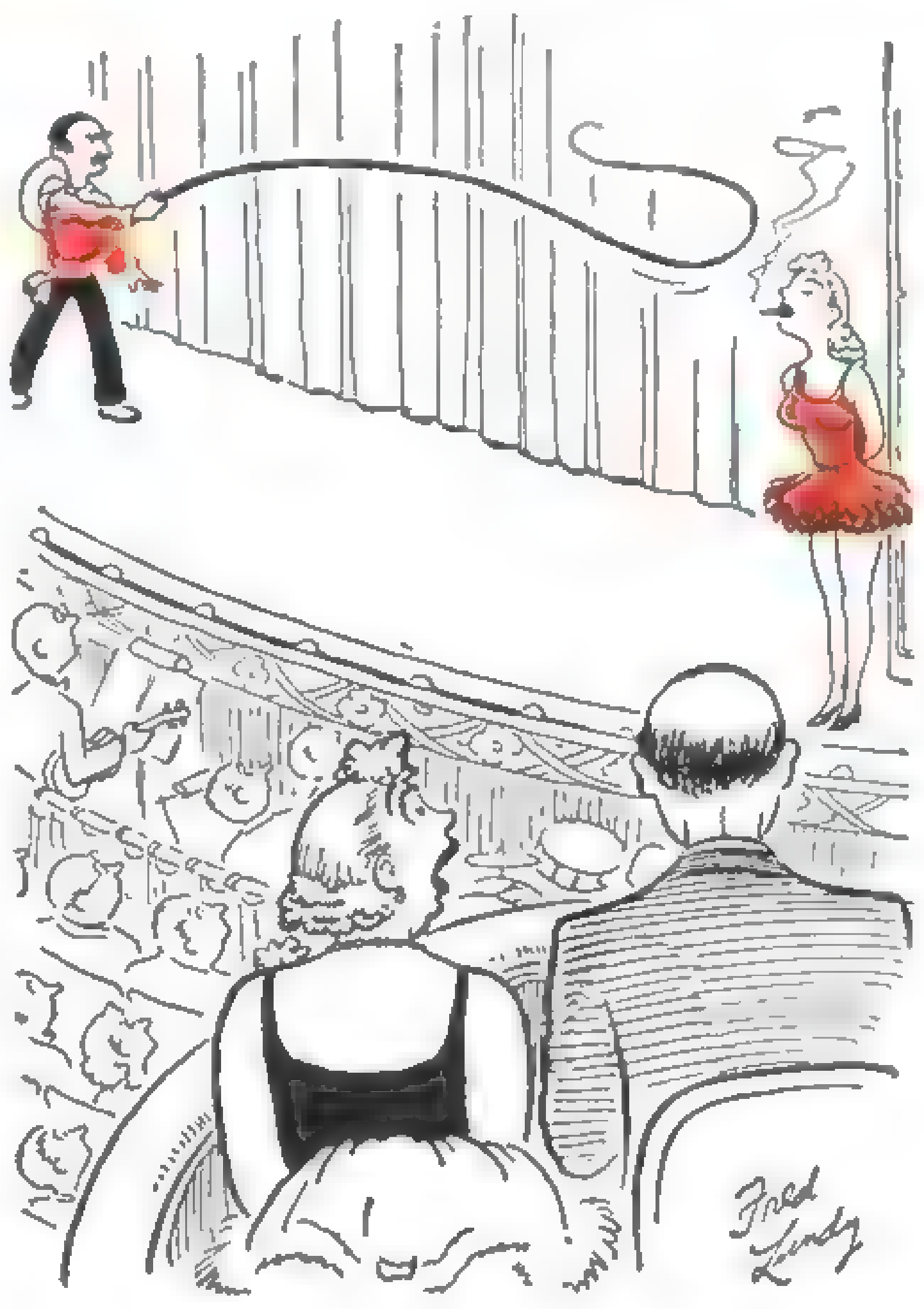
to be a great trumpet player—I was working hard at it. One night I heard Dizzy, went home and put my horn in moth balls. After hearing Diz, I figured I was in the wrong end of the business—you know?" The same thing happened to Billy Eckstine, whom Dizzy regards as the world's greatest singer. Billy was playing trumpet until he heard Dizzy. Now he concentrates on trombone.



"Why doesn't he just tell her if he doesn't want her to smoke?"

Besides the Diz, probably the most illustrious of Milton's alumni is Charlie Parker, the great alto saxophonist. Oddly enough he and Dizzy played in the same big band years ago. "Neither one of us was playing bebop at the time," says Diz. "A long time later I ran into Charlie and he was playing bebop. Between the meetings both of us had begun the style without the other knowing it."

Charlie Parker, also known as Bird, had played and recorded considerably with Dizzy. They had their first sizable success at The Three Deuces Club on 52nd Street. According to Milt Shaw, "Dizzy would take a bebop solo and Charlie would stand off and watch him. Then Charlie would take one and Dizzy would watch. Then, I swear to God, they'd just *look* at each other and take off on a long unison passage that would scare the daylights out of you—something neither had ever dreamed of before!"

There is some debate over whether the new idiom should be called *bebop* or *rebop*. However, such astute *aficionados* as Dizzy prefer bebop.

Dizzy's manager explains the origin more or less lucidly. "You know when Diz started playing bebop with a group, all their stuff was head arrangements—memorized material that wasn't written down. Well, the pieces didn't have a name, so Diz would give them the first phrases something like this—*bee—bobba—doe—bobba—doddle—dee—bebop!* You know how many bebop choruses end in a clipped two-note phrase with the last note on an off beat? It almost sounds like the instru-

Continued on page 214

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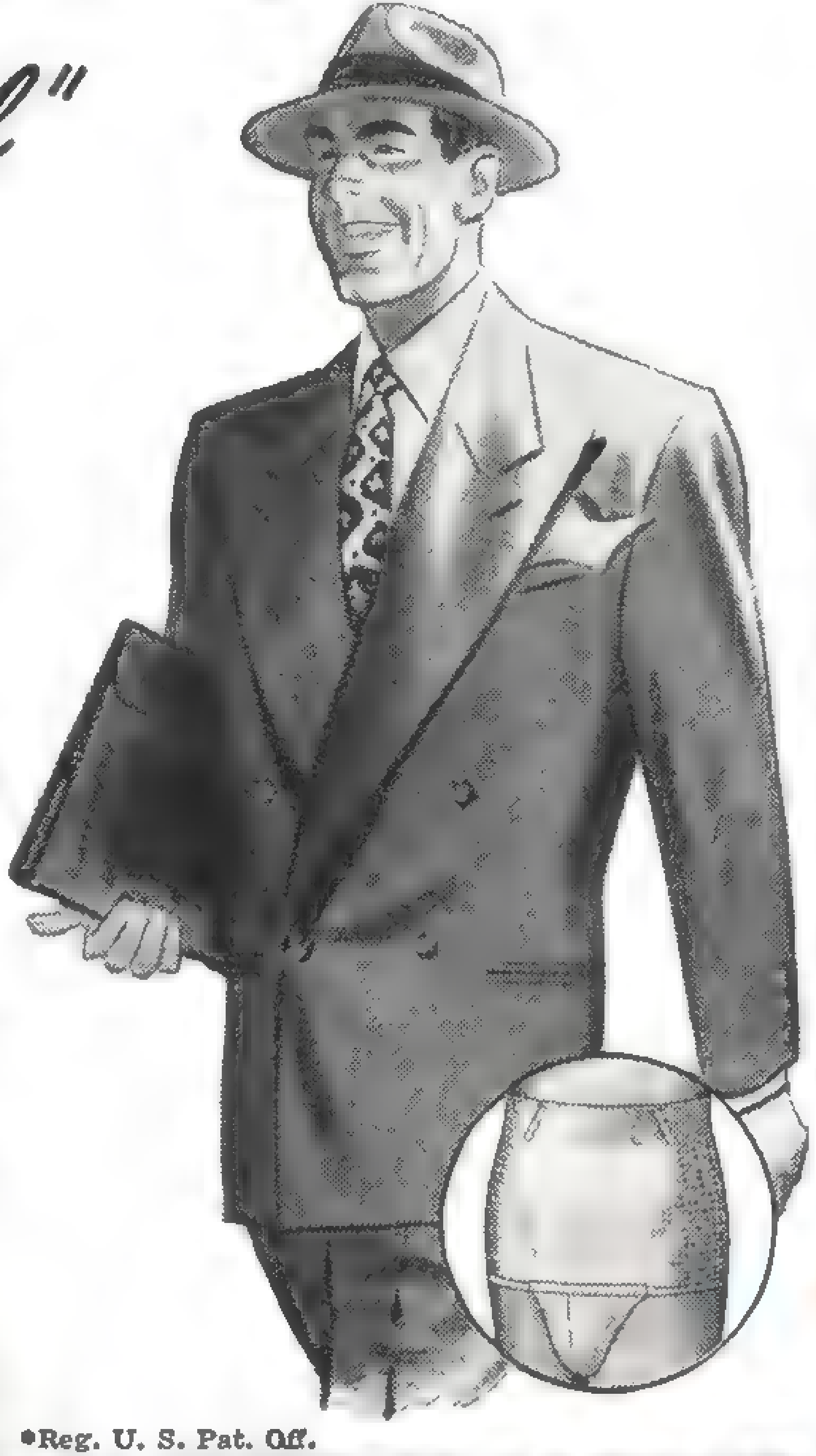

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The Diz and the Bebop

Continued from page 213

ment is saying 'bebop!' And when Dizzy works with his group he tells the trumpets what to play, the rhythm and the reeds what to play in that *ah—boodle—dud—bebop* talk."

Diz lives for his music. His almost total detachment, his antic uninhibitedness, his habit of gazing into space have something to do with his nickname. When he wants to make a specific purchase, his wife doles out the money; but she won't let him carry any large sum ever, lest he give it away or spend it on some wild whimsy. Dizzy leads a rather quiet life, smoking moderately and drinking little other than copious quantities of milk. You feel that he is a happy man doing what he most wants to do—with that bliss known only to youthful artists as they survey their limitless domain from a new threshold.

Sometimes for a couple of weeks Milt Shaw won't see Dizzy except around the bandstand, never talking business. Then Milt will get a phone call from Dizzy.

"Hey, Daddy! What's happening?" he'll begin.

"What do you mean?"

"What are you doing for the band, man?" And then, as if overcome with worry, "Gee, I guess things are going bad for the band —it'll probably break soon . . ."

There is injected at this juncture a sound effect denoting the explosion of a personal manager.

"Look, Dizzy—for two weeks you've been having a ball without ever worrying for a minute about the band. I've been beating my brains out over it, worrying myself sick. Just before you called I was sweating out a Midwest tour for you—and you want to know what's going on—what's happening—what am I doing for the band!"

Dizzy is very fatalistic about this sort of thing. He shakes his head sadly and tells you: "Every time I call up the office, I wind up getting a lecture! Man, I ain't done nothing!"

Dizzy is a very lovable guy—it is said that he hasn't an enemy in the world. The Savoy Ballroom clique copy his walk, clothes, glasses, mustache and goatee, his laugh, his bizarre voice which often sounds off-pitch. It is startling to go to Harlem of late because you see a reasonably accurate facsimile of Dizzy everywhere.

His memory is legendary; he can play anything through after one hearing. He has perfect pitch and is a brilliant composer and arranger in spite of the fact that he never took a formal music lesson. His tastes in listening embrace Ravel, Stravinsky, Stan

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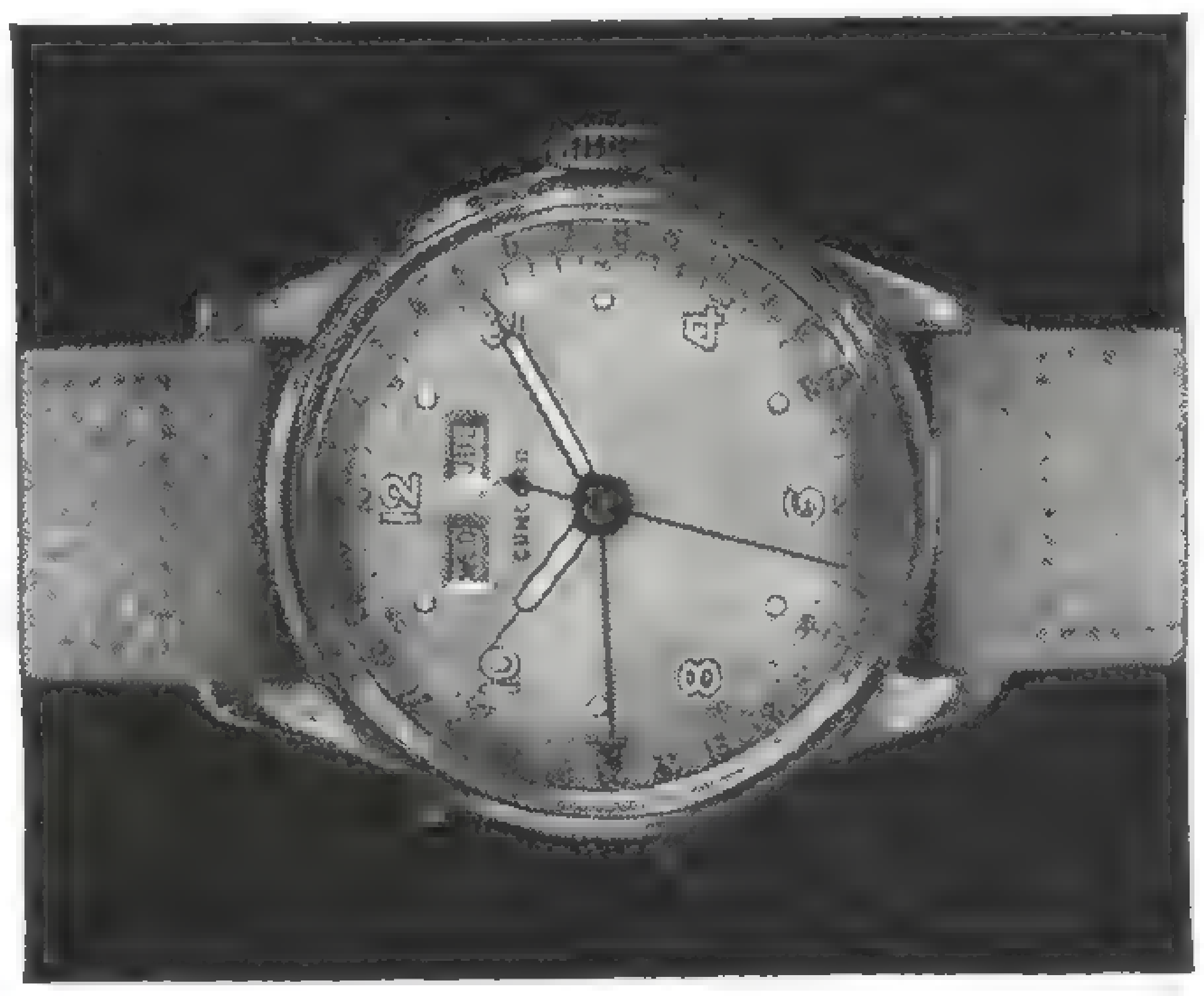

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Kenton and Billy Eckstine. Practically every instrument has been mastered by Dizzy—his trombone is almost as fine as his trumpet—and he especially enjoys relaxing at the piano, developing ideas that lead to arrangements for his band. His big ambition is to have a large, augmented bebop group, replete with French horns, oboes, English horns, etc. Anything that will increase his scope of expression will find its place in the dream orchestra. For instance, Dizzy started listening regularly to Afro-Cuban bands, recognizing the possibilities of improvising against the ever-changing accents of Latin rhythms. Here was a rhythmic abandon akin to his own melodic excursions. One evening he decided to bring three extra drummers to Harlem's Savoy Ballroom. Two of them played the little bongo drums and one the large congo drum. It was such a success Dizzy decided to use them with his orchestra on concert engagements. Tad Dameron, one of the first composer-arrangers to work in Dizzy's idiom, is now collaborating with the master on an Afro-Cuban suite, utilizing modern improvisation with the native rhythms.

Selling bebop to the public has been a rather rough proposition. As late as July, '46, Gillespie laid an egg in Detroit that a mama ostrich would have cherished. But the masses are coming around—in this same city last February they had to call out the police to control the crowds.

You will probably want a couple of exposures to this new music yourself. Bebop is something that takes a lot of open-minded listening because it is difficult to judge or compare closely with the swing or jazz you have been listening to. It takes concentration because so much is happening to the rhythm pattern, in the curt phrases of varying lengths and in the solos which utilize notes and chords in a manner heretofore practically unknown to improvised music. However, you remember how difficult the tuba-banjo New Orleans combinations were to take if you had been weaned on Benny Goodman, et al—yet how gratifying it was when you got so you could dig them. With this realization came a glimpse into the past of jazz and everything from Bunk Johnson to Roy Eldridge fell into place in a more logical pattern.

A look into the future is as rewarding as hindsight. With a hearing of Bunk Johnson, Louis Armstrong, and Bix Beiderbecke you can tell where American music has been—listening to bebop you can tell where it's going. Bebop is a new direction in music. It is that change in expression and idiom which makes all arts absorbing because they are never the same. The loudest scoffers at bebop are those who cling to the

Continued on page 216

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The Diz and the Bebop

Continued from page 215

New Orleans tradition. There is no argument here that New Orleans, Chicago and so forth are not only esthetically valid but are exquisite listening experiences. But to consider them the ultimate in improvised music, making little effort to assay the worth of new music forms, is to admit to a most unfortunate musical isolationism.

To say that a very considerable number of young musicians are on a bebop kick is as axiomatic as that pat little press release General Sherman put out concerning war. (The adjective "young" is used advisedly. The older musicians, after many years of playing jazz or swing as we have come to accept it, find it almost impossible to adopt the new style.) The present-day idols of the young tyros are Dizzy and Charlie and those they have influenced. While they respect and study old masters like Armstrong and Bechet, they strive to emulate Diz and the Bird.

Dave Lambert, one of the finer vocalists and probably the first to experiment with a scat vocal à la bebop (*Perdido* and *Gussie G.*, Keynote K-657), has given a lucid side light on the style. "A bebop musician doesn't improvise in licks the way the jazz musician does. His phrases are any length whatsoever—from one beat ad infinitum—no more one-, four- and eight-bar licks and riffs. Now the musician has to count *one—one—one—one—one—one—one—one* instead of *one—two—three—four, two—two—three—four*, etc."

As there are comparatively few bebop groups performing other than in New York and on the West Coast, the easiest way to listen is, of course, on records. Some suggested discs are *Show Nuff*, *Groovin' High*, and *Things to Come*, all on the Musicraft label. *Salt Peanuts* has a Guild label. Victor has released a *52nd Street Jazz Album*, including four sides by Dizzy with a more-or-less competent pick-up group. The album is worth having for the magnificent *Night in Tunisia* on which Gillespie has etched his finest recorded solo to date. This is a very good record with which to begin your testing. The Musicraft records are listed roughly in order of intensity. Do not begin with *Things to Come*. If you do, the management will not be responsible.

So Dizzy and the rest of the Minton coterie have changed the complexion of our music, exerting a force which has influenced countless young soloists. And jazz, having dutifully doffed its hat to Armstrong, Bechet, et al—having genuflected toward New Orleans and Chicago, nodded to 52nd Street and winked at Juilliard, moves on to creative changes intrinsic in any folk art. God knows where it is headed but it's going to be swell to watch. ⧺

Continued from page 90

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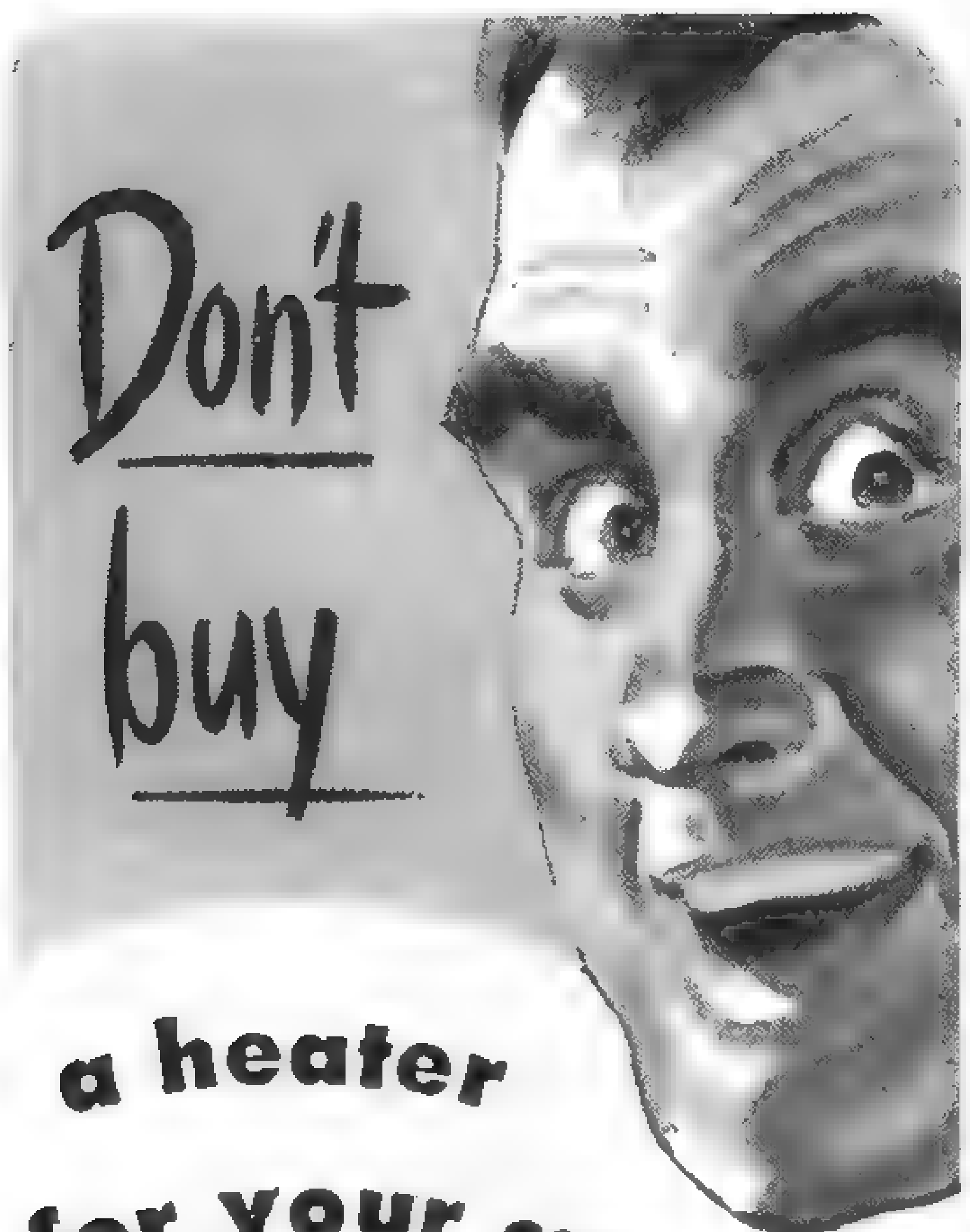

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Continued from page 66

miles an hour. Thousands were built during the war, ending with superfast jet jobs of more than 400-mile-an-hour speeds.

Today's fast robot planes descended from these drones. Radio-controlled aircraft were later designed for use as flying bombs. Later, these radio devices were used in battle-weary bombers which were loaded with explosives and sent against enemy targets.

Worn-out Flying Fortresses, for example, were loaded with 22,000 pounds of the powerful explosive Torpex. In Operation Castor they were taken aloft by pilots who bailed out at 10,000 feet. A mother plane then took over control of the bomber. Television transmitters in these planes helped aim them at their targets, which were usually approached from only 200- to 300-feet altitude.

Radio equipment has now progressed to the point where two Fortresses have been flown by remote control from the Hawaiian Islands to Muroc Lake in California. So far in these operations the controlling transmitters and pilots are located in a mother plane flying within sight and usually not more than a few miles away. This is strictly an interim method, already outworn.

The Army Air Forces has already completed preliminary tests on a four-engined Skymaster equipped for automatic flight. Here is what this plane will do when it is at the end of the runway ready for take-off, its engines already running:

A single button is pushed. After a time lapse, permitting the crew to leave if desired, flaps are lowered automatically, brakes released, throttles advanced to take-off power. When the plane is 50 feet off the ground the radio altimeter goes into action, the power is changed to climb, the gear retracted. At 1000 feet flaps come up. Climb power and runway heading are maintained until the preset cruising altitude is reached. The throttles then come back to cruising power. After the craft has flown the preset number of miles, control of the airplane is thrown to the radio compass which homes on the radio station at its destination.

On passing over the radio station, the engines are throttled back automatically and the plane descends in a wide circle. At 2000 feet wheels and flaps come down and another radio beam takes control, lining the plane up with the runway. Another beam defines the glide path down which the plane flies to the runway. As it lands, power is changed to idle and brakes are applied.

Thus completely automatic flights have been made from Long Beach, California, to Wilmington, Ohio, a distance of 2000 miles.

Sending a plane or missile load-

Continued on page 218

FOR CENTURIES BERKELEY SQUARE, IN LONDON, HAS SYMBOLIZED QUALITY

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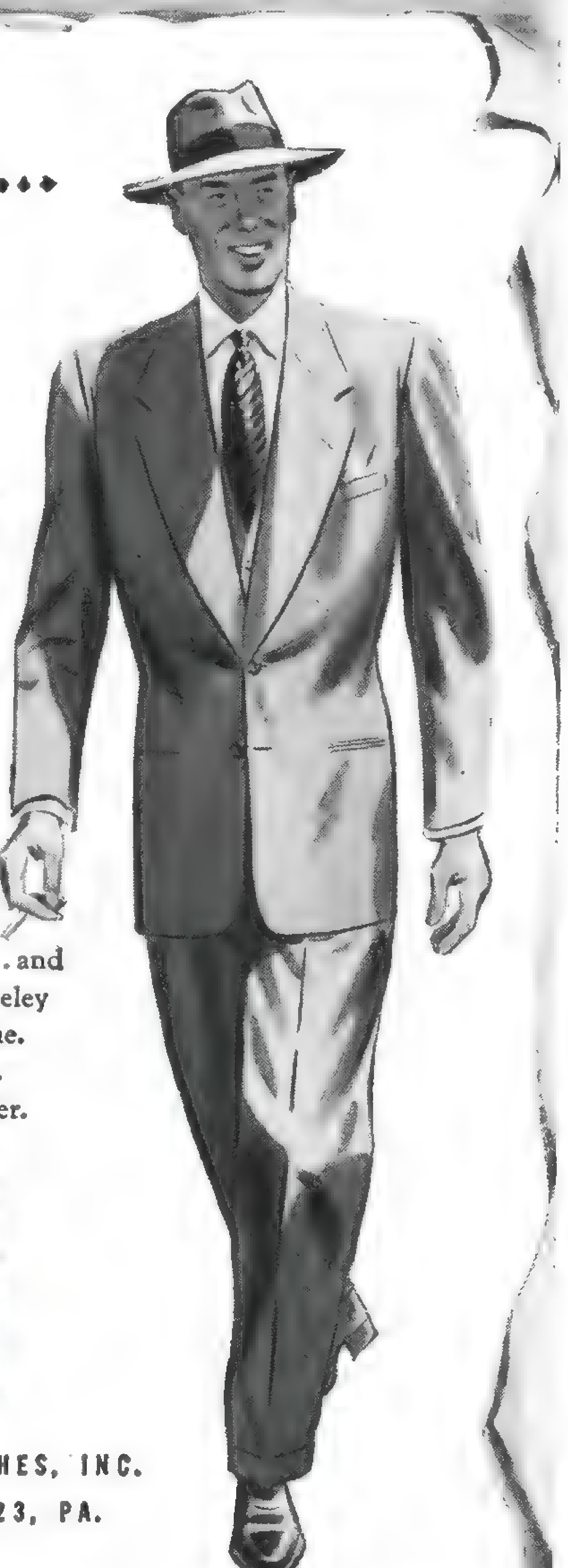

Value-conscious men approve the superior tailoring, fabrics and style of Berkeley Square clothes. For here is quality! . . . and at the $50 and $55 prices of Berkeley Square clothes, here is top value. At leading stores everywhere. Write for name of nearest dealer.

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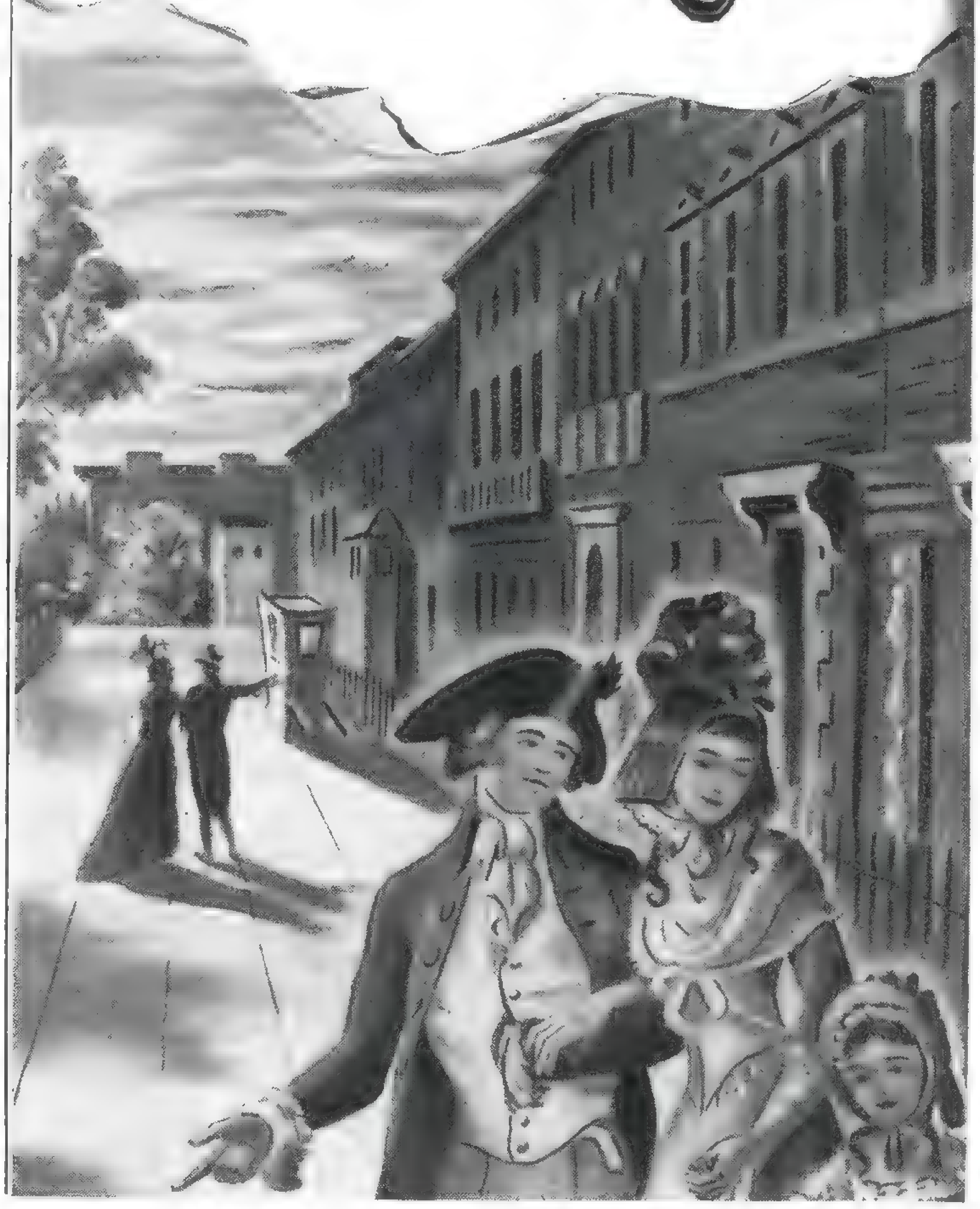

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You're always at your best
in sweaters and sportswear by Revere. Built for ease
in action, Revere sportswear means fine quality
at down-to-earth prices.

The Commonwealth—Soft, sturdy corduroy jacket warmly lined with 100% virgin wool lining. Smart zippered front.

The Islander—Bands of colorful argyle trim make this 100% Australian zephyr wool sweater as smart as it is warm.

Sportswear by Revere at better stores everywhere.
Home Office, Malden, Mass. Sales office 302 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Robot Wings of Death

Continued from page 217

ed with explosives against a distant enemy target could be managed in this way.

More limited in range, the SHORAN method gives unparalleled accuracy. It is a radar system, permitting the controller to sit in an underground fort and watch the missile's course trace out in a red line on his map table. On some radar systems, switches permit the operator to make corrections while the craft is en route.

SHORAN requires two ground stations plus a small airborne transmitter in the plane. The instrument can be adjusted to fly the plane on a huge semicircle at any fixed distance from one of the ground stations, which serves as a pivot.

Thus, when set at the precise distance of the target, the plane will fly over that target in its semicircular course. The second ground station's distance from the target is also preset in the SHORAN equipment. When the plane flying the first beam intercepts the preset distance on the second beam the bombs are loosed instantly. If the distances are correctly set, SHORAN is almost infallible. It is, literally, locked on the target.

In the latter stages of the war SHORAN was used mostly against those pin-point objectives that could not be bombed successfully any other way. In its first months of combat, SHORAN-guided Mitchell bombers crumpled six bridges in eight attacks. So much for the maligned accuracy of robot weapons. Pin-point accuracy can be achieved at 300 miles today, 1000 miles tomorrow, 10,000 miles later on.

During the war it was the fashion to sneer at the crude German V-1 bombs which rained fairly aimlessly down upon Britain. In peace it is well to recognize this viewpoint as an official propaganda line which has no relation to reality. During the three summer months of 1944, V-1 bombs killed or seriously injured 21,000 persons and destroyed or damaged 1,219,103 houses in England.

A score of German robot weapons were in an advance stage when the war ended. Except for V-1 and V-2, they were too late to affect the fighting materially. In many cases they were far superior to anything we had—especially as to power limits.

Rheintochter R1 (Rhinedaughter) was a rocket-propelled weapon guided by radar and designed for use against planes. Its top speed was over 1000 miles an hour.

Professor Wagner of Junkers Flugzeng und Motoren Werke designed an antiaircraft rocket which was so accurate that he predicted one bomber would be destroyed for every missile fired. This weapon was *Schmetterling* (Butterfly), which homed on bombers by sound and sighting devices. Schmetter-

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We do not permit a few dollars to interfere with the quality of either the leathers or the workmanship . . . but make shoes expressly for men who do not permit a few dollars to stand in the way of complete shoe satisfaction.

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AIR FRANCE GABARDINE

Air France Gabardine is truly an All American product. Loomed and finished of 2 ply all wool worsted, exclusively, for Lanark, by a leading exponent of the art of fine Gabardine weaving. Styled and Tailored with finesse, Air France Gabardine by Lanark will become your indispensable outercoat.

At leading stores about $50

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ling could travel 20 miles at 620 miles an hour and reach a height of 50,000 feet.

Like many other German weapons, Schmetterling was just too late to go into action. The Germans had in development, for instance, rockets intended to bomb New York and our Eastern seaboard.

Recent proposals suggest weapons of the future. Our scientists are already reported working on a missile which will have just enough velocity to become a tiny satellite, orbiting about the globe indefinitely—or until called upon by a radio signal to fall upon the target its master controller desires it to destroy. Self-navigating robot weapons guided by the stars are being considered.

So far there are no countermeasures which are satisfactory against such weapons and our National Inventors Council has invited scientists and engineers to submit ideas for defense against the rocket, the guided missile and the atomic bomb.

Gen. Henry H. Arnold, who fashioned our winning aerial team of World War II, dreads most that weapon whose fear lies unspoken in the hearts of most thinking Americans—supersonic guided missiles with atomic warheads. Against such weapons General Arnold has outlined a possible three-point of defense program:

"First, we should attempt to make sure that nowhere in the world are atomic bombs being made clandestinely; second, we should devise every possible active defense against an atomic bomb attack, once launched; third, we might redesign our country for minimum vulnerability to atomic bomb attack by effecting a complete dispersal of our cities and moving vital industries underground."

Through the United Nations we undoubtedly are trying to resolve our differences with the Russians and to set up a program whereby no atom bombs can be made clandestinely anywhere in the world.

However we certainly have no serious plan to disperse our cities or move vital industries underground. Besides, from what has recently been learned about radiation and the possibilities of poisoning the atmosphere, complete dispersal might be of doubtful value.

As for General Arnold's other point, to devise every possible active defense against an atom attack launched by guided missiles, we are muffing it terribly. Our military planners do not seem to have fully realized as General Arnold has, "that the weapons of today are the museum pieces of tomorrow." Given our present knowledge, robot weapons are the best defense against robot weapons. And our Air Force so far is proposing to spend a comparatively small amount out of its hundreds of millions in requests for more research on these blindly flying machines of death. #

Continued from page 66

No Wonder Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious Martini

NOT JUST DRY IT'S "DRY" DRY

90 PROOF

—without the slightest trace of sweetness!

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! That's one of *four big reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks. Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly delicate, light *taste!* Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very *smooth!* Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless *mixability* provides the perfect base for Martinis, Tom Collins, *all* gin drinks!

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America's First Gin

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THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York

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Bright as an Autumn Leaf!

Crisp and bright as Indian Summer! Smooth to feel, plaid or plain-colored, these sparkling Woolmaster Zipper Jackets are made of 100% virgin wool, *fully lined with rayon,* and uniformly well-needled in the "custom" spirit. Available also in red-and-black, white-and-black, luggage tan and scarlet.

Men's Jacket $12.50* Boys' Jacket $11.00*

If not available at your local dealer, order direct (give size and color).
*Slightly higher west of Mississippi.

FOX-KNAPP MANUFACTURING CO., Woolmaster Division
Dept. E-2, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

"Karsh, You've Immortalized Me"

Continued from page 96

and business for Karsh to study. Karsh himself tries to meet the subjects before the actual sitting.

Knowing how to handle people includes knowing when to pretend to lose your temper. Only twice has Karsh played the temperamental artist. Both times all else had failed, and both times brought results. Lord Beaverbrook's appointment was for 12 o'clock. He arrived at 1:30. Karsh suggested he go to lunch. The secretary who had warned Karsh that "the Beaver is impossible to handle" looked shocked. The Beaver himself was nonplused.

After lunch, the sitting began with Beaverbrook intermittently jumping up to telephone, bark orders or quiz an assistant. Finally he looped his thumbs through his suspenders and announced he was ready, in his favorite pose. Karsh threw up his hands. They argued. Then the Beaver remembered that this was the man who dared suggest he go out for lunch. "All right, I don't give a damn what you do," he capitulated. As he relaxed, Karsh asked a question about postwar aviation. Beaverbrook grew thoughtful, and Karsh tripped the shutter. When Beaverbrook saw the proofs, his comment was, "Karsh, you've immortalized me."

Hap Arnold was impossible from the beginning. Usually the epitome of geniality, the wartime general of the U. S. Army Air Forces had decided he would pose rigidly at attention. He looked like an illustration for a training manual. Karsh's best eloquence was futile. After ten minutes Karsh ordered his assistant, "Pack up," and stormed from the room. A few days later Arnold sent word that he would like to inspect proofs and help pick the best one.

Karsh's answer was a diplomatic model. There was no picture worth printing, he wrote sadly. He had utterly failed to capture the personality of an historic figure.

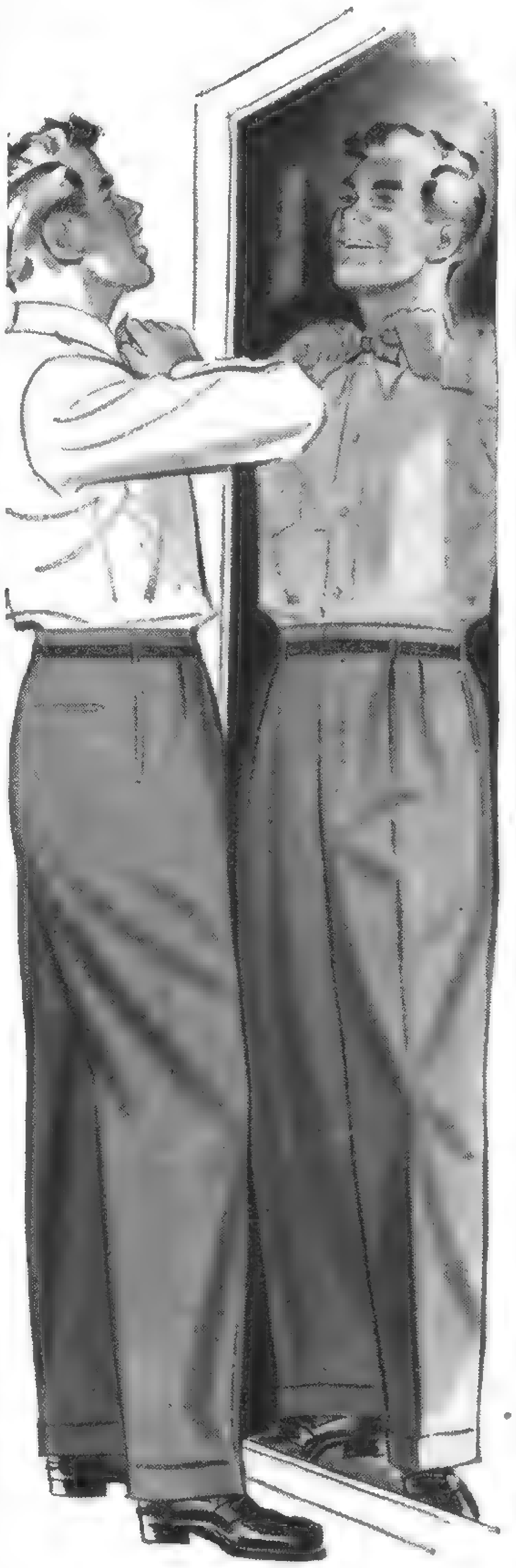
Two days later Karsh was back in Arnold's office. The general had cancelled appointments for this special sitting and, as Karsh suggested poses that showed the Hap Arnold his associates knew, the Commanding General of the A. A. F. jumped to co-operate.

Karsh invariably makes a friend with each photograph. He and George Bernard Shaw hit it off like a vaudeville team. A secretary had said no lights, no big camera, only five minutes—when the Irish wit himself appeared.

Why was Karsh photographing him anyway, Shaw wanted to know. Karsh explained about the commission from the Canadian Government. Then why didn't the Canadians hire Augustus John at a thousand guineas to be sure they'd get something good? Karsh said that was why he'd been hired—to be sure it would be good.

Shaw, enjoying himself, asked

make the most of your manly self with...



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Look for MASTERBILT Slacks in a wide range of wanted colors, patterns, fabrics. Priced to please you. At better stores, or write for name of nearest.

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the skill
that made
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TIES—for campus or career. Candy-Stripe, Panel, Ruff 'n Tuff, in the season's smartest colors. Full-fashion crochet. From $1.00.
COAT SWEATER (Style #9005). This snowflake motif jacquard is handsome and then some. In ember-warm 100% virgin wool. About $10.50.
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LONG-SLEEVED PULLOVER (Style #4815). Chest and sleeve stripes perfectly aligned as a row of Rockettes. Ideal for skiing . . . skating . . . winter sports. All wool in contrasting colors. About $5.50.
At your dealer.

ALLIED KNITTING MILLS
1239 Broadway New York 1

the nationality of this little man he liked so much. "Good! I have many friends among the Armenians. But to keep them strong and healthy they should be exterminated every little while . . . You may have five minutes."

"Make it ten," begged Karsh. "When I said five, I meant ten."

Two-and-a-half hours later, as Karsh packed his lights and big camera, Shaw told him, "Come back and photograph me when I'm ninety."

What is it like to be married to a man who can twist the world's great men around his exposure meter? "I didn't marry a husband," says Solange with a twinkle. "I married a camera with an Ektar lens for a heart. But that little guy has genius."

That genius is not reserved for big shots. Karsh is devoted to Ottawa and its people, who recognized him from the first. They call him "Karsh," never Mister or Yousuf, perhaps because as Solange explains, "You don't say '*Mr.* God.'" He will never leave the city, "because Ottawa is my home." For Ottawans, his price of $350 per sitting is cut to $75.

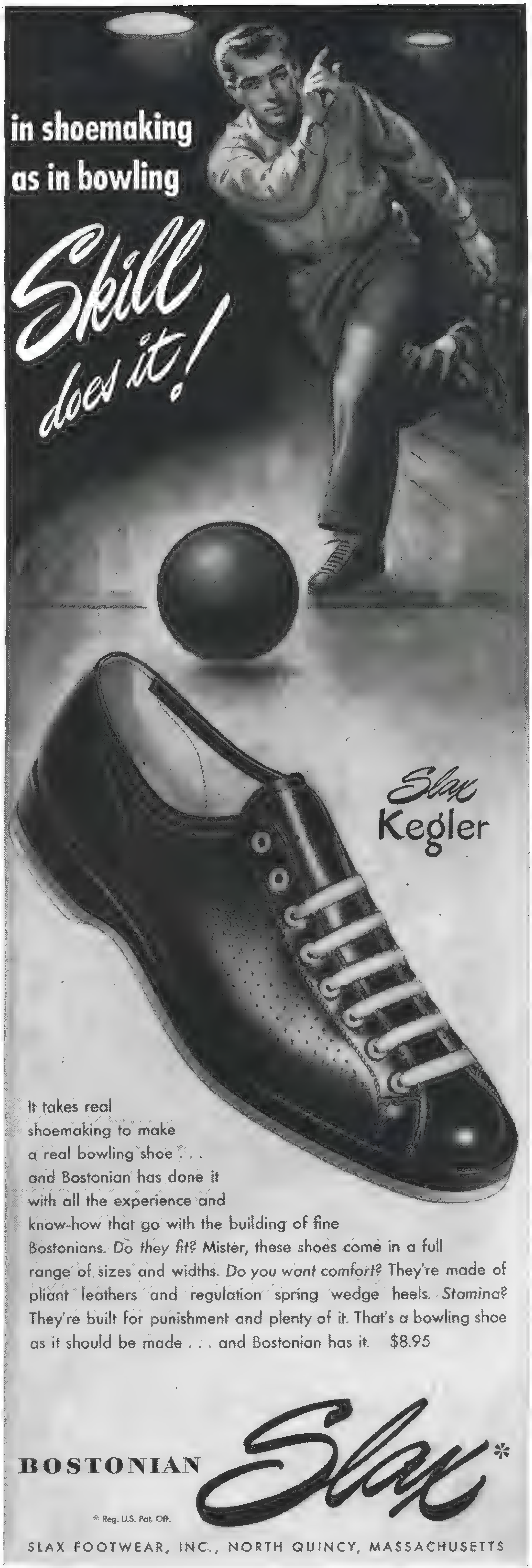
One of his most difficult sitters was an eighty-year-old mother, whose daughter had saved the fee, at the rate of five dollars a month. Her mother soon would be gone, and she wanted Karsh's portrait for her memory.

The old woman had huge, gnarled red hands. Self-consciously she hid them in the folds of her dress. Gently Karsh described her hands as he saw them. They had raised a family; they were honest hands that had broken virgin land, made it nourish those she loved. These hands had spanked life into newborn infants, cooled fevered foreheads, done a thousand laundries, knit a hundred sweaters, wound bandages and soothed aches in hearts and bodies. As he talked, the old hands crept out from her dress and relaxed in her lap. Self-consciousness gone, the old lady smiled at the man she had earlier feared: "You'll make everything all right, won't you, Mr. Karsh?"

Life gives Karsh assignments from time to time and he hopes one of these assignments will eventually get him to Russia. But not even *Life*'s prestige could arrange a private sitting with President Roosevelt in time. He did, however, make one Roosevelt picture—in 1936—with son Jimmy and Canada's Prime Minister and Governor General. The four were on the terrace of the Citadel of Quebec City. Karsh pretended to click the shutter as they posed stiffly. Ordeal over, Lord Tweedsmuir began a Scotch dialect story. The Prime Minister grinned in delight. The President leaned forward in anticipation of the punch line. Karsh, who had not clicked the shutter at all, quietly photographed the unposed, relaxed leaders of the two countries.

Before this photographer-psychologist found the exact Paul

Continued on page 222



It takes real shoemaking to make a real bowling shoe . . . and Bostonian has done it with all the experience and know-how that go with the building of fine Bostonians. *Do they fit?* Mister, these shoes come in a full range of sizes and widths. *Do you want comfort?* They're made of pliant leathers and regulation spring wedge heels. *Stamina?* They're built for punishment and plenty of it. That's a bowling shoe as it should be made . . . and Bostonian has it. $8.95

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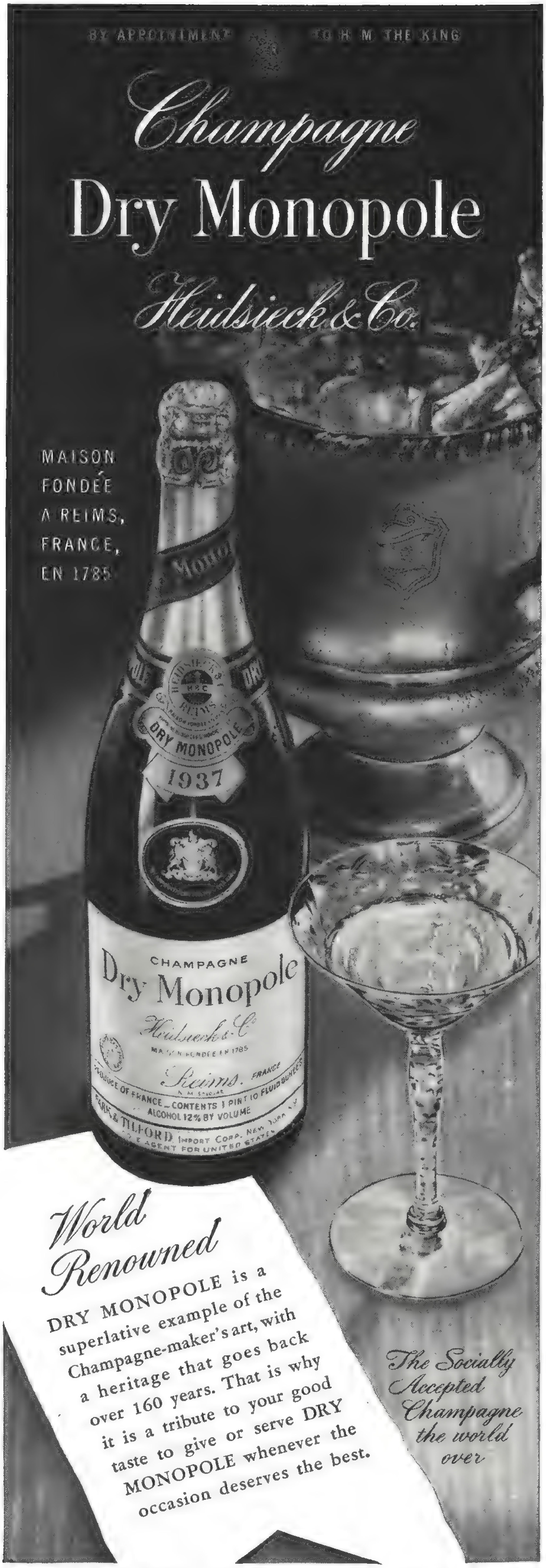

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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Karsh, You've Immortalized Me"

Continued from page 221

Robeson expression he wanted, the Negro baritone had sung a concert in Karsh's studio. Marian Anderson was photographed at her Connecticut farmhouse and barely was the camera set up when her accompanist arrived for a rehearsal. "Play the music for *The Crucifixion*," Karsh whispered. At the first soft chords, Miss Anderson forgot about Karsh. Softly, then with full emotion, she began to sing. As the music poured forth the deep passion of a great soul, Karsh silently made his picture.

Only once has Karsh's finest picture appeared, in his collection of seventy-five portraits, *Faces of Destiny*, published last winter. It is of John Joseph Pershing. Karsh made the portrait for *Life*, but further publication probably will be withheld until after Pershing's death.

Before the sitting, Karsh studied biographies and military histories. A day ahead, he met the then eighty-three-year-old hero in his room at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. He found a frail, ancient and tired old soldier who was a little hard of hearing. There had been few photographs in recent years, and one look told why. That night Karsh reread the story of the idol of thirty years ago. Until early in the morning he paced the floor, pondering how to turn his camera back a generation.

At Walter Reed next day, as Pershing entered the room, Karsh dropped to his knees. His hands were clasped as in prayer. His eyes pleaded. He implored, "General, this must be the picture the American people will remember for a hundred years."

Pershing looked down. Slowly the shoulders went back, the jaw jutted forward. His head became erect, and thirty years melted away. The old, old man suddenly was Black Jack Pershing of 1917, the fighter who had left his name a legend in the Philippines, led the American Armies in their first World War and taken a hero's laurels from a cheering nation.

Karsh rose. Eyes dancing now, he added, "Great generals are like great prima donnas. They grant favors only when men are on their knees." The General of the Armies looked down in amusement. He nodded at the camera, as if to say, "Permission granted."

Karsh had but eighteen minutes. Longer would have tired an old soldier's heart. As Karsh packed, an immortal portrait in his camera, Pershing watched benignly. The young West Pointer carrying Karsh's camera turned to the old soldier standing by his bed. His hand rose in salute.

Back came the answering salute, clean and sharp. Pershing put his hand on the young man's arm and then pronounced the benediction not used for a generation. "Happy to have you serve under me someday, son." ⌗

Continued from page 96

All Hail . . .
SNuggIE
Cheer Leaders!

Out to Every Game
. . . in ALL Weather

SNuggIES* for Spectator America--
for Sports-loving Men and Women!

Sensational new patented, weatherproof combination zipper robe with built-in seat. Choice of four stunning colors . . Sage Green, Cardinal Red, Old Glory Blue, Autumn Brown.

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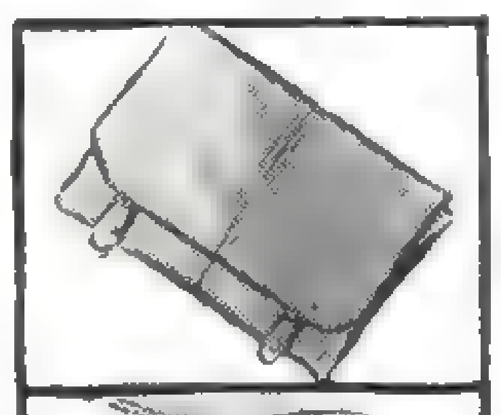

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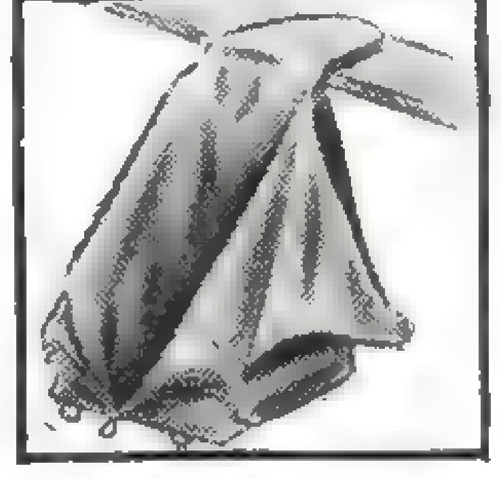

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THREE STARS $10
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PIPES BY Lee
the stars mean quality

Free illustrated brochure telling the story of PIPES BY LEE, picturing many of the shapes available. Write today.

PIPES BY LEE, INC. • New York 28, N. Y.

Everett Henry: Symbolist

Continued from page 93

sible the series of paintings which must stand as Henry's report on the lost continents of time, space and the ocean.

It has long been accepted that the human eye does not function with even an approximation of accuracy. This is unimportant since we have been able to establish accepted traditions of optics by which men may be able to agree on what they see. Our seeing is, therefore, a form of shorthand, but it is a form of shorthand which is universally intelligible. Certainly modern camera lenses go far beyond the vision of the human eye. And an occasional artist possesses the concentrated optical potential if not of the modern camera lens at least of something between the average human eye and the eye of a camera. Dali, Tanguy, Hans Erni, Pierre Roy, the American academicians Lucioni and Samstag, and E. Henry all possess this acute vision. Henry trains his on corky nuts, resulting is a type of painting as electrifying as modern photography and as mysterious as surrealism. But beyond these matters of symbolism and technique, the methods of oceanography placed under the optics of the modern camera, lies the intrinsic poetic gift of a man who sees, because he wishes to see, minuscule beauties that can stand, as well as the heroic tragedies of Dante and Michelangelo, for a report on man's life on earth amidst natural phenomena.

Everett Henry is known as one of the most successful illustrative artists in America today. He finds it possible to paint the things that are personal and enduring to him while still carrying out contracts for advertisers. Many men, of course, have attempted thus to serve two masters. And many have failed. Henry succeeds, faultlessly, because he has so mastered his own ideas, his own emotive processes, and his own techniques that method and exigency no longer control him as they do too many artists.

Other artists have discovered corky nuts since Bouché and Henry went exploring the beaches of England. Something like a corky-nut school is arising. There is a healthy investigatory atmosphere here. Who knows but that this is the cubism of tomorrow? If so, Henry must be looked upon as a *chef d'école*. Nothing would give him greater displeasure. He wants to paint, with love, the things he loves, not to give birth to an ism. But, after all, he was one of Neptune's original emissaries, taking contemporary art out of the region of mere here and now and giving it a timelessness in time and a spacelessness in space which, more than nonobjectivism, seems to be the logical development after surrealism. The values are far more human and probably more creative. ###

Off with the OLD...

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...on with the NEW

It's amazing, how your spirits rise, when you get into a topcoat or overcoat tailored by Rock-Knit. You feel and look like a new man! Try one on and see! The fine all-wool fabrics are hand-picked for attractiveness and for longer wear. And there's such a variety of styles, you'll be sure to find a Rock-Knit Coat that looks as though it had been made to order for you. And of course, at a reasonable price.

Available at over 800 leading clothing stores. Coverts, cheviots, gabardines, tweeds, other all-wools. Double and single-breasted, fly-front, button-through, Polo and Balmaccan styles.

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Topcoats and Overcoats Exclusively

I'm still no longer than a daydream, but you know what Napoleon said: "Men are led by trifles." I'll go even further. I say they're led by triflers.

SEE YOU IN NOVEMBER, LADS.

Salute to a Clay-Footed Titan

Continued from page 84

and he finally relented, saying: "All right. Hire him if you want to. Start him at $25 a week." His lips tightened, and he said, with more feeling than usual: "I hope to Christ he can write better than his old man."

I had not realized Ring Lardner was on the old man's suspect list. I should have known, however, for I had had a curious experience with Nunnally Johnson, the brilliant reporter who later became a fabulous success in Hollywood. Johnson had been taken on the paper without fanfare, and was not noticed much by Holcombe. Then he began turning out some unsigned light pieces which had a distinct flavor; they were so good, in fact, that letters from discriminating readers, including Henry L. Mencken, began coming in, asking who was writing them. One day the old man called me in. He had a thin sheaf of clippings of Johnson's stuff on his desk.

"You have a man on the staff named Noo-nally Johnson?" he asked, frowning ominously.

"Yes," I said. "Only he calls it Nunnally, with the accent on the Nun. Very good man. He's been doing some brilliant stories lately."

"So I see," said Holcombe glumly. He looked at the clippings, and laughed in spite of himself.

"Yeah," he went on. "We've got some letters about how good they are. But they won't do. Let a man get the idea that he is funny and he's ruined for life. We don't want funny men on the paper. Put him on something dull, routine, like transit or the municipal building, and maybe he'll get over it."

I solved this problem by letting Johnson do a serious, long, important piece now and then but the rest of the time he continued with the lighter stuff, and the old man never complained again.

Holcombe and I were in full agreement on hiring Lucius Beebe, the distinguished clotheshorse, gourmet and spectacular man about town—any town. I wanted Beebe on the staff primarily because he was a good man to send out on very tony assignments, where he could impress people with the fact that the *Herald Tribune* had a reporter who could dress fancier than any of them, could look down his nose at any bigwig, and would take no back talk. Holcombe fell in with this, and was also glad that Beebe came of a good family. The rest is history, of a sort. Beebe is still with the paper, and has managed to impress people in many parts of the country, which is all to the good.

The old man was sometimes prejudiced because of a man's name. When pressure was brought on him from above to hire William Bolitho, who had just written *Twelve Against the Gods*, Holcombe said to me: "Ever hear of

Page Diogenes!

Remember the old gent who was in such a dither, looking for an honest man? . . . He should have met our good Inkograph dealers! . . . With all the high priced pens around last year, if you asked for the best pen—they brought out the Inkograph! They still do!

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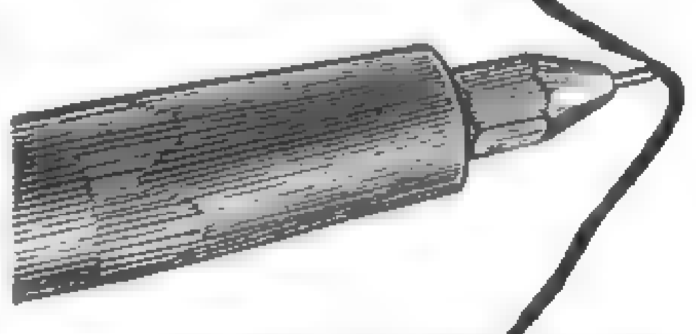

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a guy named William Bolit-zo?" He accented the "lit."

"You mean William Bolitho? Yes, I've met him."

"Get him in here," said Holcombe. "I want to talk to him. May want to hire him."

At the interview with Bolitho, Holcombe still called him Bolit-zo, and offered him a job as an ordinary general-assignment reporter at about a third the money Bolitho was already making. As he told me good-bye after his talk with Holcombe, Bolitho nodded toward the old man's office and said: "Odd sort, isn't he?" An accurate summation.

As part of his campaign to add a classy touch to the paper, Holcombe ordered that, in by-lines, a man's real first name be used. Thus Jack became John and Harry became Henry and Ted became Theodore. The saddest casualty was Ned McIntosh, whose name was well-known; it was transformed for by-line purposes into the label his parents gave him—Edwin S. McIntosh—and he so signed himself until his death in 1944.

At the peak of his career Holcombe made a trip to Europe, ostensibly to survey the paper's foreign bureaus. He called on several big shots, discussed international affairs with his customary gravity, and sampled the great boozes of England and the Continent. His trip was noteworthy for one incident. In Paris he went walking one day with Leland Stowe, then with the Paris bureau. Holcombe noticed that Stowe was bareheaded, and asked what he had done with his hat.

"Why, Mr. Holcombe," said Stowe, "I don't wear a hat. Never did."

This was a shocker for the old man. He brooded briefly, then said: "Lee, I think you are making a mistake. Aren't you afraid people will take you for a communist?"

When the mood of high virtue was upon him Holcombe could worry us all. One summer evening, when the fleet was riding at anchor in the Hudson, he came to me, obviously distressed, and told me that I must devise some way of "getting the chippies off Riverside Drive."

"As you know," he said, "I live on the Drive, and I go home in the late afternoon just in time to catch Amos 'n Andy and then have dinner with my wife. It's a hell of a thing to look out from our dining-room table and see the sailors and these women carrying on right under our noses. I want 'em out of my sight by dinnertime tomorrow night."

In vain I pointed out that the practices which seemed shocking to Mr. Holcombe had been going on for many centuries, in many ports. Who was I to fly in the face of custom? But he was firm.

"All right," I said, for an idea had just come to me. "I'll have 'em off by sundown tomorrow, but don't ask how I did it."

I called up a police official who

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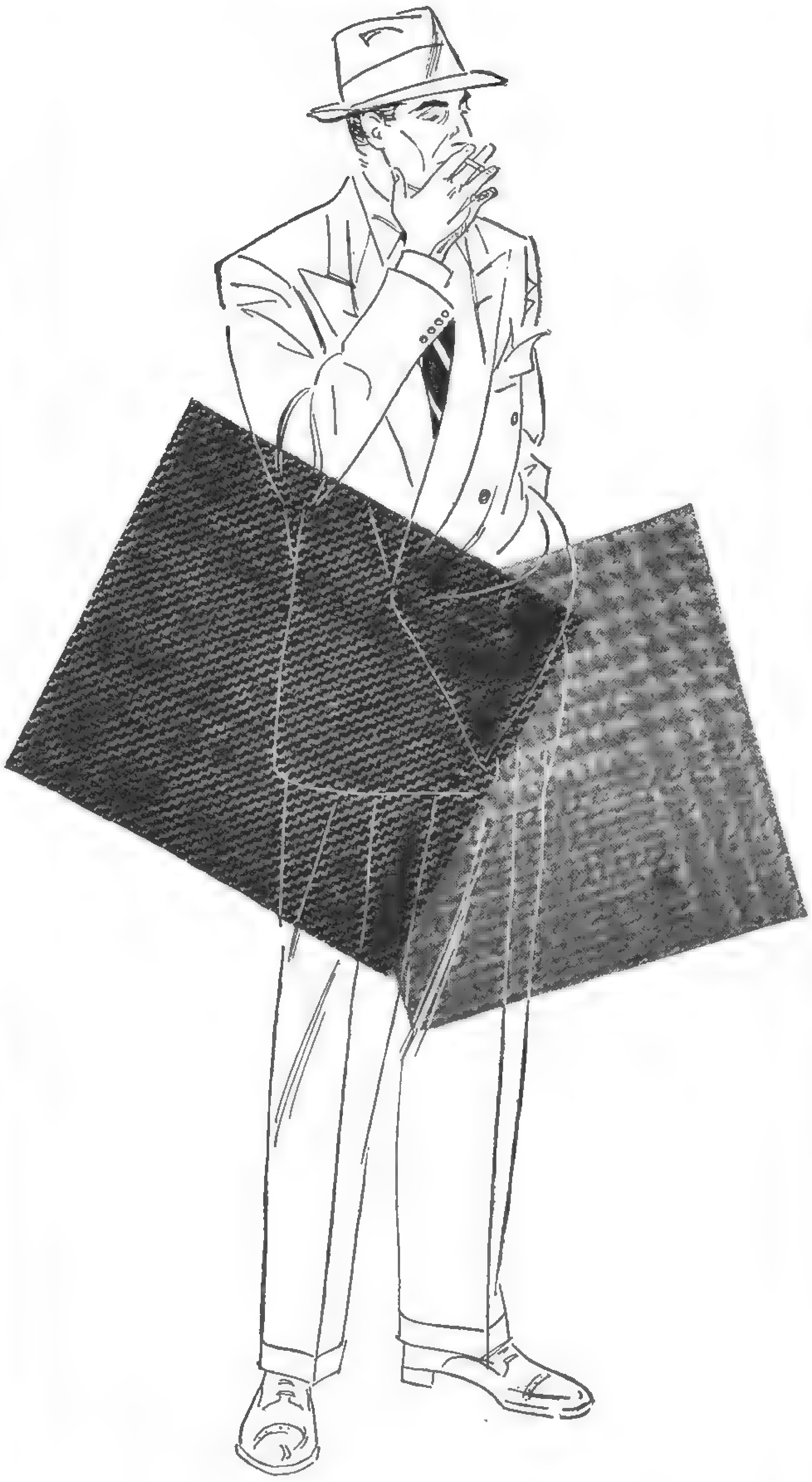
For Men At Ease



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Salute to a Clay-Footed Titan

Continued from page 225

was a friend of mine and told him the story. He laughed.

"Sure. Easiest thing in the world," he said. "I'll send up some plain-clothes men late in the afternoon and we'll shoo the girls and the sailors around the corner where the old man can't see them."

It worked. Holcombe listened to Amos 'n Andy the next evening and dined by his window in peace; outside the Drive was serene. We had achieved what Mayor Gaynor used to call "outward order and decency." Holcombe thanked me, but I never told him how I had pulled the trick.

As he climbed toward prominence, Holcombe joined several clubs and societies, and was immensely pleased when a new issue of *Who's Who in America* included a sketch of him. Indeed, he wanted to see all his friends in the book. One day he said to me, accusingly: "I don't find your name in *Who's Who in America.*"

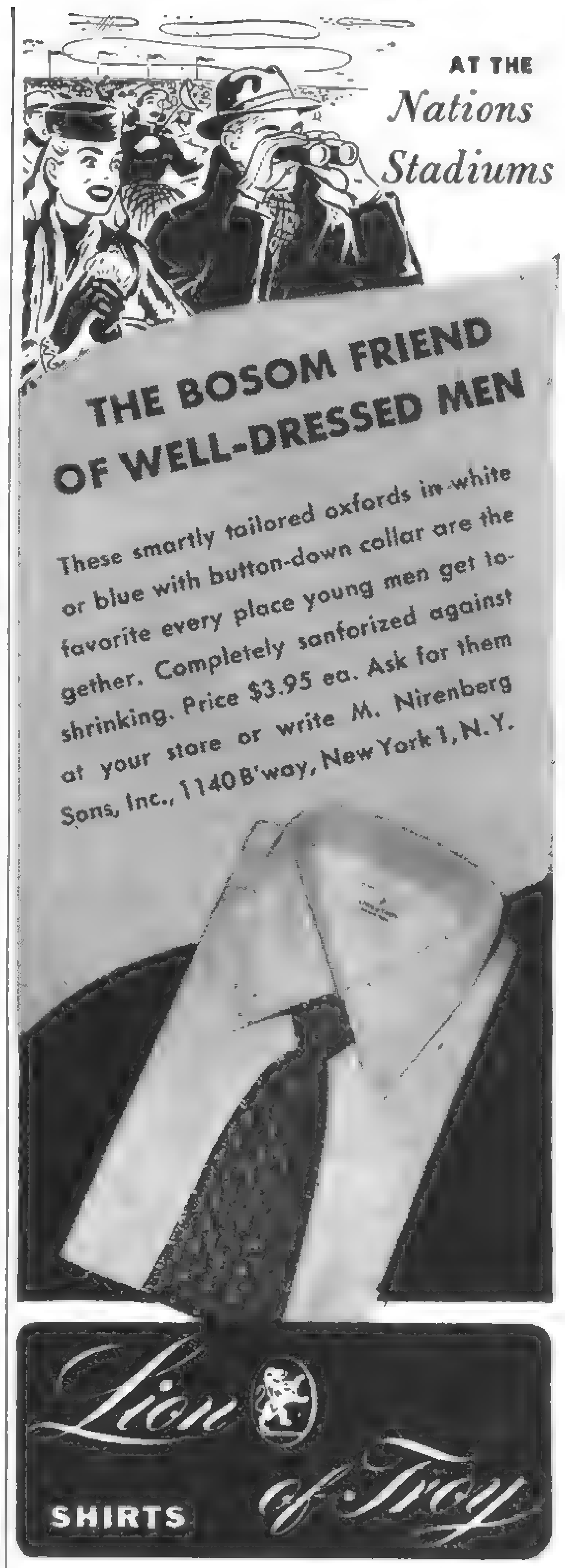
"Shucks, Mr. Holcombe," I said. "I don't amount to much."

"Yes, you do," he said warmly. "That's your trouble—you don't realize your own importance. Don't know your own strength. I'll write 'em tonight to put you in the next volume."

He was as good as his word, and ever since then I have been in *Who's Who in America.* I disappointed the old man in many ways, particularly because I refused to make speeches. He thought all editors should be public figures; I contended they should stick to their knitting and be as anonymous as possible. He correctly foresaw the trend toward exhibitionism which provides us today with the spectacle of second-rate reporters going on lecture tours, haranguing Rotary clubs, and adding to the horrors of the radio. Holcombe approved this trend; it still affronts my taste.

Holcombe often worried about my lack of dignity, and one afternoon he took me severely to task for fraternizing with young reporters, with whom I often had a drink at the bar of Bleeck's Artists and Writers Club, next to the *Tribune* office. He said I set a bad example to these men, that I should be more aloof and thus encourage their respect. I was saddened by his suggestion, and pointed out that these men were friends of mine; moreover, while we were drinking we often went over ideas for the profit and glory of the paper. Also, I said, I thought I set them a good example because, although I drank (it was the drinkingest staff ever heard of, and one of the best) frequently, I managed to keep my feet under me. A diabolical scheme occurred to me.

"Let's go over to the bar now," I suggested, "and continue this argument. I think you are very wrong to ask me to discontinue



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drinking with these reporters."

I was in good shape that day, and could have drunk toe to toe with champions—and Holcombe was not a champion. I knew that, and intended to drink with him until he caved in. We stood at the bar, arguing and drinking Scotch and sodas. Bright red spots appeared on his cheeks. After eight drinks I noticed he showed traces of bobbing and weaving. But he had more stamina than I thought. It was not until the fourteenth drink that his tall frame shivered, his eyes rolled in helpless alarm, and he went down with a crash, as a tall sycamore might fall when riven by lightning. With the aid of Gene, a waiter who used to be a wrestler, I assisted the old man outside, put him in a taxi and sent him home. He showed up next day, sad and ashen, but didn't mention fraternizing with reporters.

Sometimes Holcombe would say that he liked to think of the *Herald Tribune* men as "one happy family"; it wasn't, but the thought seemed to warm him. One day he called in Denis Tilden Lynch and me, and said he thought we ought to have a big staff dinner. The occasion, he said, would be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entry into newspaper work of Arthur Stimson Draper, who was executive assistant to Ogden Reid, the editor and publisher, and who slightly outranked Holcombe in the *Herald Tribune* hierarchy. Lynch and I reminded him that some years back there had been a staff dinner in a joint on the Jersey water front, and that the less said about it, the better. It had been a frightful orgy. Among the casualties was Boyden Sparkes, the hefty reporter, who had been bitten just above the ankle by Izzy Kaplan, a photographer. Staff dinners, Lynch and I insisted, were dangerous things.

However, the dinner was held on a Saturday night in the Della Robbia Room downstairs in the Hotel Vanderbilt. We had got together vast quantities of good booze (this was in prohibition days) and the food was adequate. For the first hour or so I felt that maybe, after all, this dinner would proceed with decorum. I should have known better. The boys grew wilder and wilder. When Ogden Reid got up to speak he was all but drowned out by hoots; when Draper's time came, he was howled down and retired in disorder. A few fights started. Little groups began singing. A couple of rewrite men threw hard rolls at the chandeliers. A mad printer broke down some swinging doors. Ted Wallen, the only nondrinking journalist present, was nevertheless so full of the spirit of the occasion that he seized Ned McIntosh, who was wearing a white Palm Beach suit, and threw him into a fountain; in getting out, McIntosh upset and broke a valuable piece of statuary. Lynch and I, with some assistance from such cool heads as Draper and Nunnally Johnson, tried to keep the wreckage down, but there

Continued on page 228

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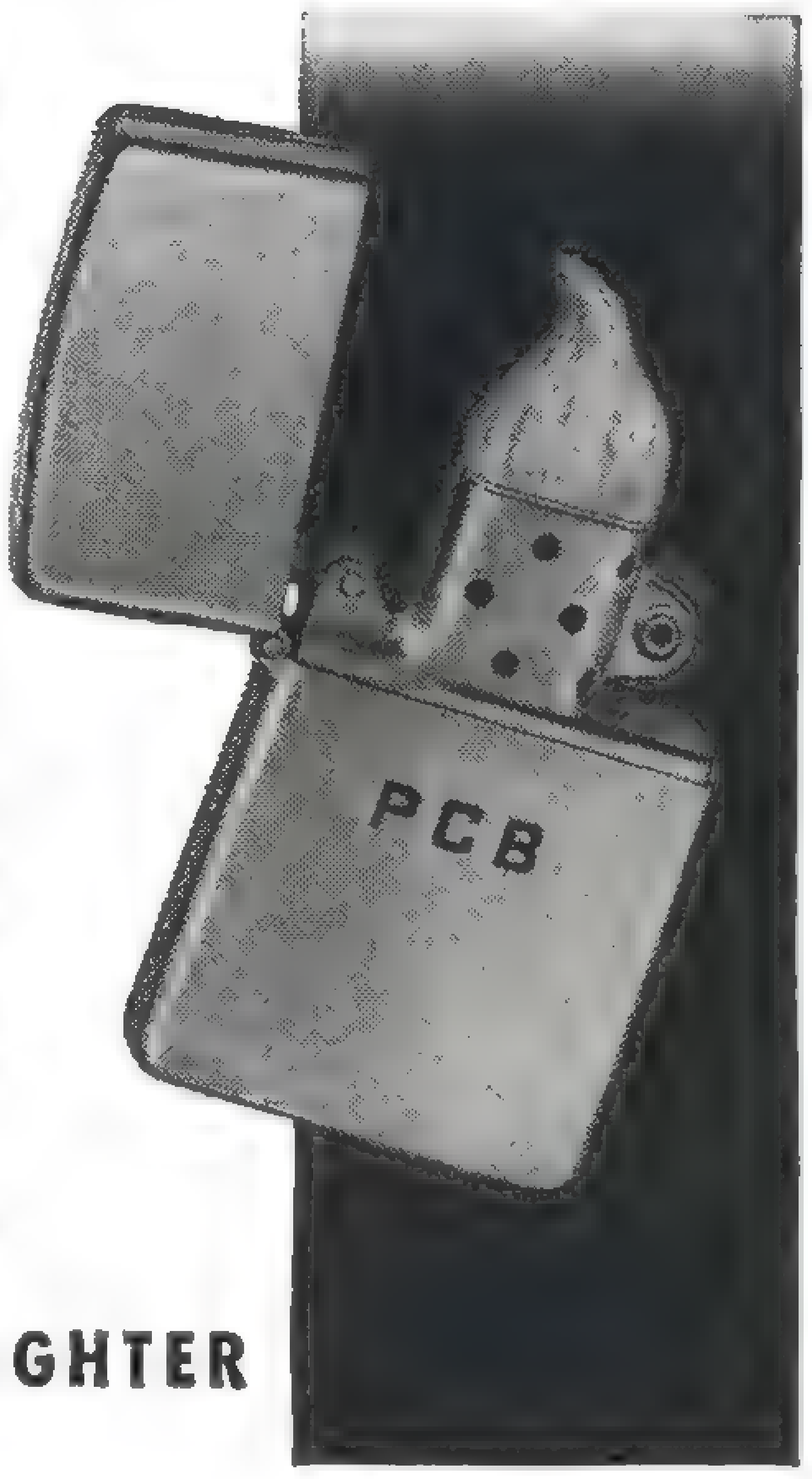

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Salute to a Clay-Footed Titan

Continued from page 227

wasn't a great deal we could do.

The party began breaking up around 3 o'clock in the morning. As he staggered out of the hotel, Holcombe picked up a group of young reporters, including Sanderson Vanderbilt (how Holcombe loved that name!), hired a horse-drawn cab, and insisted that they ride around town until dawn. The young men went along gladly enough, and at his request called him "A. R." and "Army."

That afternoon was hot, and those who could show up for work were jumpy. Holcombe himself came in around 4 o'clock, dressed all in white, and went directly to his office. Soon he summoned me.

"Well," he said, "what was the damage?"

I said: "The hotel is sore about some of the furniture and doors being broken, but they are willing to forget it. The worst item is that ruined statuary. The hotel values it at $2000."

"I don't remember much about it," said Holcombe, "but I'm sure it was my fault. I'll pay for it."

Without a whimper he wrote out a check for $2000 payable to the Vanderbilt. However, the hotel manager said he was willing to forget everything—doors, statue and all—if we would promise not to hold another staff dinner at the hotel.

I have always thought that the old man's willingness to pay for the statuary (he was not a rich man) showed character of a high order. He did many other decent things. He generally backed me up loyally, especially in cleaning out the deadwood on the staff and in going after exclusive stories which might embarrass people in high places. He liked me, I think, although I weighed only 120 pounds, was not a college graduate, and had never made the Social Register. But I was in *Who's Who*, by golly, and that was something. He was capable of much kindness. He befriended many an old copyreader from his early days, and he gave a start in newspaper work to the sons of several old newspapermen who years before had been good to him.

The end of his New York career came unexpectedly. He had gone off the reservation once too often at a critical time, when big news was breaking. He knew it, and passed sentence upon himself. He walked out of the building with his head up and his jaw set.

I dare say the histories of journalism will not honor Armstead Richardson Holcombe with more than a footnote, but after all these years I can't forget the old boy—his strange prejudices, his tortured groping for the difference between right and wrong, his tragic weakness for liquor, and his essential decency. He goes into my private Hall of Fame without a quibble. ⧻

Continued from page 84

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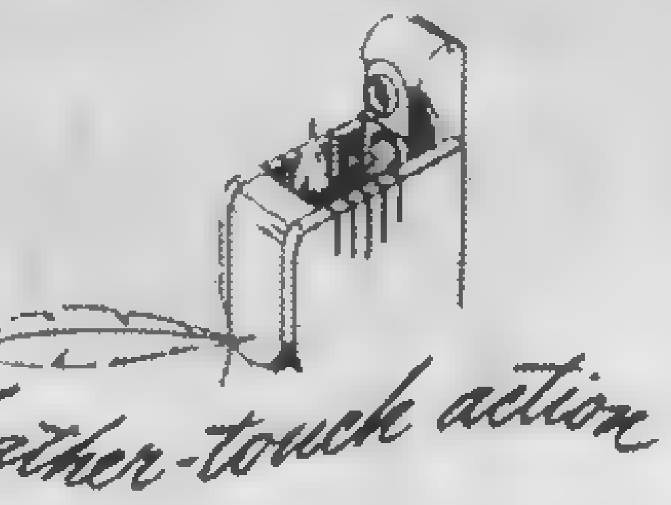

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The Discoverer

Continued from page 126

tered with dead wood, and the tricky branches made his movements awkward. He slipped. He scrambled too frantically for something solid and the 30-30 went under him and roared and there was a smash against his right knee and he lay face down in the water.

He raised his face from the water, not thinking about anything, not wondering what had happened, merely raising his face from the water so he could breathe. Then he moved and the grinding in his shattered knee pulled his scalp tight with agony and he put his face down and muttered into the water. He raised himself to his elbows, knowing now what had happened, knowing it was bad, and knowing that he had to get out of the water. By twisting his left leg under him and pushing, by clutching and groping with his hands on the bank, by using his elbows and his chin as means of locomotion, by whispering to himself against the pain, he did get out of the water and he lay full length in the bush, the side of his face resting against the dry twigs and the rotting leaves.

He rolled onto his left side and dragged himself through the bush toward a tree. He propped his back against the tree and looked down at his knee. He could not see it for the leaves stuck to it. It hurt, of course it hurt, but resting this way the pain was steady without the searing agony of movement. There was a strange sensation in the leg, as though someone with very large hands had grasped the leg above the knee and was pulling the leg downward and then releasing it and then pulling it downward again, as though someone was giving artificial respiration to the leg.

His hands were wet and covered with pulpy leaves. He tried to wipe them on his shirt, but his shirt was just as wet and as covered with leaves and he could not do it. He unbuttoned his shirt and wiped his hands against his chest. His chest was wet but it was clean and he removed most of the leaves that way. He took out his pocketknife and cut through the leg of his breeches, six inches above the knee. He sawed completely around his leg so that from the middle of his thigh down the leg of the breeches was severed. He put his left foot under the calf of his right leg and that hurt his knee badly but it raised it from the ground and that was what he wanted. He folded the severed leg of the breeches down over the top of his high boot and when the cloth was pulled from the knee he snarled with the hurt. The knee was a mess. A red, smeary, pounded-in mess. It did not look as if it had ever been a knee and it did not look as though it would ever be a knee again. He did not want to think about that, so while he tore the sleeve from

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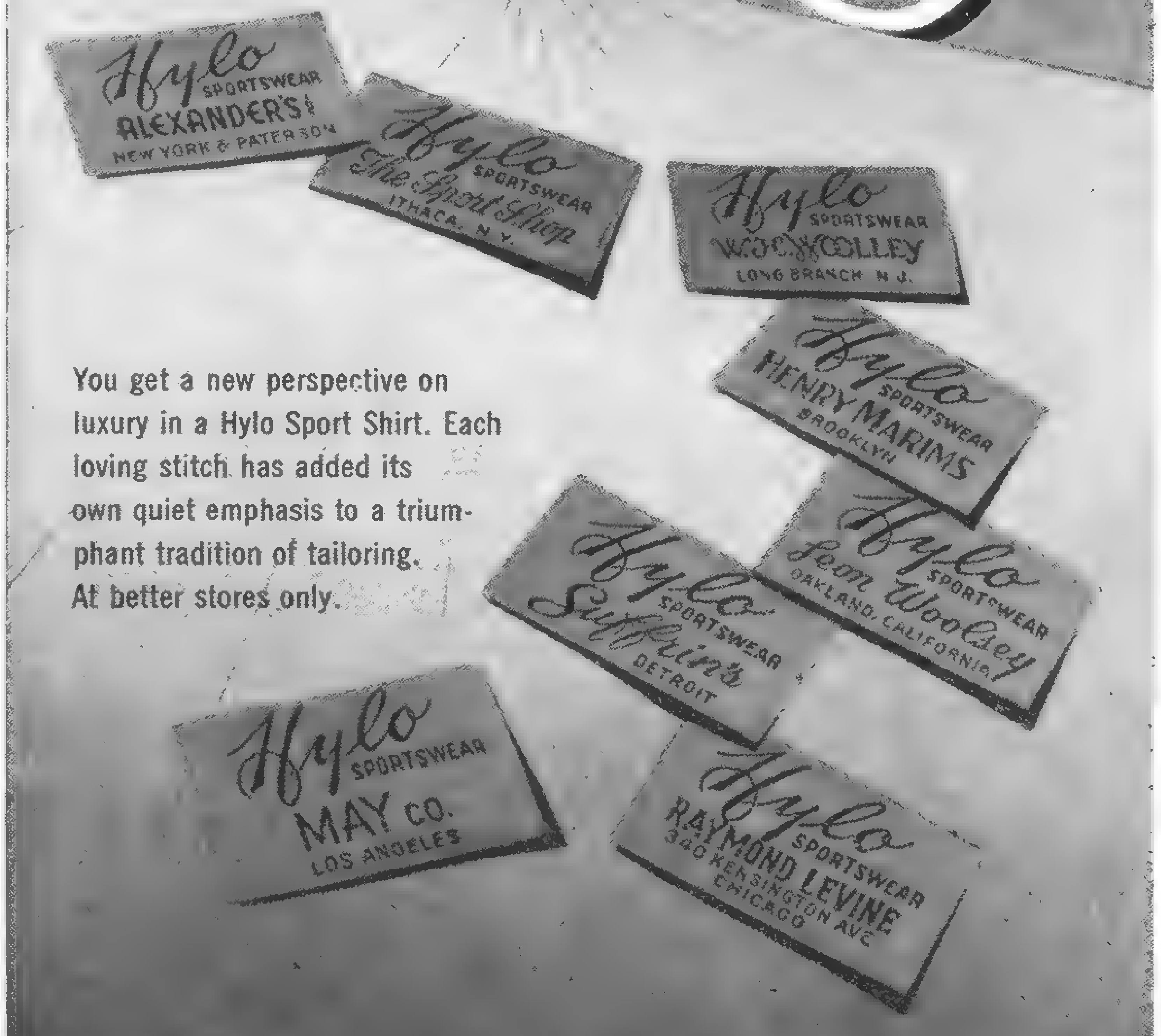
HYLO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The Discoverer

Continued from page 229

his shirt and tied it tightly around his leg above the knee and put a stick under the cloth and twisted the tourniquet tighter, he thought of the 30-30. It was in the water. Let it stay in the water. He was not going back in that water for any 30-30. It could stay in the water and rust or rot or dissolve or whatever a 30-30 does in the water. It could stay in the water. Anything that blew up in your face the way the 30-30 did could stay in the water. He would not go back in that water for a million dollars.

He tore the other sleeve from his shirt, wiped as much of the leaves off as he could, turned it inside out so that the cleaner side would be next to the wound, and wrapped it loosely around his knee, fastening it with two strips left over from the other sleeve. He thought that was the right thing to do. Wrap it loosely to keep the dirt off but let the air in. He thought that was right but he was not sure. He was not a doctor. And maybe he should have let the sleeve dry before putting it on his knee. Sure, maybe, but why? It would get wet in a hurry, anyway. Look at the sleeve now. It has been on not much more than a minute and it is already soaked with blood. Go ahead. Get soaked. It was a relief to know that he had done everything he could and that now all he had to do was lie still and wait until the Indian found him.

The Indian would find him. That Indian would have no trouble in locating him. That was what Indians were for—to find things in the woods.

The leg was throbbing now, unevenly. Throb-throb-*throb*-throb-*throb-throb*-throb-throb-throb, and it was hurting more than it did at first.

He thought of the Indian. The Indian was short and rather thin and as round-shouldered as a bumble bee. His face was pockmarked and his lips were blue. His nose looked as though it had been broken at least twice, his eyes were dull and squinting, his face was greasy with sweat and probably his whole body was too, because he smelled so badly. There were tufts of hair at the corners of his mouth and his teeth were black. His name was Pat O'Shea. An Indian with a name like that. An Indian named Pat O'Shea.

Something was coming through the woods toward him. He heard twigs crackling and leaves rustling and then he saw that it was a porcupine. The porcupine shambled straight toward him, rolling with every step, moving its little head from side to side, with its quills smooth along its body except at the rear, where they stuck out the way a hick's hair sticks out at the back when he has it watered down for Saturday night in town. The porcupine came to within six feet of him before it saw him. It stopped and looked at him. Then it

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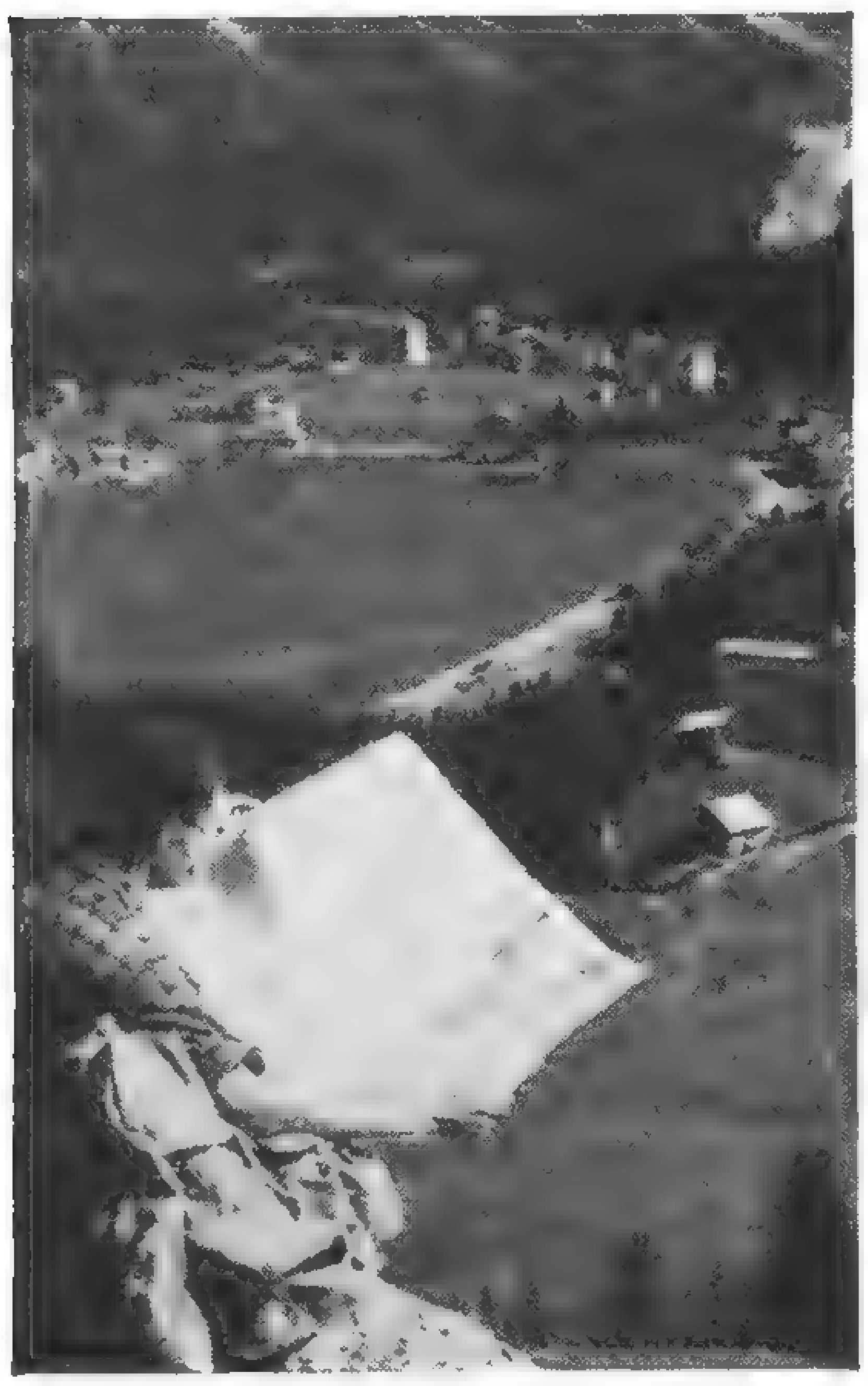
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turned to one side, waddled over to a tree and started to climb. But it was lazy, so after climbing no more than four feet it stopped and looked at him again. He stared back at it, glad of its company. The porcupine backed down the tree, its claws noisy on the bark. He watched it until it wandered off into the bush. He was sorry to see it go.

He felt the pulse in his forehead and an instant later the throb in his leg. Uneven. A light pulse, a light throb, a heavy pulse, a heavy throb. Light-light, heavy-heavy, heavy-heavy, light-light. No rhythm, and the pain was getting worse.

He noticed the wind. It was getting stronger, pushing against the trees, and blowing from across the stream. That would put Joe and the Indian upwind from him. Perhaps they had not heard the shot after all. Of course they had heard it. A 30-30 report carries a long way. Against the wind? This wind is something new, it was not blowing like this when the gun went off. Or was it? I don't know but it doesn't matter, they will come anyway. But they should be here by now. Give them time.

He thought about Joe, but he found there was not very much to remember about Joe. Joe had a round face and not much hair and he kicked his feet out in front of him. Joe would never find him but the Indian would. The Indian was the one who counted.

You pock-marked bastard, where are you? You should be here by now. The knee is getting worse. Don't call it a knee. It isn't a knee any more. Where is that damned Indian? The strange, wonderful feeling of being all by yourself. Remember that? It is not quite such a wonderful feeling now.

The wind was blowing hard now, and he began to be frightened because he could not understand what was keeping Joe and the Indian, and also because the sky was darkening and it was becoming warm, as before a rain, and also because his leg hurt like all hell now. He could feel the pallor stretched tight and prickly across his face and his armpits were cold. Something had happened to the Indian or he would be here by now. And if something has happened to the Indian he will not be coming at all.

The wind died and for awhile it was very still and then it began to rain. Gently at first, pattering on the leaves, making little circles in the stream, and then harder so that it came through the shelter of the tree under which he sat, and then harder still until it was pouring. He had thought that it would not matter since he was wet from the stream anyway, but it did matter. He sat under the tree that gave no shelter from the pelting rain and the rain ran down his face, clammy on his lips. His leg was a thing that sent nausea sliding in and out of his stomach, and he was fearfully tired. He sat with his eyes closed, his hands

Continued on page 232

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The Discoverer

Continued from page 231

clenched at his sides, the rain hitting against him. The forest was huge and it was full of water and he was in the middle of it.

He rolled away from the tree trunk, onto his left side, not sure whether he had wanted to do that or it had just happened. He lay still for awhile, and down below him somewhere his leg pounded and pounded. He began to crawl, digging and pulling with his elbows, pushing with his left leg. But there was too much underbrush. It piled up in front of him and he had no strength to push it out of the way and he could go no farther. The rain beat down on him but he was no longer conscious of it. He knew only a withering misery and he had no hope now. This was all there was. This would go on forever. Being wet and miserable and sick with pain would go on and on and never stop. He crawled on again, dragging himself over the dead wood that was slimy now from the rain. He crawled flat on his belly, not trying to protect the knee any more. Something jabbed deep into the knee, and he lay still again. He stopped trying.

On in the afternoon the rain stopped. He gradually began to think again. Thinking was difficult because of the protective fog of numbness that had come down over his brain. He was conscious but that was all. To clear his mind he concentrated on his hate for the Indian. He loathed the Indian. He loathed the Indian's ugliness and his bad smell. He loathed the Indian for not finding him and for having had smallpox. He loathed the Indian's sullen silence. He loathed everything about the Indian so much that the fog lifted and he was able to think again.

All right. It's clear now. Now think. If you are going to get out of this you will have to do something about it. No more waiting for the Indian. If you wait much longer it won't matter if the Indian finds you or not. So think. First, where are you? No, that doesn't matter. With this leg you are not going anywhere by yourself so figuring out your position would not mean a thing. What you have to do is bring them to you. That's all. Just figure a way to bring the Indian to you. *Oh, God, I'm tired, I don't want to figure out anything.* How are you going to attract attention? The 30-30 would do it, only it is in the water. A fire would be fine, too, only the matches are soaked and everything is wet from the rain anyway. You must remember that, a waterproof container for matches the next time. *There won't be a next time, if I ever get out of this I'll never come back if I ever get out of this.* To attract attention you will have to do something that will change something. Change wood into smoke with a fire. No fire. Change quiet

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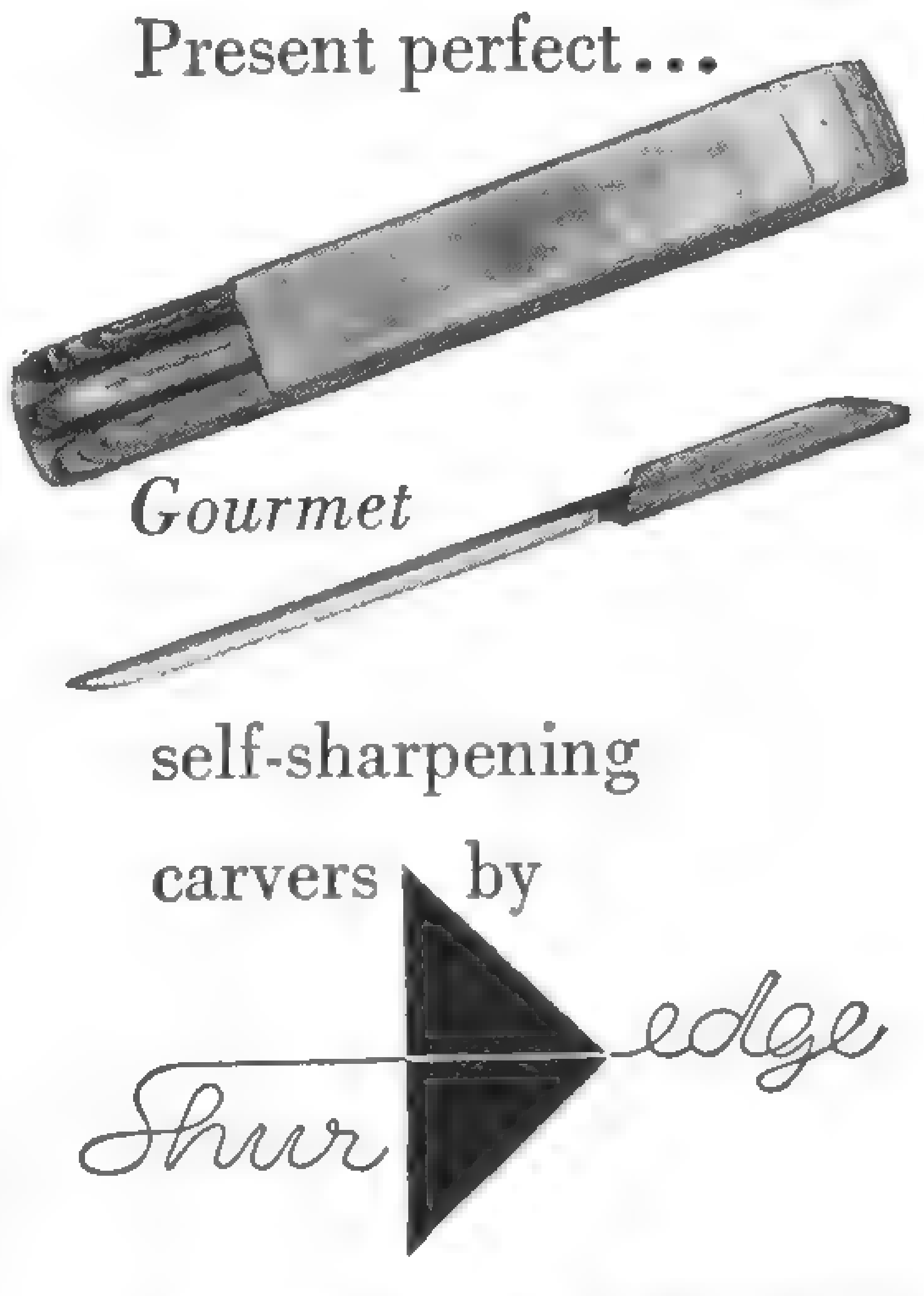

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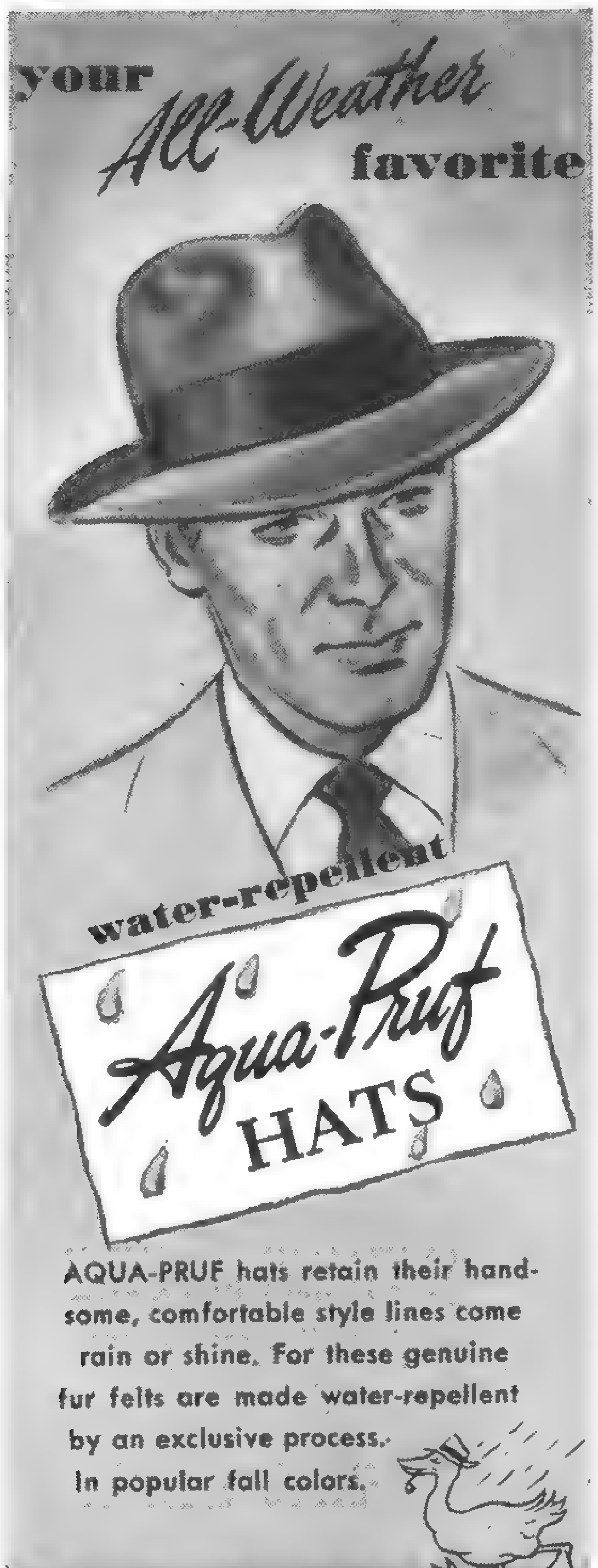

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into noise with a gun. No gun. Some other way, then. Fire is out because there may be some people who know how to make a fire without matches but you are not one of them. It has to be noise. *I'm tired, I'm tired of thinking.*

He tried shouting but he could not even hear himself and that was horrible. He wanted to spit, but there was no saliva in his mouth and he felt ice pressing up from his abdomen against his lower ribs. Please, he said to himself, please. Then he thought of the 30-30 cartridges in his pocket and he became excited. He had done it with .22 bullets, why not with 30-30s? Take the slug out of the cartridge, put the shell containing the powder and cap on one rock and hit it with another rock and you got an explosion.

He worked on a cartridge with his pocket knife, trying to remove the steel slug. With his hands trembling the way they were from excitement and fatigue he could not force the point of the knife between the casing and the slug, and the knife, slipping, cut his fingers. He gave it up for a moment, wondering what would happen if he hit the cartridge without first removing the slug, but he did not like the idea of putting another hole in himself so he went back to work on the cartridge. He finally got the point of the knife down in there and by the time he had pried the slug loose his head was hot and dizzy. He rested his forehead on the ground and listened to the wheezing in his throat.

Finding rocks was difficult, too. He had not thought of that. In the wilderness there would naturally be rocks but there were no rocks. Floundering flat through the bush, with the bitter-tasting cartridge clenched in his teeth, he looked for rocks. After a dismally long time he found exactly what he wanted—a wide, flat rock to use as an anvil and a rock about the size of a softball but flat along one side which he could use as a hammer.

He sat up, slowly, dizzily, and rested his back against a tree. He placed the flat rock between his legs and put the cartridge on top of it. He brought the other rock down lungingly. He hit the cartridge a sloppy, skidding blow and it went spinning and flashing into the bush, away from him. He had known something would go wrong so he was not angry as he flopped onto his side and went after the cartridge. The cartridge hid itself so well that he was about to give up again and then he found it. He crawled back to the rocks and there was that reeling business again of getting himself sitting up. He aimed more carefully this time and brought the rock down. The explosion was so sharp and loud that his heart jumped, and he smelled the snapping powder smoke.

He heard three urgent answering shots from up on the ridge and it all seemed so simple he wondered why it had been so hard to do. ###

Continued from page 126

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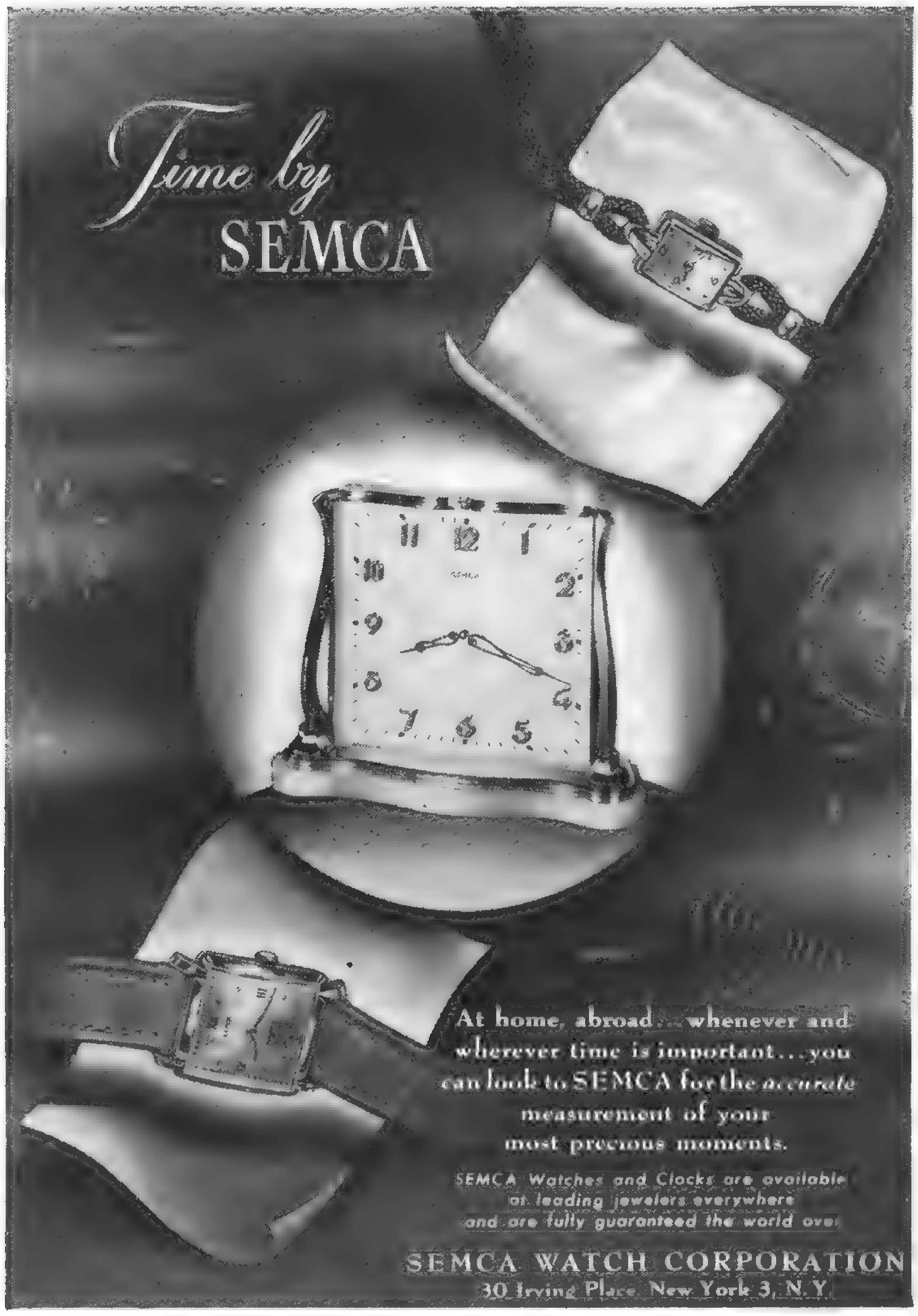
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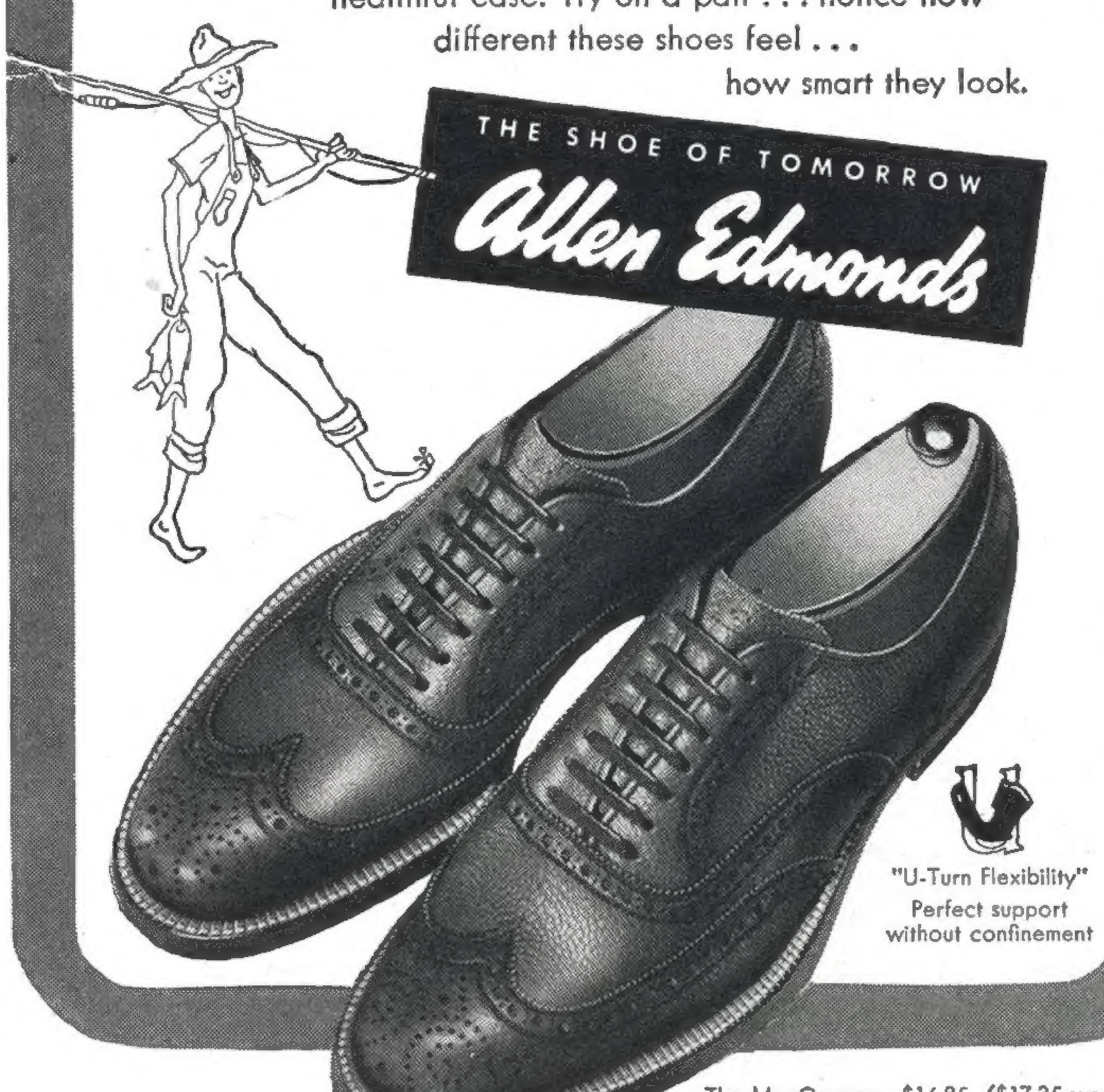

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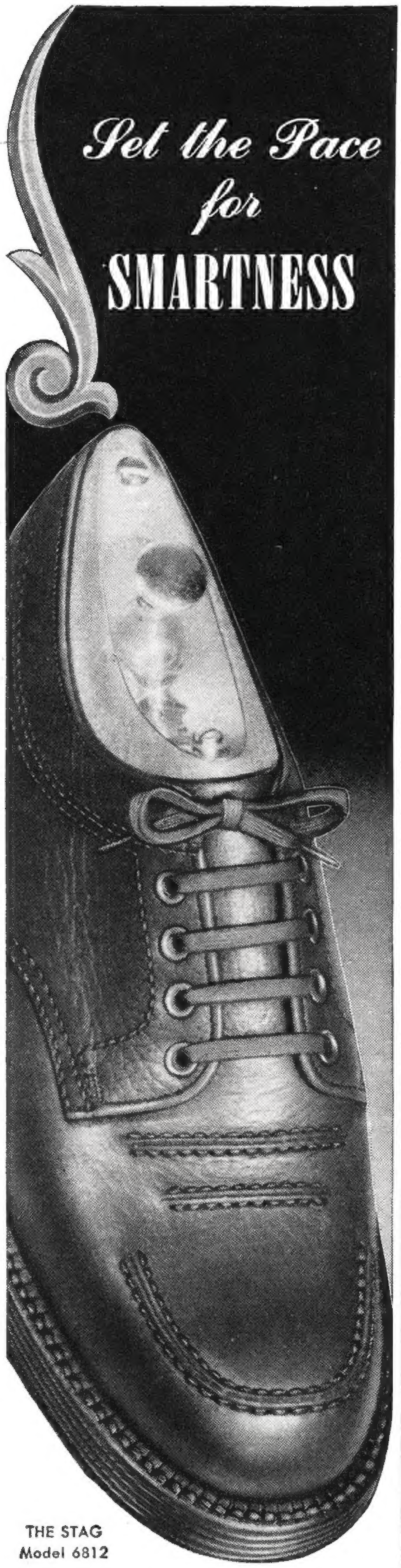
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WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

WEYENBERG
Shoes for men

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NATIONALLY FAMOUS
"Dane Wear"
COATS
PRESENT

The
Great Dane
Year-Round
Weatherproof
Coat

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REMEMBERS WHEN—

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All these Kaywoodie Pipes are available in a variety of shapes.

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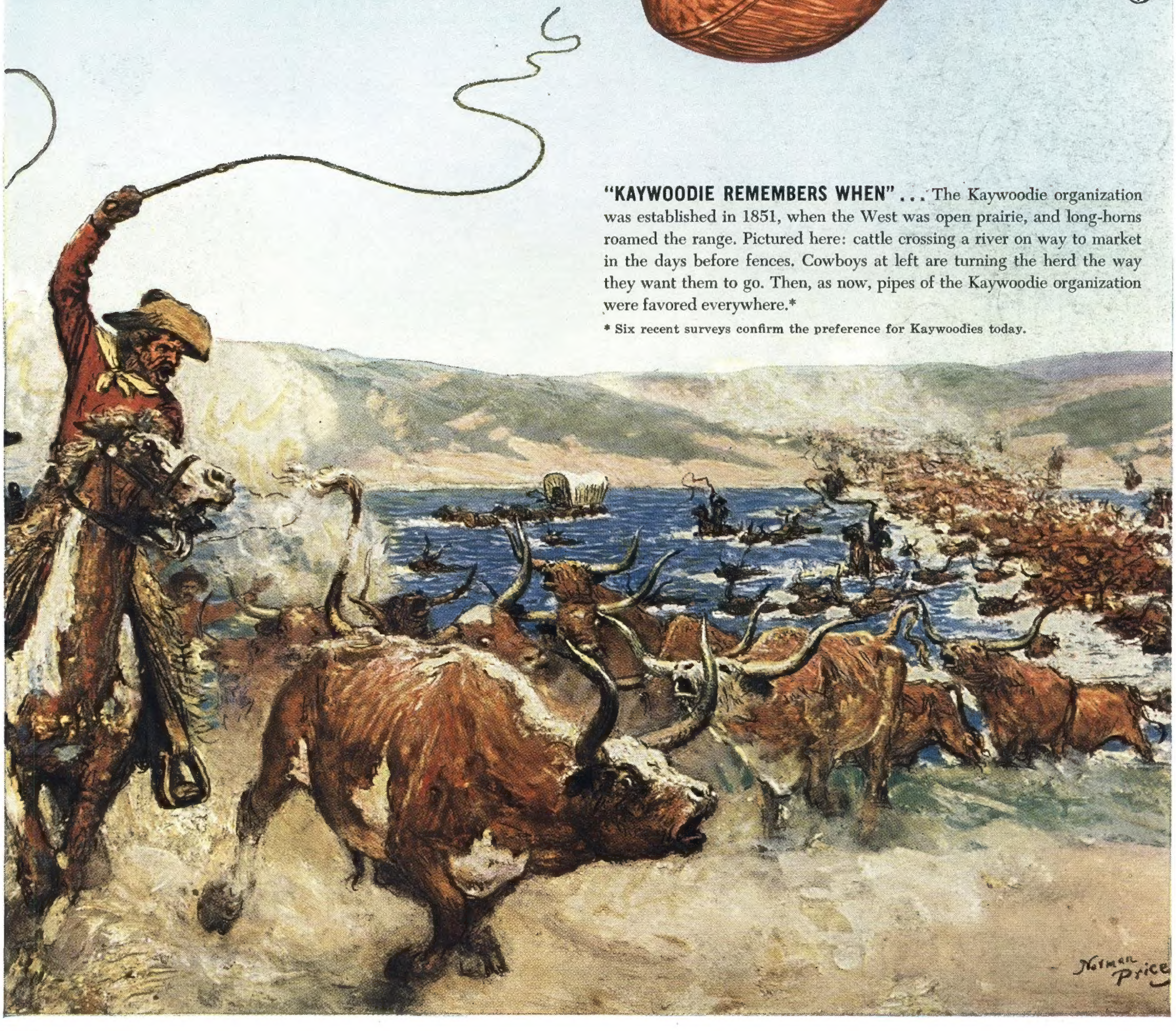
"Kaywoodie Briar" means briar imported by us, selected to meet our exacting requirements, and seasoned by our processes for Kaywoodie Pipes.

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR
KAYWOODIE
Connoisseur

"Connoisseur" Kaywoodie, $15. Shape No. 99B. The beauty of its perfect natural grain is admired in any group of smokers. Stem may be taken off for cleaning with one turn. "Connoisseurs" may be had in other shapes too, $15 each. Always look for Cloverleaf trade-mark and name Kaywoodie on pipe.

"KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN"... The Kaywoodie organization was established in 1851, when the West was open prairie, and long-horns roamed the range. Pictured here: cattle crossing a river on way to market in the days before fences. Cowboys at left are turning the herd the way they want them to go. Then, as now, pipes of the Kaywoodie organization were favored everywhere.*

* Six recent surveys confirm the preference for Kaywoodies today.



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in playing table tennis or choosing a cigarette,"
says Mary Reilly
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T FOR THROAT...
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than any other cigarette

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